**SKOTTIE YOUNG**
**NIC KLEIN**
**SCOTT HEPBURN**
**IAN HERRING**

# DEADPOOL

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CLEANUP ON AISLE TWO!

## MERCIN' HARD FOR THE MONEY

MARVEL

# DEADPOOL

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Chosen to take part in a top-secret government program, **Wade Wilson** was bestowed with the ability to heal from any wound. He became a mercenary. Then, for a while, he tried to be a hero.

It...well, it went *pretty badly*. So bad, in fact, that Wade mindwiped himself, resetting his memories to the "factory setting" of the classic chaos agent, the Merc with the Mouth, the Regeneratin' Degenerate known as...

# DEADPOOL

## MERCIN' HARD FOR THE MONEY

WRITER: **SKOTTIE YOUNG**

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"GOOD NIGHT" ART: **SCOTT HEPBURN** & **IAN HERRING**

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DEADPOOL CREATED BY **ROB LIEFELD** & **FABIAN NICIEZA**

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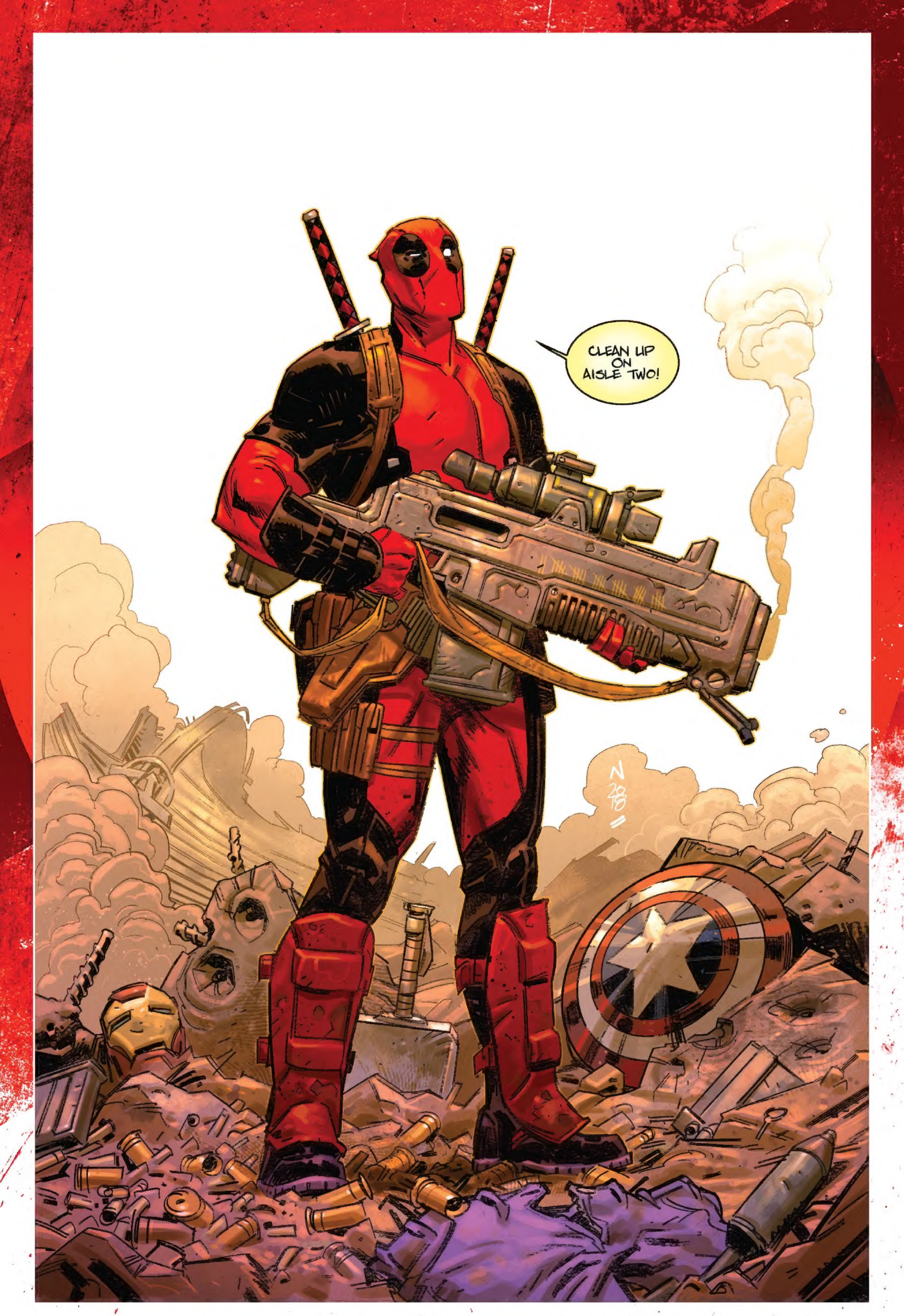
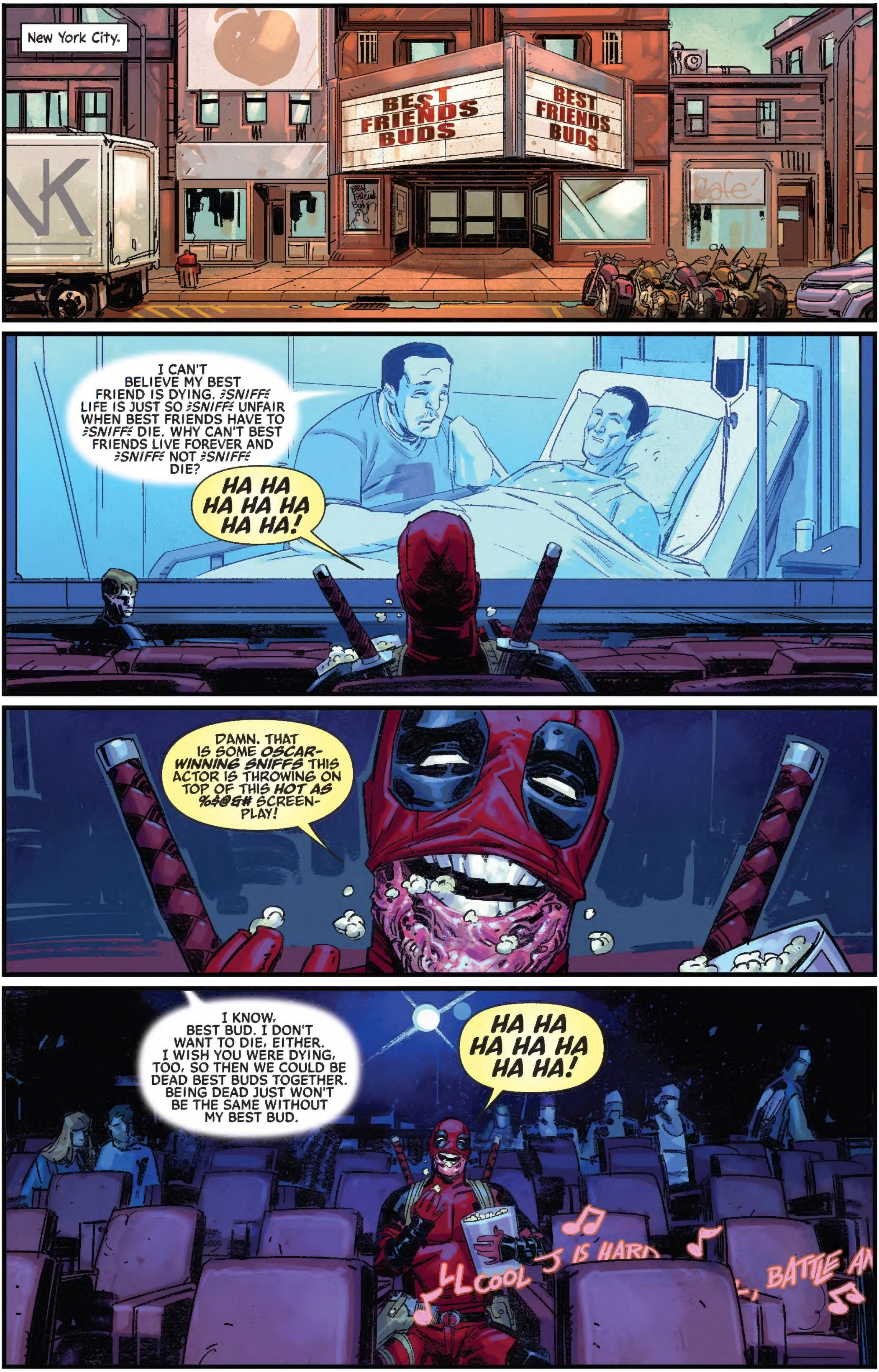
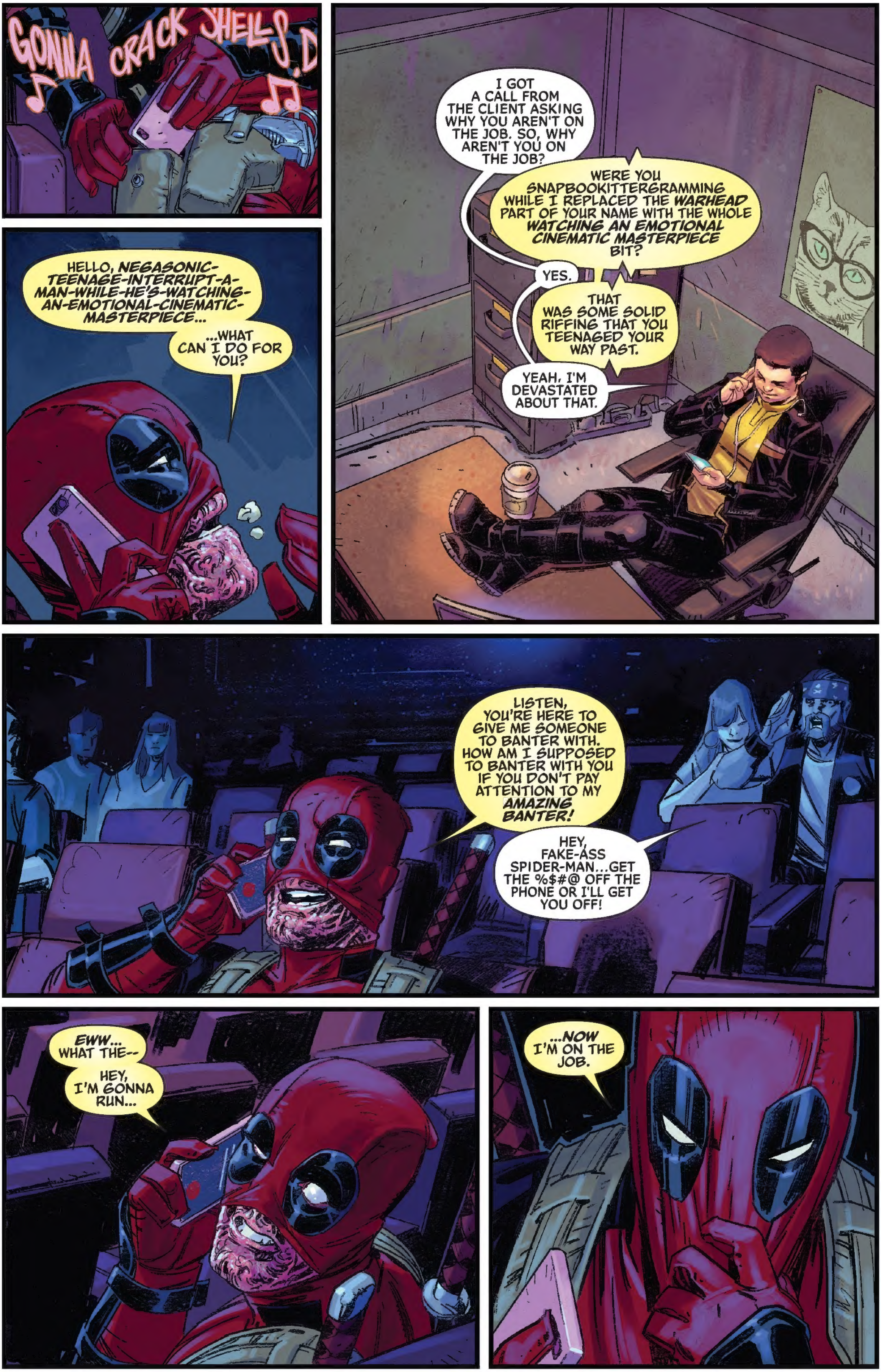
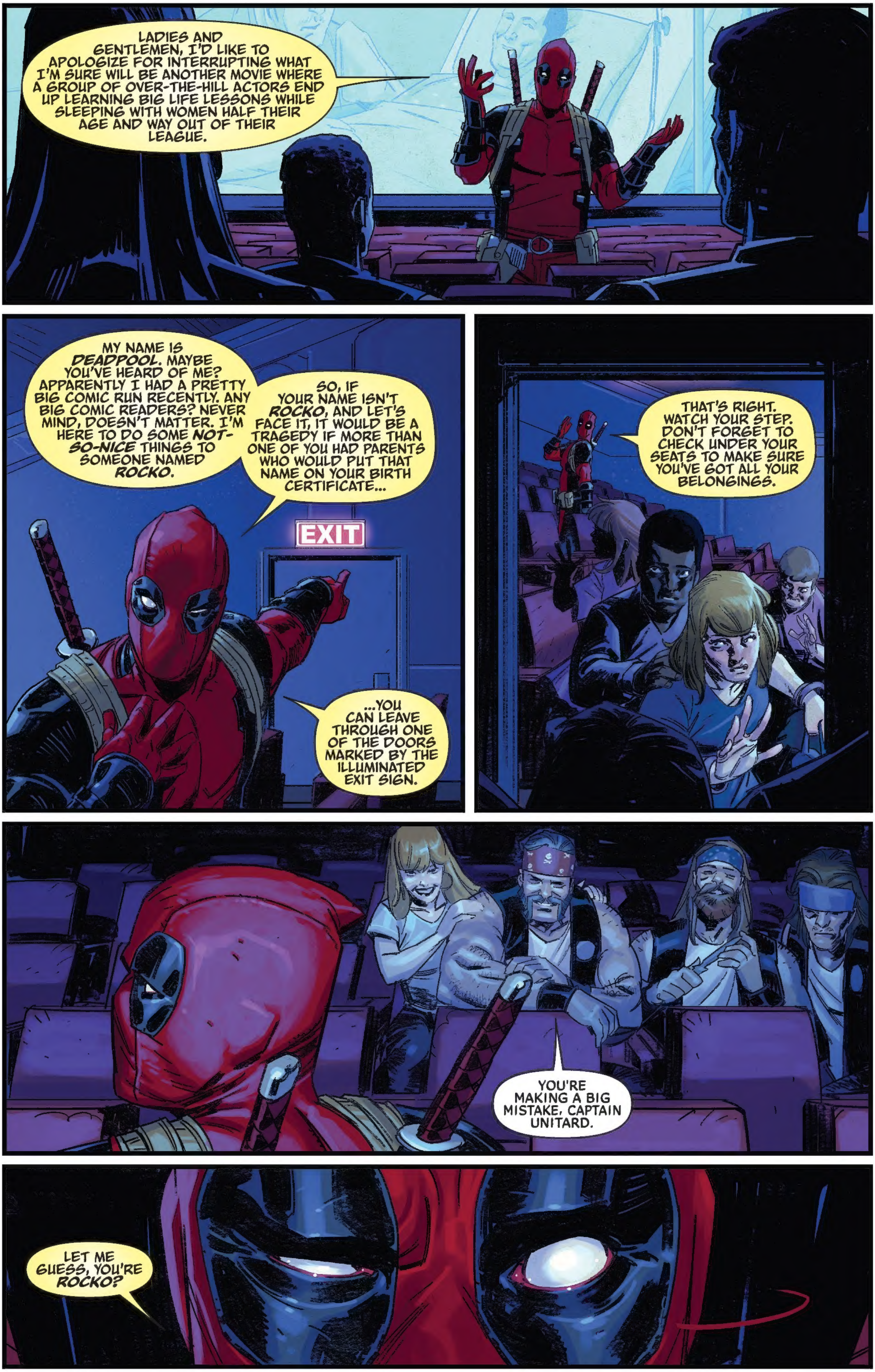
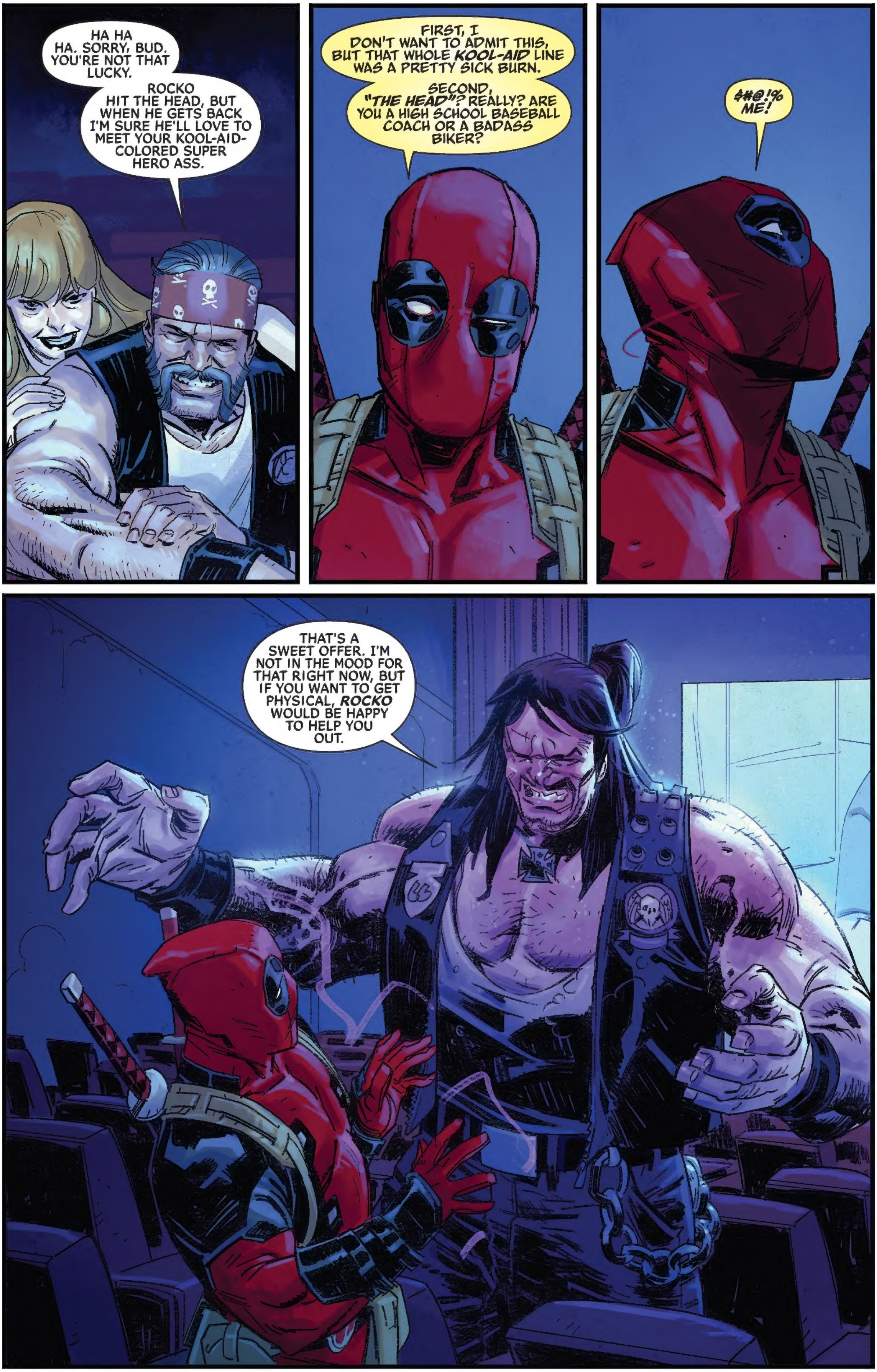

CLEAN UP ON AISLE TWO!

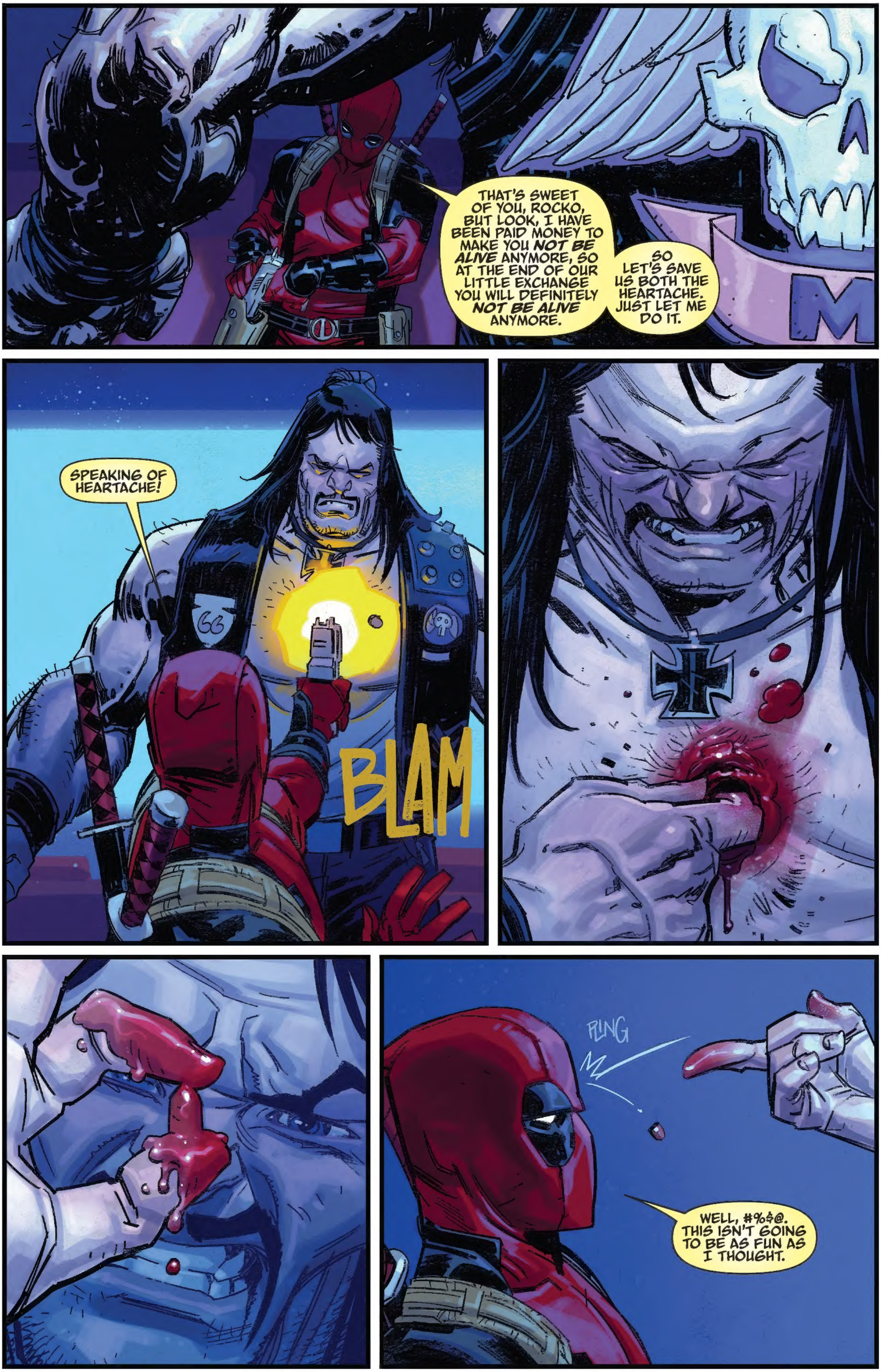
#1

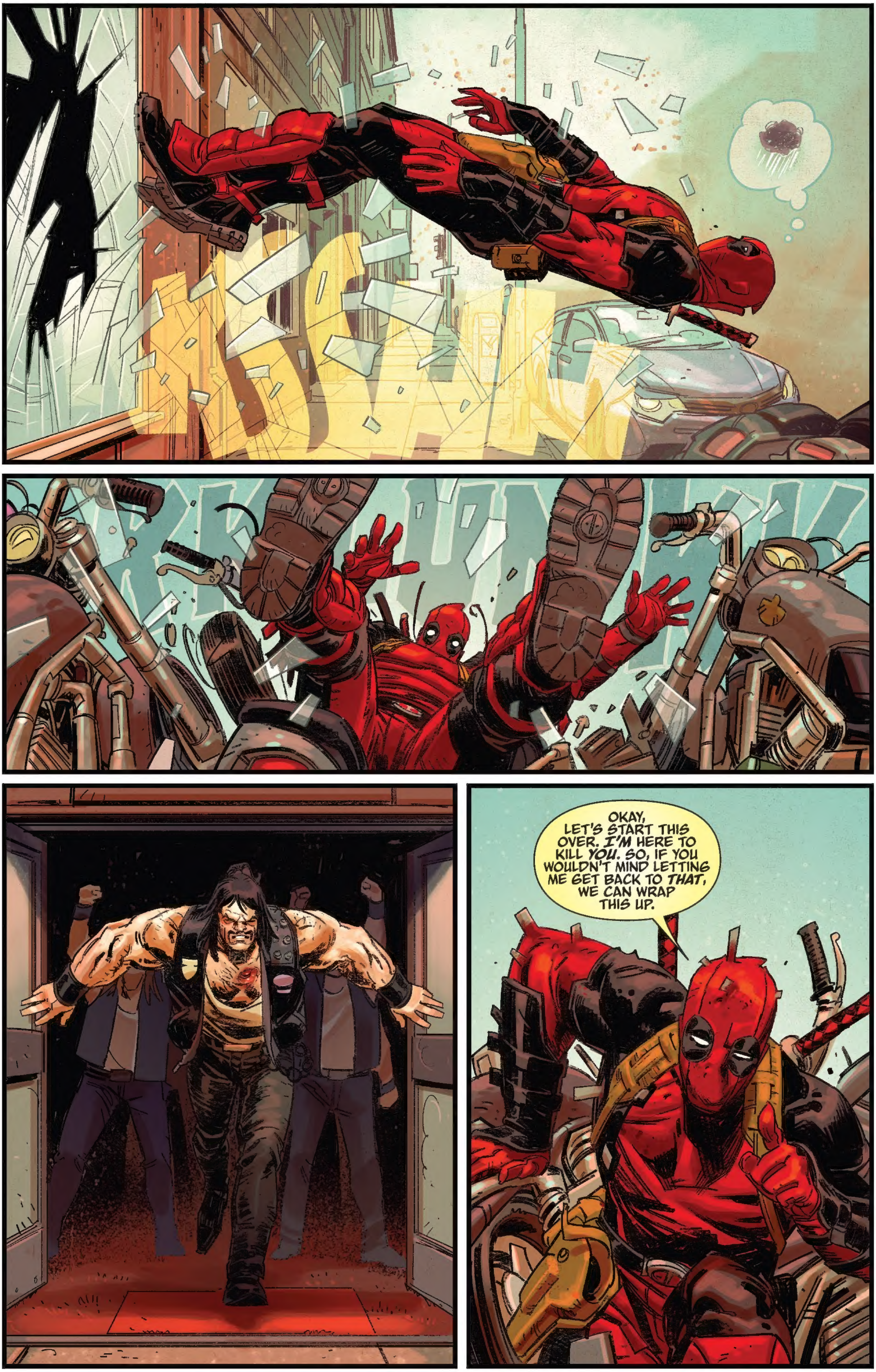

New York City.
BEST FRIENDS BUDS
BEST FRIENDS BUDS
Best Friends Buds
Café
I CAN'T BELIEVE MY BEST FRIEND IS DYING. *SNIFF* LIFE IS JUST SO *SNIFF* UNFAIR WHEN BEST FRIENDS HAVE TO *SNIFF* DIE. WHY CAN'T BEST FRIENDS LIVE FOREVER AND *SNIFF* NOT *SNIFF* DIE?
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
DAMN. THAT IS SOME OSCAR-WINNING SNIFFS THIS ACTOR IS THROWING ON TOP OF THIS HOT AS %$@&# SCREENPLAY!
I KNOW, BEST BUD. I DON'T WANT TO DIE, EITHER. I WISH YOU WERE DYING, TOO, SO THEN WE COULD BE DEAD BEST BUDS TOGETHER. BEING DEAD JUST WON'T BE THE SAME WITHOUT MY BEST BUD.
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
♪ LL COOL J IS HARD ♪
♪ BATTLE AN ♪


GONNA CRACK SHELLS ♪ ♫
HELLO, NEGASONIC-TEENAGE-INTERRUPT-A-MAN-WHILE-HE'S-WATCHING-AN-EMOTIONAL-CINEMATIC-MASTERPIECE...
...WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I GOT A CALL FROM THE CLIENT ASKING WHY YOU AREN'T ON THE JOB. SO, WHY AREN'T YOU ON THE JOB?
WERE YOU SNAPBOOKITTERGRAMMING WHILE I REPLACED THE WARHEAD PART OF YOUR NAME WITH THE WHOLE WATCHING AN EMOTIONAL CINEMATIC MASTERPIECE BIT?
YES.
THAT WAS SOME SOLID RIFFING THAT YOU TEENAGED YOUR WAY PAST.
YEAH, I'M DEVASTATED ABOUT THAT.
LISTEN, YOU'RE HERE TO GIVE ME SOMEONE TO BANTER WITH. HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO BANTER WITH YOU IF YOU DON'T PAY ATTENTION TO MY AMAZING BANTER!
HEY, FAKE-ASS SPIDER-MAN...GET THE %$#@ OFF THE PHONE OR I'LL GET YOU OFF!
EWW... WHAT THE--
HEY, I'M GONNA RUN...
...NOW I'M ON THE JOB.

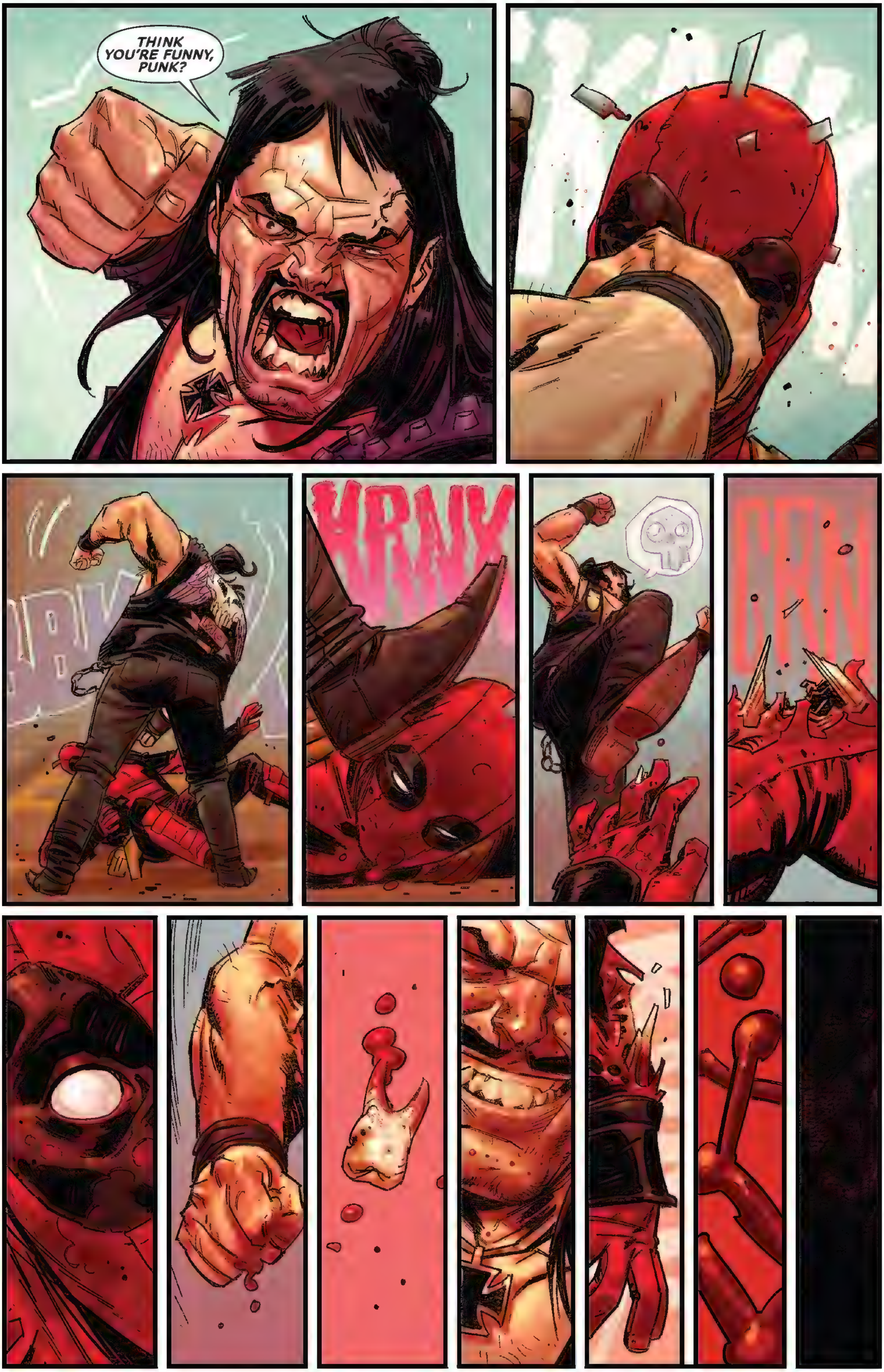

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I'D LIKE TO APOLOGIZE FOR INTERRUPTING WHAT I'M SURE WILL BE ANOTHER MOVIE WHERE A GROUP OF OVER-THE-HILL ACTORS END UP LEARNING BIG LIFE LESSONS WHILE SLEEPING WITH WOMEN HALF THEIR AGE AND WAY OUT OF THEIR LEAGUE.
MY NAME IS *DEADPOOL*. MAYBE YOU'VE HEARD OF ME? APPARENTLY I HAD A PRETTY BIG COMIC RUN RECENTLY. ANY BIG COMIC READERS? NEVER MIND, DOESN'T MATTER. I'M HERE TO DO SOME *NOT-SO-NICE* THINGS TO SOMEONE NAMED *ROCKO*.
SO, IF YOUR NAME ISN'T *ROCKO*, AND LET'S FACE IT, IT WOULD BE A TRAGEDY IF MORE THAN ONE OF YOU HAD PARENTS WHO WOULD PUT THAT NAME ON YOUR BIRTH CERTIFICATE...
EXIT
...YOU CAN LEAVE THROUGH ONE OF THE DOORS MARKED BY THE ILLUMINATED EXIT SIGN.
THAT'S RIGHT. WATCH YOUR STEP. DON'T FORGET TO CHECK UNDER YOUR SEATS TO MAKE SURE YOU'VE GOT ALL YOUR BELONGINGS.
YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE, CAPTAIN UNITARD.
LET ME GUESS, YOU'RE *ROCKO*?

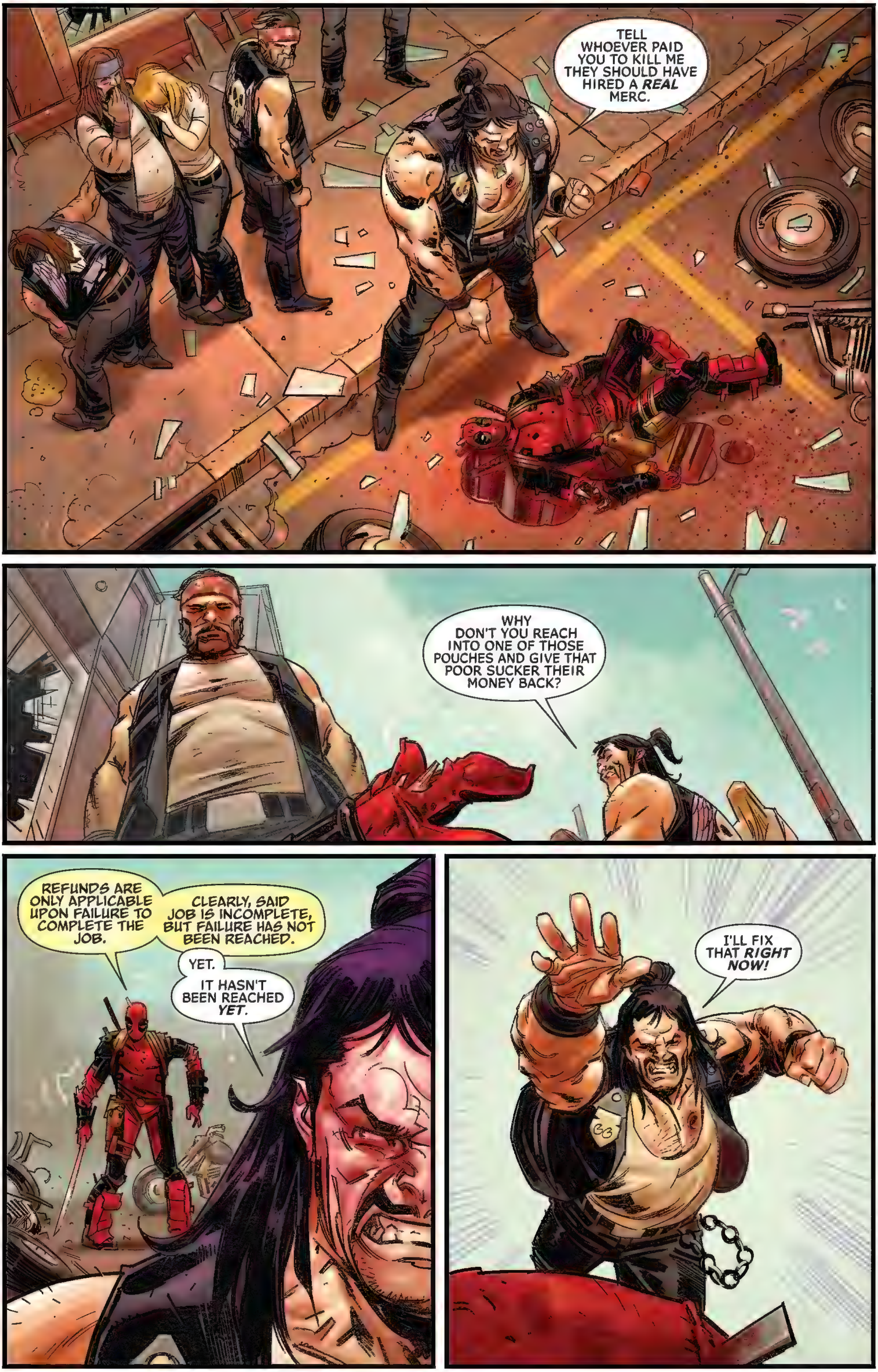

HA HA HA. SORRY, BUD. YOU'RE NOT THAT LUCKY.
ROCKO HIT THE HEAD, BUT WHEN HE GETS BACK I'M SURE HE'LL LOVE TO MEET YOUR KOOL-AID-COLORED SUPER HERO ASS.
FIRST, I DON'T WANT TO ADMIT THIS, BUT THAT WHOLE *KOOL-AID* LINE WAS A PRETTY SICK BURN.
SECOND, *"THE HEAD"*? REALLY? ARE YOU A HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL COACH OR A BADASS BIKER?
$#@!% ME!
THAT'S A SWEET OFFER. I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR THAT RIGHT NOW, BUT IF YOU WANT TO GET PHYSICAL, *ROCKO* WOULD BE HAPPY TO HELP YOU OUT.

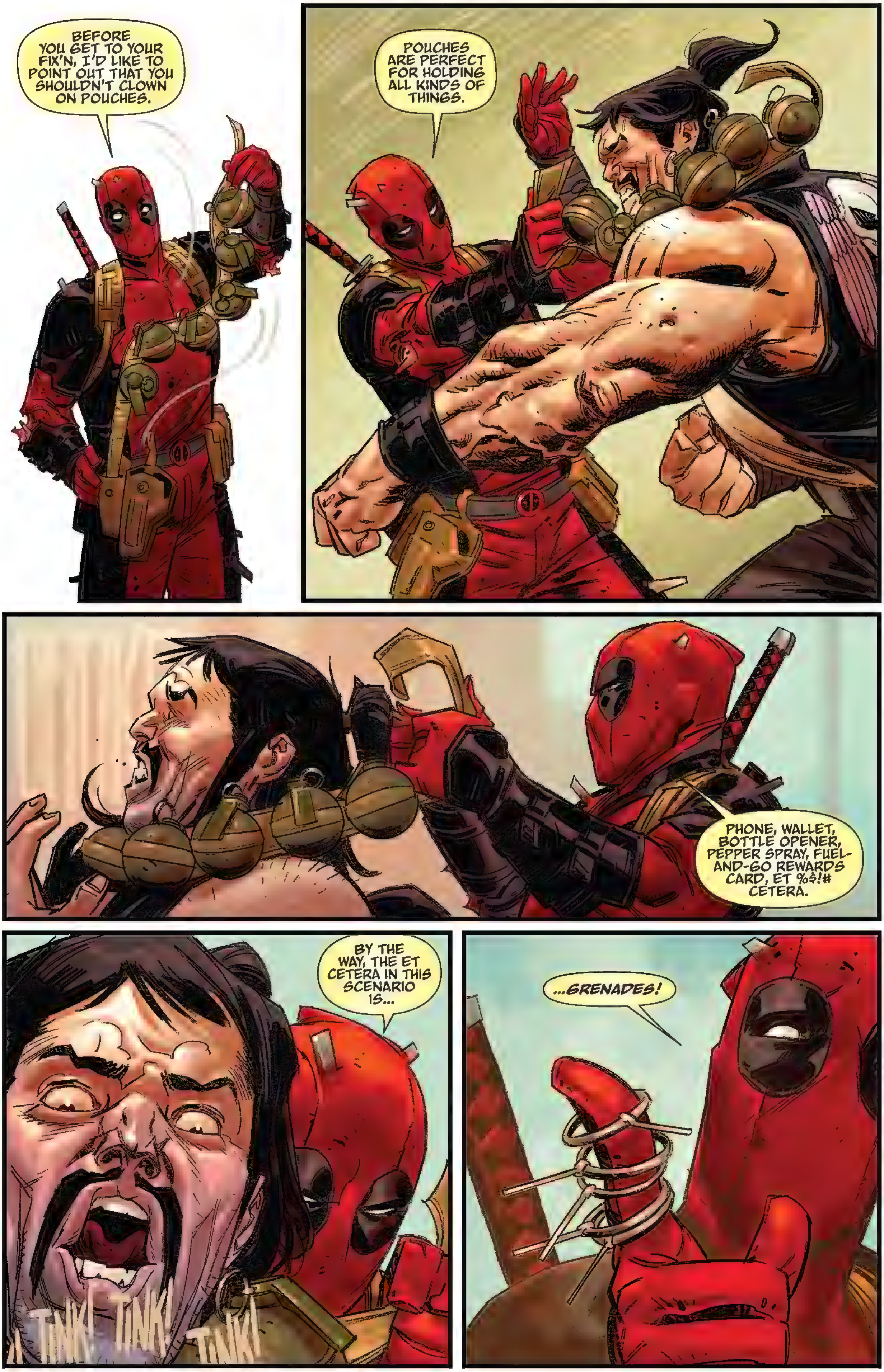

THAT'S SWEET OF YOU, ROCKO, BUT LOOK, I HAVE BEEN PAID MONEY TO MAKE YOU *NOT BE ALIVE* ANYMORE, SO AT THE END OF OUR LITTLE EXCHANGE YOU WILL DEFINITELY *NOT BE ALIVE* ANYMORE.
SO LET'S SAVE US BOTH THE HEARTACHE. JUST LET ME DO IT.
M
SPEAKING OF HEARTACHE!
66
BLAM
PLING
WELL, #%$@. THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE AS FUN AS I THOUGHT.

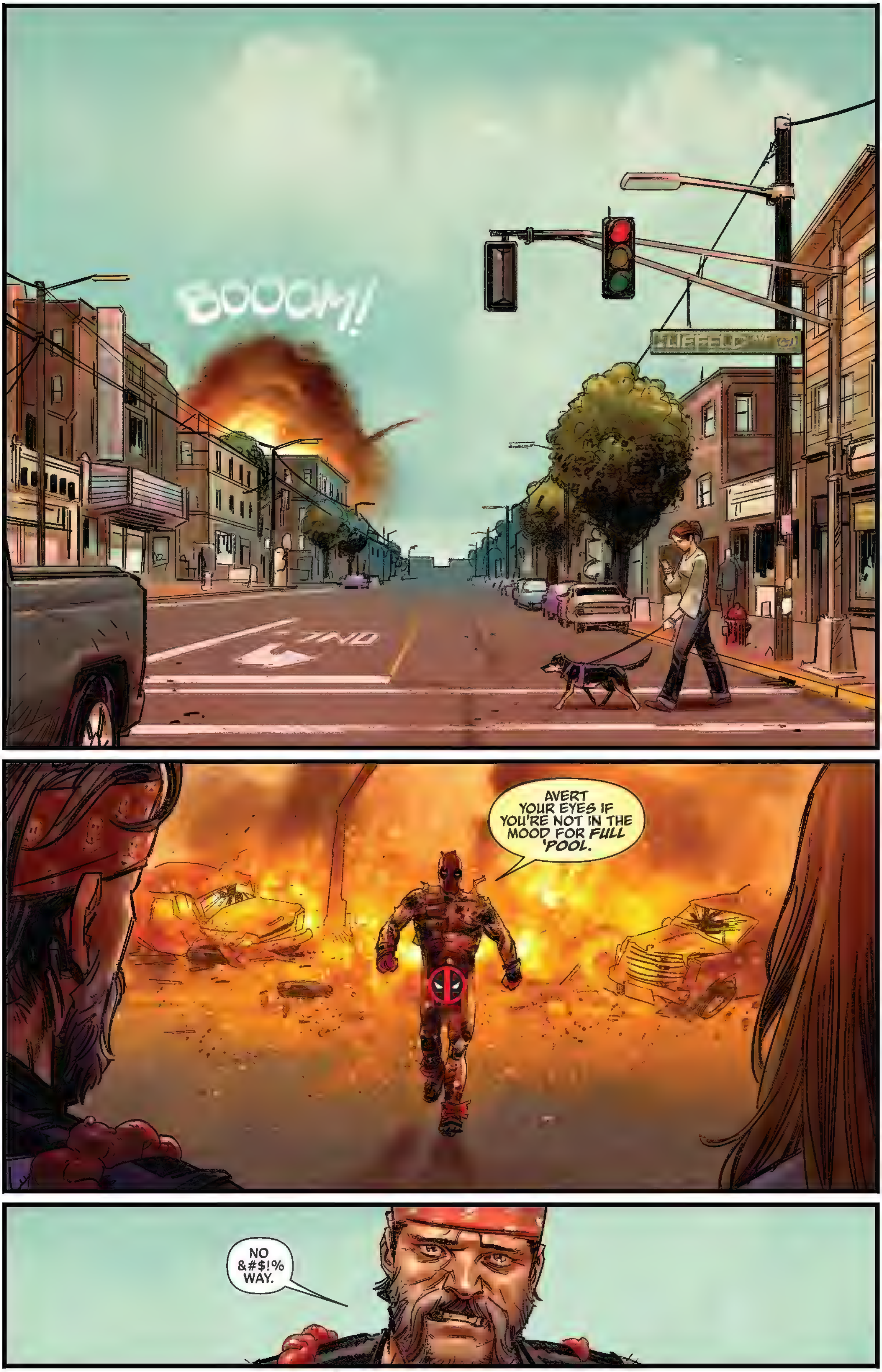


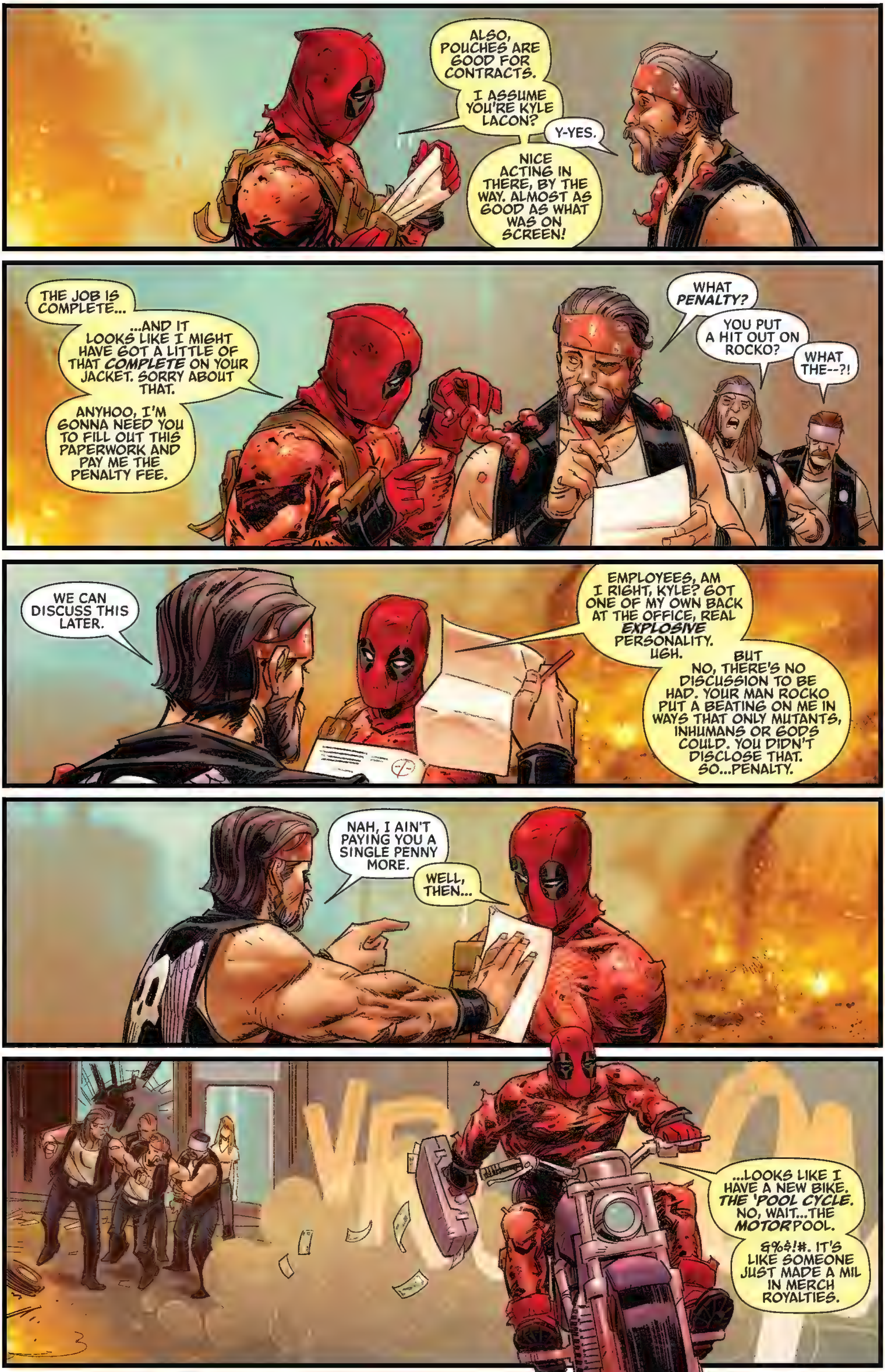
OKAY, LET'S START THIS OVER. *I'M* HERE TO KILL *YOU*. SO, IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND LETTING ME GET BACK TO *THAT*, WE CAN WRAP THIS UP.

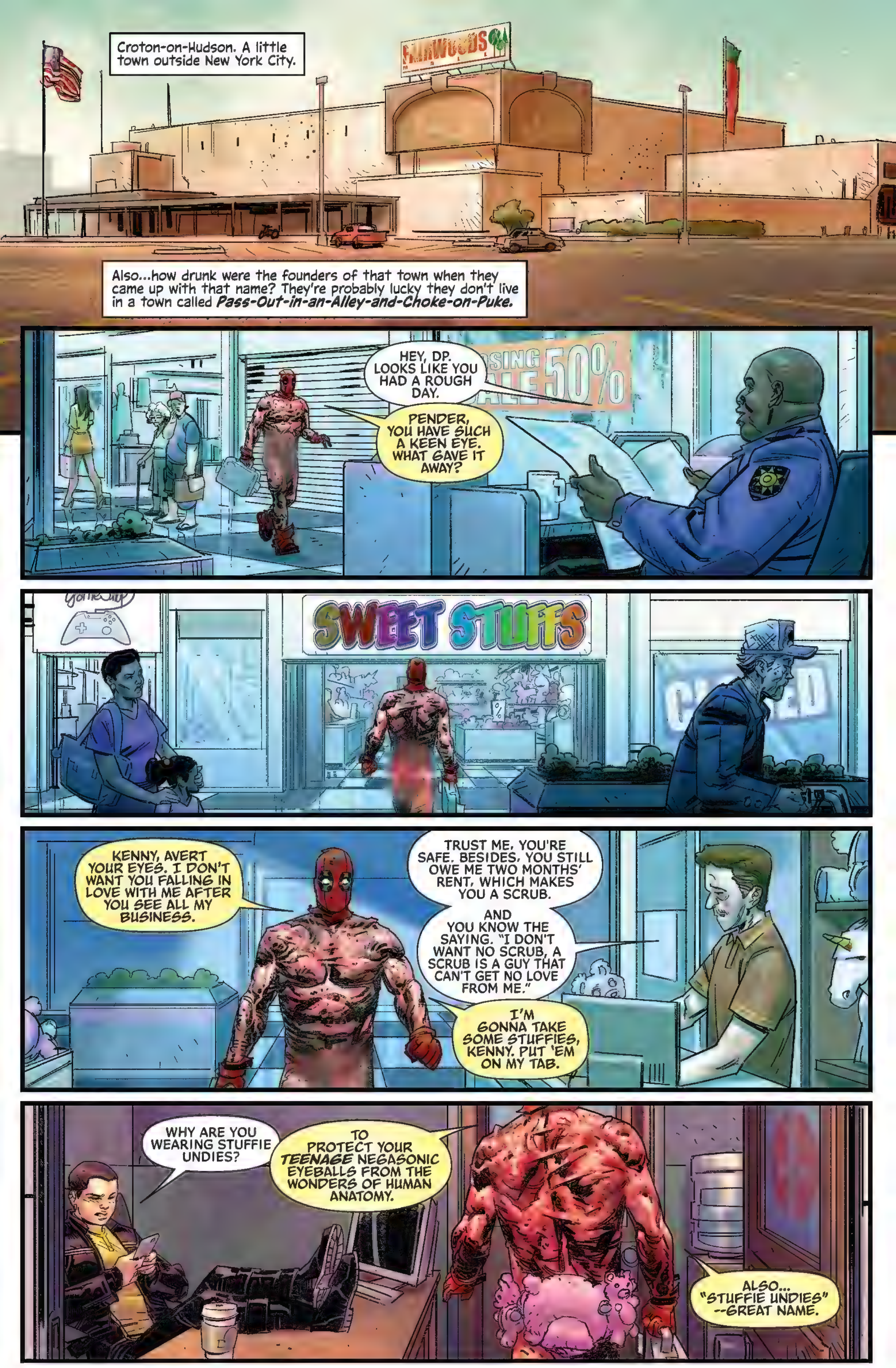

THINK YOU'RE FUNNY, PUNK?
KRNX
CRN

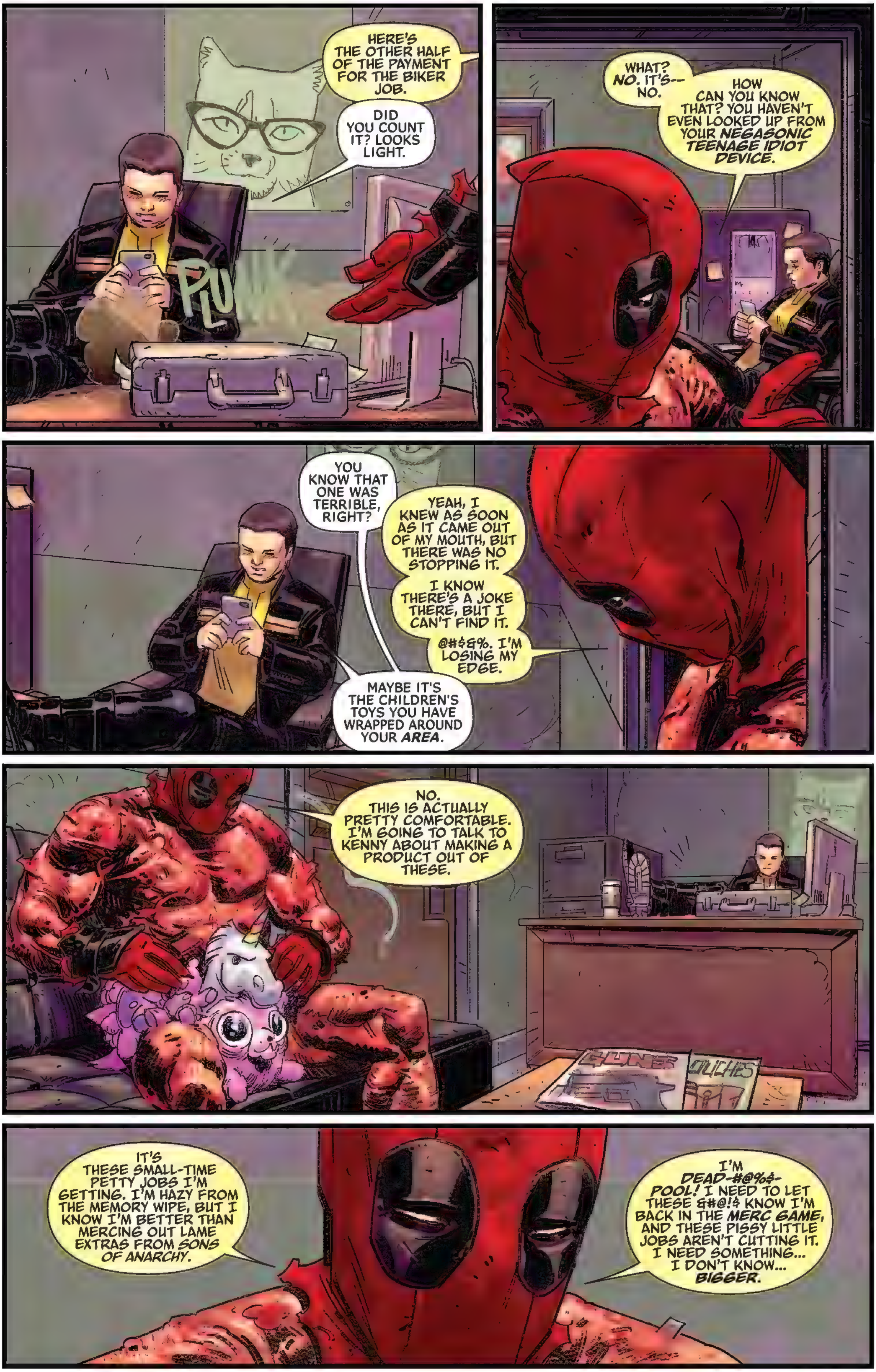

TELL WHOEVER PAID YOU TO KILL ME THEY SHOULD HAVE HIRED A *REAL* MERC.
WHY DON'T YOU REACH INTO ONE OF THOSE POUCHES AND GIVE THAT POOR SUCKER THEIR MONEY BACK?
REFUNDS ARE ONLY APPLICABLE UPON FAILURE TO COMPLETE THE JOB.
CLEARLY, SAID JOB IS INCOMPLETE, BUT FAILURE HAS NOT BEEN REACHED.
YET.
IT HASN'T BEEN REACHED *YET*.
I'LL FIX THAT *RIGHT NOW!*

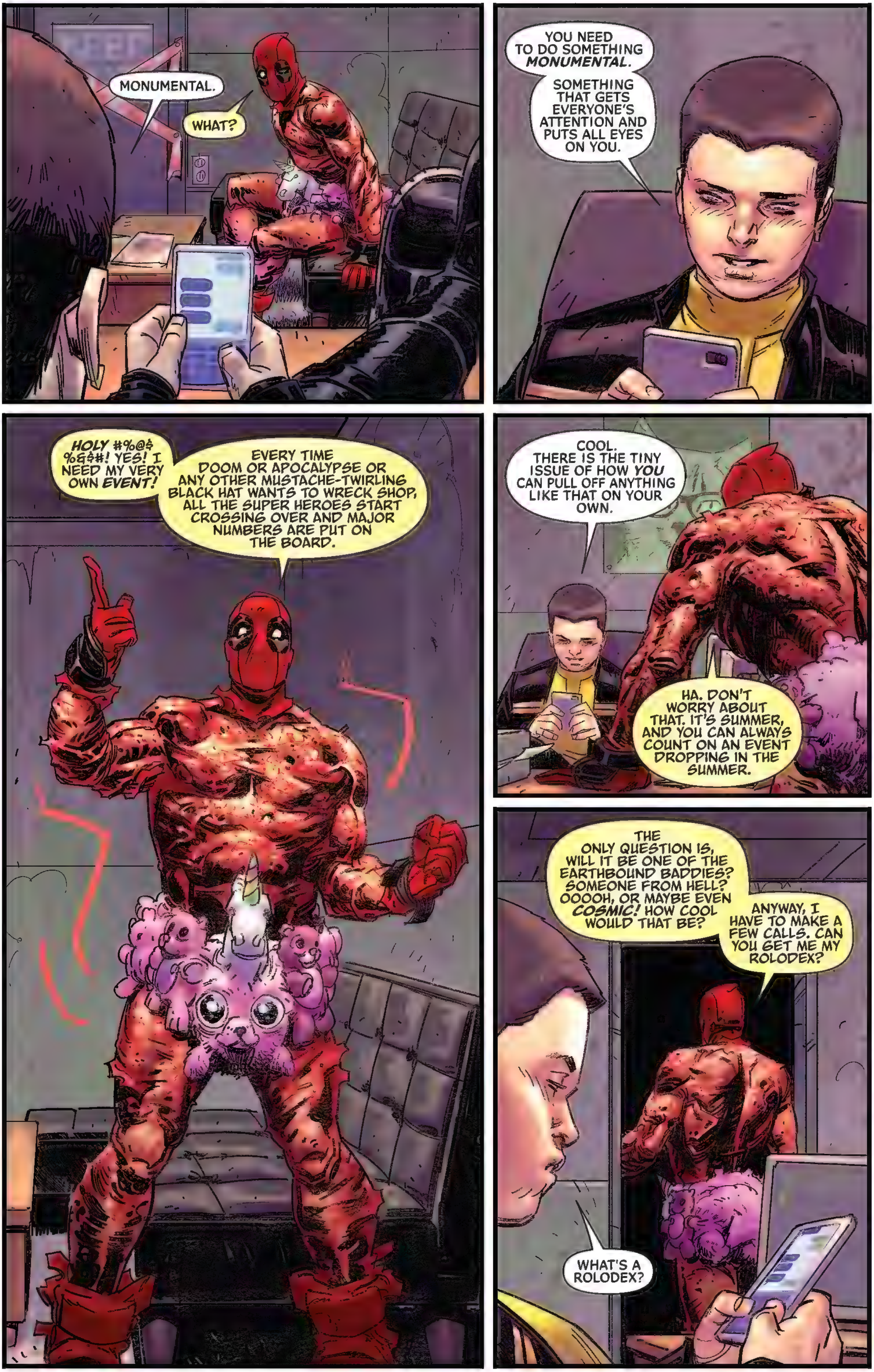

BEFORE YOU GET TO YOUR FIX'N, I'D LIKE TO POINT OUT THAT YOU SHOULDN'T CLOWN ON POUCHES.
POUCHES ARE PERFECT FOR HOLDING ALL KINDS OF THINGS.
PHONE, WALLET, BOTTLE OPENER, PEPPER SPRAY, FUEL-AND-GO REWARDS CARD, ET %$!# CETERA.
BY THE WAY, THE ET CETERA IN THIS SCENARIO IS...
TINK! TINK! TINK!
...GRENADES!

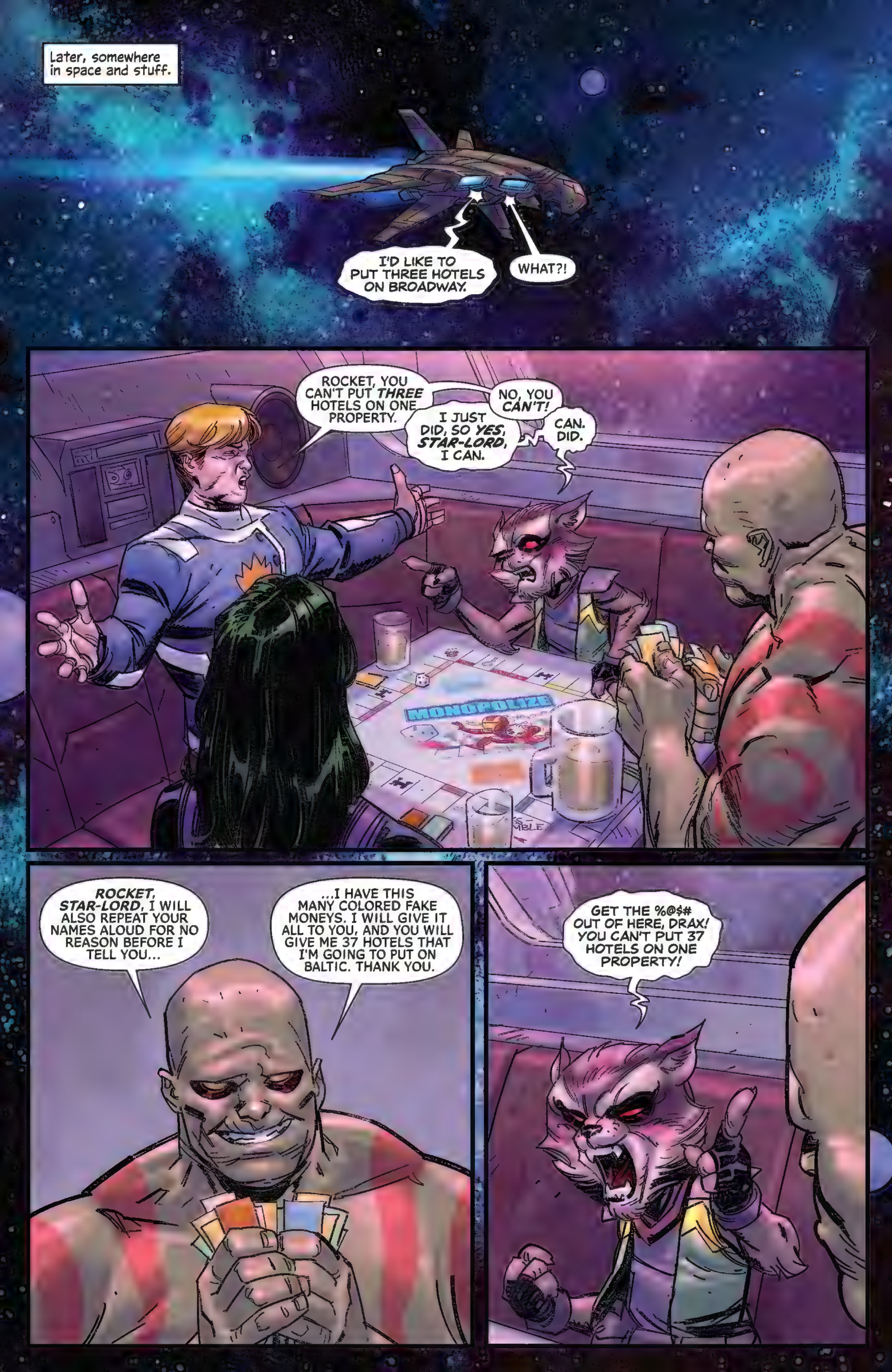

BOOOM!
AVERT YOUR EYES IF YOU'RE NOT IN THE MOOD FOR *FULL 'POOL.*
NO &#$!% WAY.

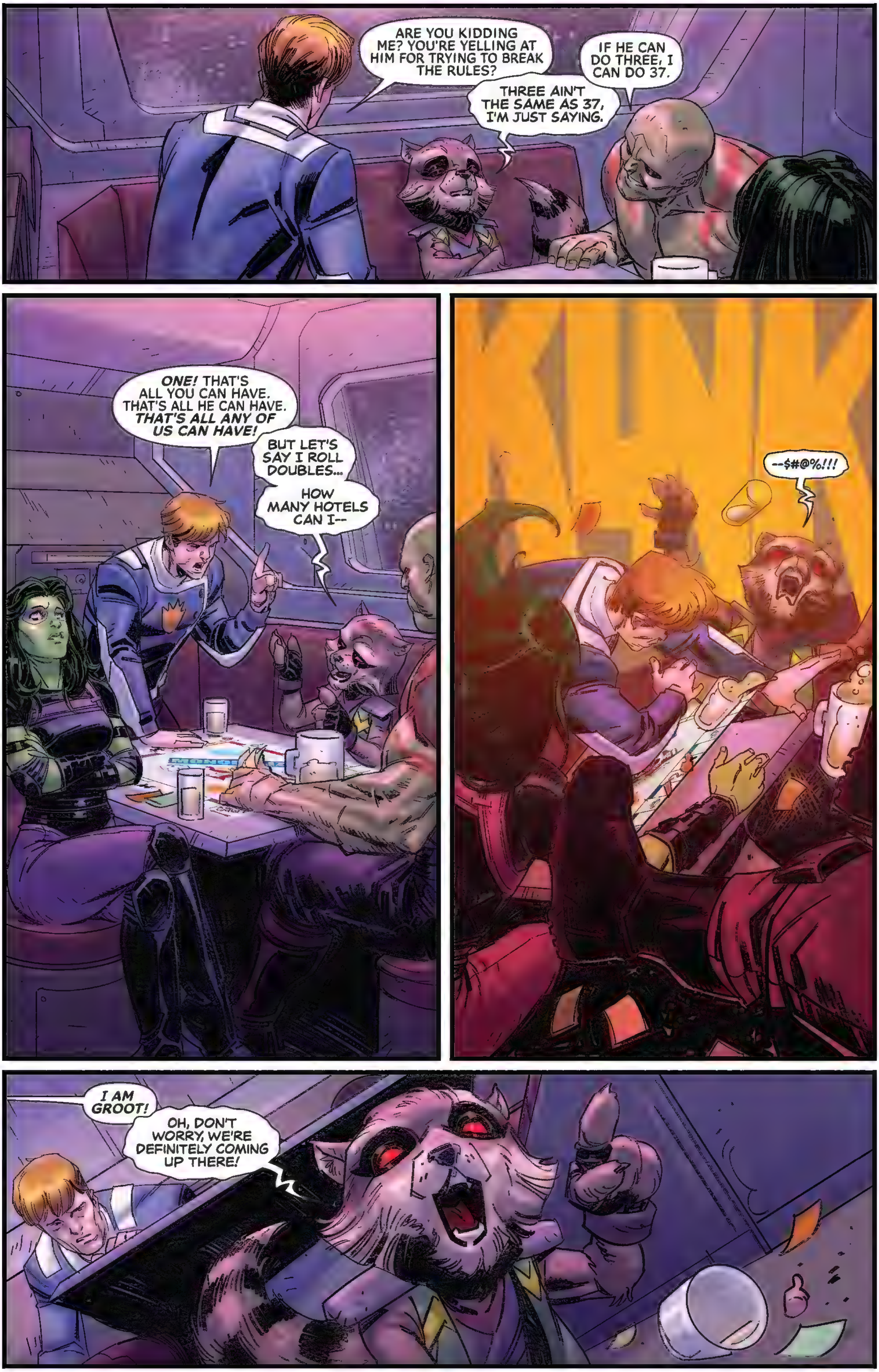

ALSO, POUCHES ARE GOOD FOR CONTRACTS.
I ASSUME YOU'RE KYLE LACON?
Y-YES.
NICE ACTING IN THERE, BY THE WAY. ALMOST AS GOOD AS WHAT WAS ON SCREEN!
THE JOB IS COMPLETE...
...AND IT LOOKS LIKE I MIGHT HAVE GOT A LITTLE OF THAT *COMPLETE* ON YOUR JACKET. SORRY ABOUT THAT.
ANYHOO, I'M GONNA NEED YOU TO FILL OUT THIS PAPERWORK AND PAY ME THE PENALTY FEE.
WHAT *PENALTY?*
YOU PUT A HIT OUT ON ROCKO?
WHAT THE--?!
WE CAN DISCUSS THIS LATER.
EMPLOYEES, AM I RIGHT, KYLE? GOT ONE OF MY OWN BACK AT THE OFFICE, REAL *EXPLOSIVE* PERSONALITY. UGH.
BUT NO, THERE'S NO DISCUSSION TO BE HAD. YOUR MAN ROCKO PUT A BEATING ON ME IN WAYS THAT ONLY MUTANTS, INHUMANS OR GODS COULD. YOU DIDN'T DISCLOSE THAT. SO...PENALTY.
NAH, I AIN'T PAYING YOU A SINGLE PENNY MORE.
WELL, THEN...
...LOOKS LIKE I HAVE A NEW BIKE. *THE 'POOL CYCLE.* NO, WAIT...THE *MOTOR*POOL.
&%$!#. IT'S LIKE SOMEONE JUST MADE A MIL IN MERCH ROYALTIES.

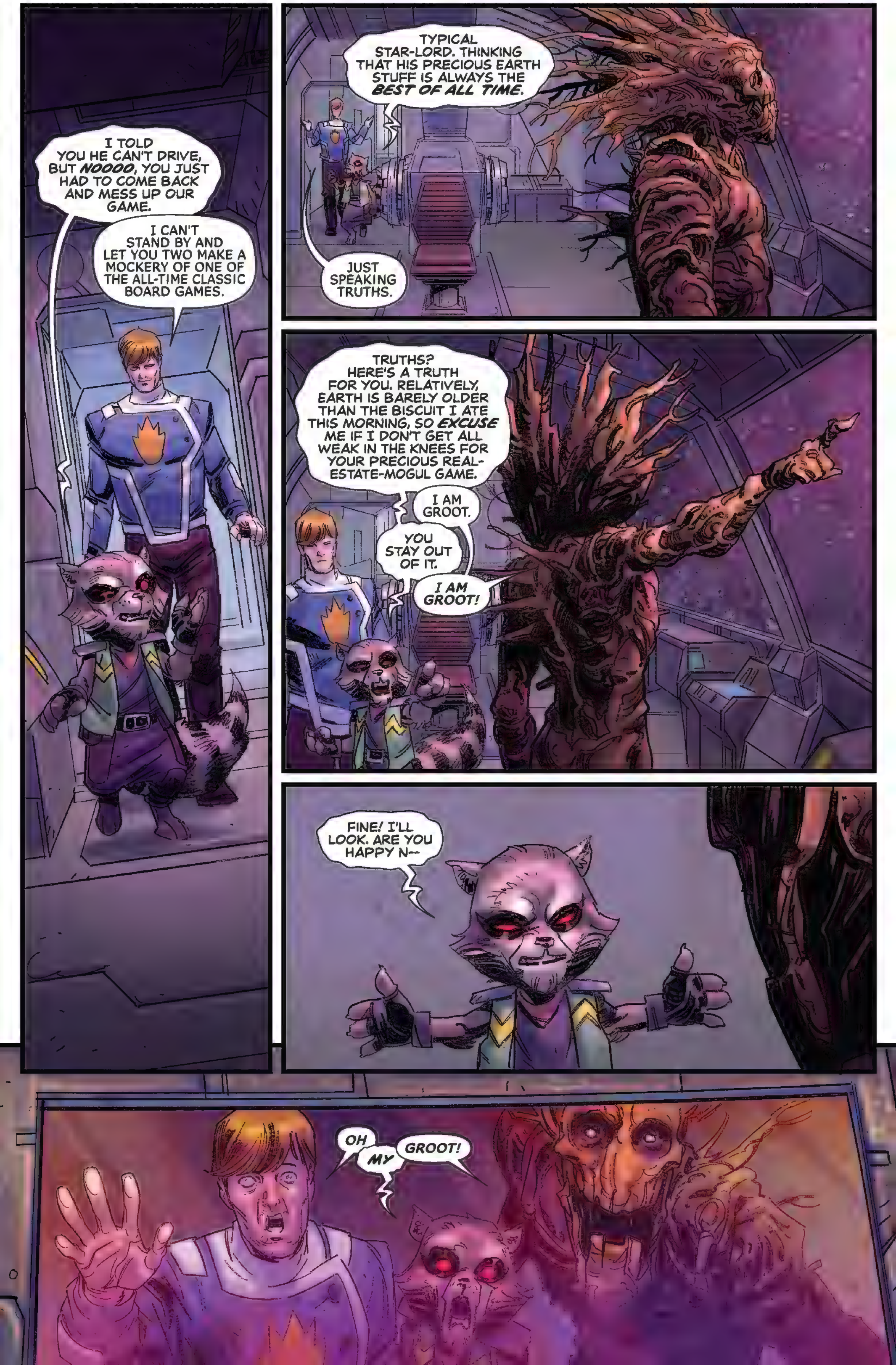

Croton-on-Hudson. A little town outside New York City.
FAIRWOODS
Also...how drunk were the founders of that town when they came up with that name? They're probably lucky they don't live in a town called *Pass-Out-in-an-Alley-and-Choke-on-Puke.*
SING SALE 50%
HEY, DP. LOOKS LIKE YOU HAD A ROUGH DAY.
PENDER, YOU HAVE SUCH A KEEN EYE. WHAT GAVE IT AWAY?
SWEET STUFFS
CLOSED
KENNY, AVERT YOUR EYES. I DON'T WANT YOU FALLING IN LOVE WITH ME AFTER YOU SEE ALL MY BUSINESS.
TRUST ME, YOU'RE SAFE. BESIDES, YOU STILL OWE ME TWO MONTHS' RENT, WHICH MAKES YOU A SCRUB.
AND YOU KNOW THE SAYING. "I DON'T WANT NO SCRUB, A SCRUB IS A GUY THAT CAN'T GET NO LOVE FROM ME."
I'M GONNA TAKE SOME STUFFIES, KENNY. PUT 'EM ON MY TAB.
WHY ARE YOU WEARING STUFFIE UNDIES?
TO PROTECT YOUR *TEENAGE* NEGASONIC EYEBALLS FROM THE WONDERS OF HUMAN ANATOMY.
ALSO... "STUFFIE UNDIES" --GREAT NAME.

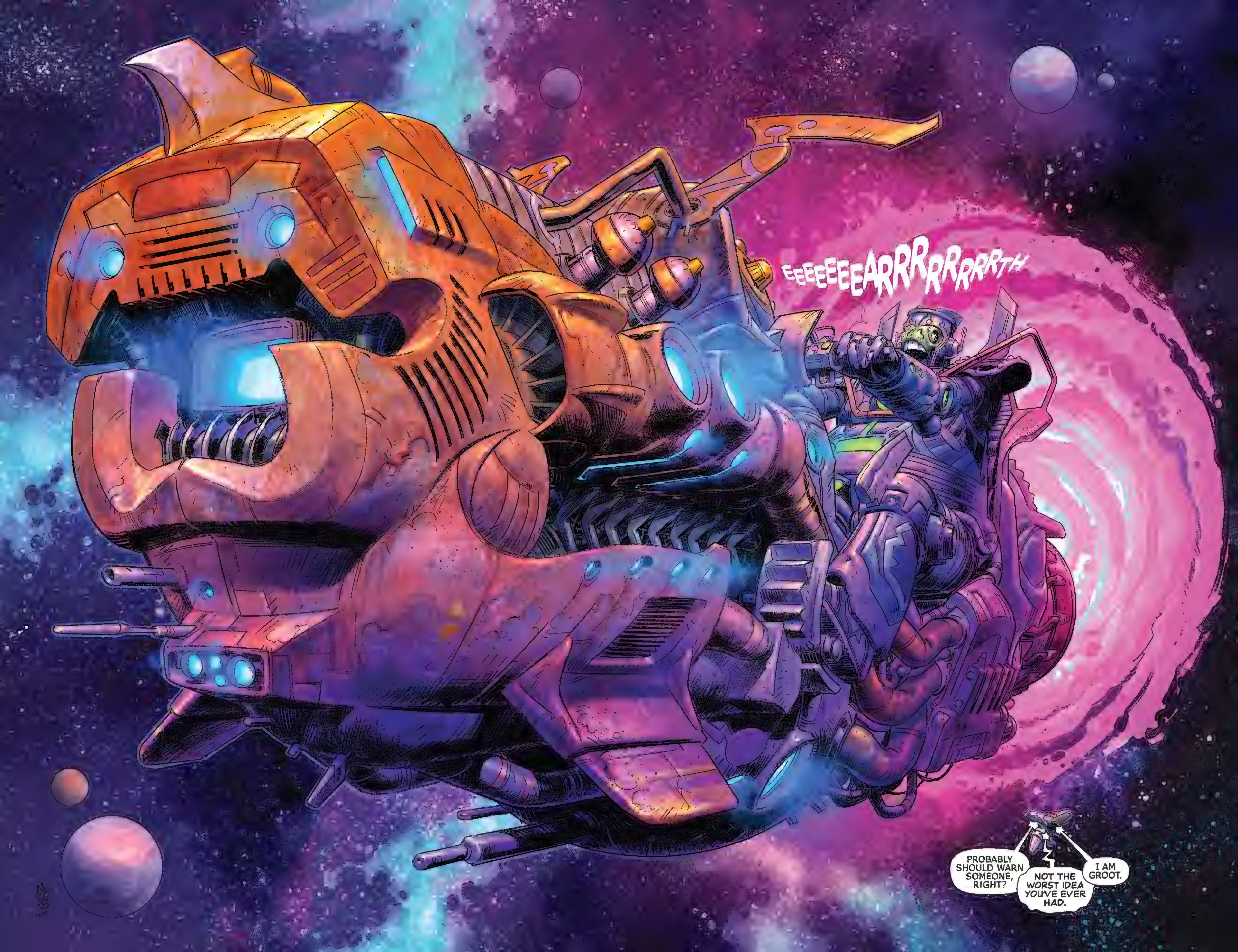

HERE'S THE OTHER HALF OF THE PAYMENT FOR THE BIKER JOB.
DID YOU COUNT IT? LOOKS LIGHT.
PLUNK
WHAT? *NO.* IT'S-- NO.
HOW CAN YOU KNOW THAT? YOU HAVEN'T EVEN LOOKED UP FROM YOUR *NEGASONIC TEENAGE IDIOT DEVICE.*
YOU KNOW THAT ONE WAS TERRIBLE, RIGHT?
YEAH, I KNEW AS SOON AS IT CAME OUT OF MY MOUTH, BUT THERE WAS NO STOPPING IT.
I KNOW THERE'S A JOKE THERE, BUT I CAN'T FIND IT.
@#$&%. I'M LOSING MY EDGE.
MAYBE IT'S THE CHILDREN'S TOYS YOU HAVE WRAPPED AROUND YOUR *AREA.*
NO. THIS IS ACTUALLY PRETTY COMFORTABLE. I'M GOING TO TALK TO KENNY ABOUT MAKING A PRODUCT OUT OF THESE.
GUNS
IT'S THESE SMALL-TIME PETTY JOBS I'M GETTING. I'M HAZY FROM THE MEMORY WIPE, BUT I KNOW I'M BETTER THAN MERCING OUT LAME EXTRAS FROM *SONS OF ANARCHY.*
I'M *DEAD-#@%$-POOL!* I NEED TO LET THESE &#@!$ KNOW I'M BACK IN THE *MERC GAME,* AND THESE PISSY LITTLE JOBS AREN'T CUTTING IT. I NEED SOMETHING... I DON'T KNOW... *BIGGER.*

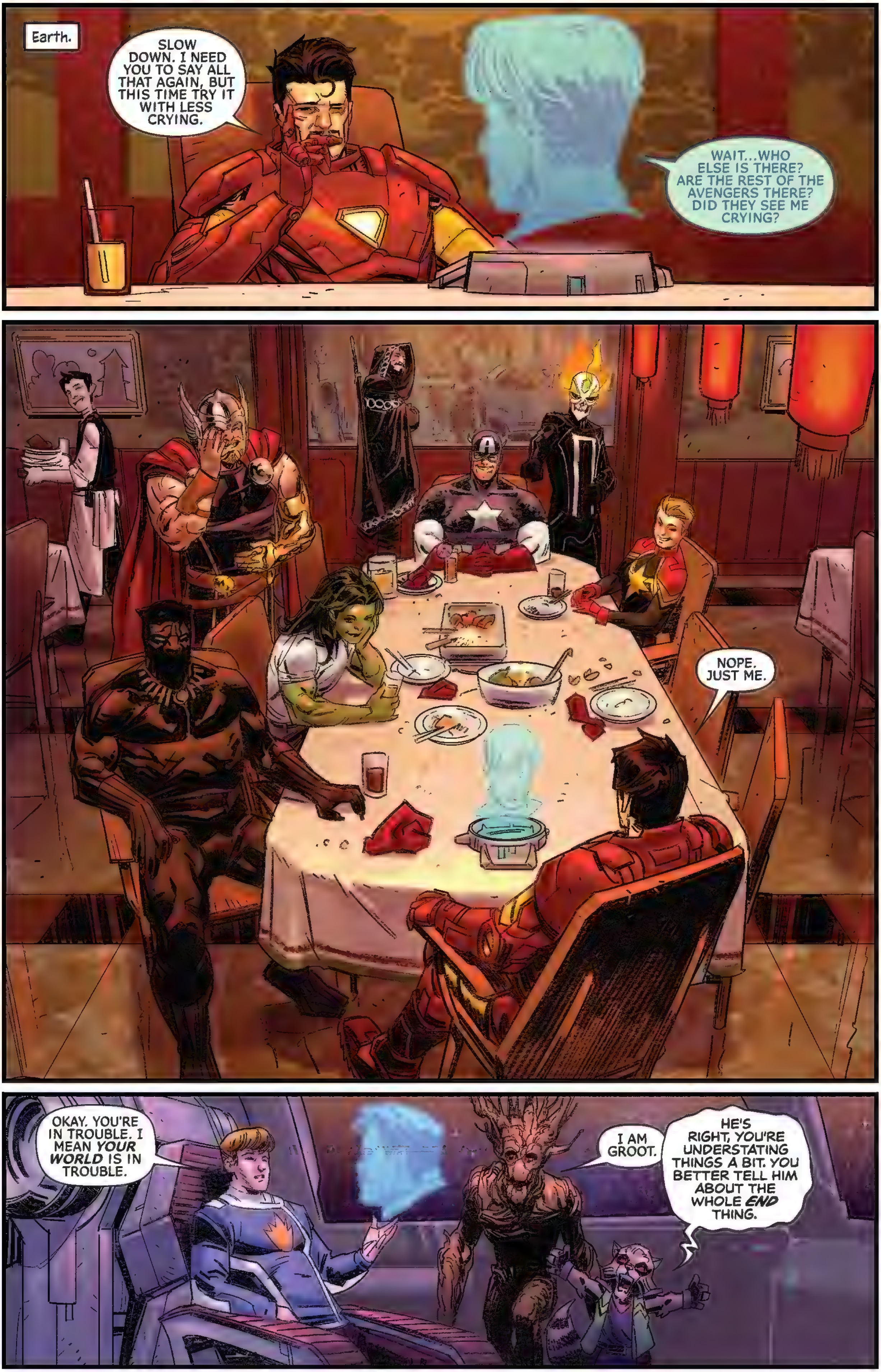

MONUMENTAL.
WHAT?
YOU NEED TO DO SOMETHING *MONUMENTAL*.
SOMETHING THAT GETS EVERYONE'S ATTENTION AND PUTS ALL EYES ON YOU.
*HOLY* #%@$ %$$#! YES! I NEED MY VERY OWN *EVENT!*
EVERY TIME DOOM OR APOCALYPSE OR ANY OTHER MUSTACHE-TWIRLING BLACK HAT WANTS TO WRECK SHOP, ALL THE SUPER HEROES START CROSSING OVER AND MAJOR NUMBERS ARE PUT ON THE BOARD.
COOL. THERE IS THE TINY ISSUE OF HOW *YOU* CAN PULL OFF ANYTHING LIKE THAT ON YOUR OWN.
HA. DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. IT'S SUMMER, AND YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON AN EVENT DROPPING IN THE SUMMER.
THE ONLY QUESTION IS, WILL IT BE ONE OF THE EARTHBOUND BADDIES? SOMEONE FROM HELL? OOOOH, OR MAYBE EVEN *COSMIC!* HOW COOL WOULD THAT BE?
ANYWAY, I HAVE TO MAKE A FEW CALLS. CAN YOU GET ME MY ROLODEX?
WHAT'S A ROLODEX?

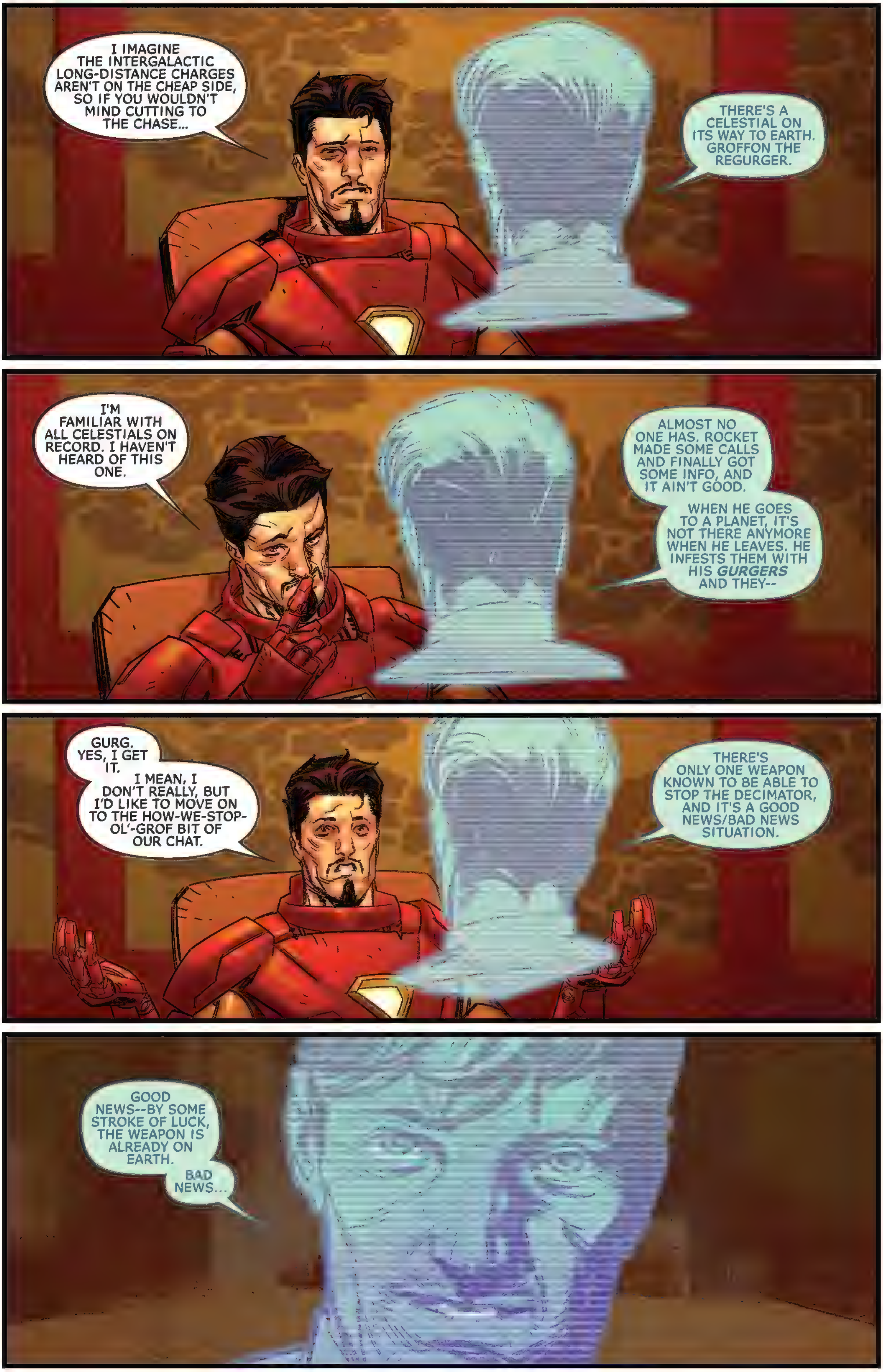

Later, somewhere in space and stuff.
I'D LIKE TO PUT THREE HOTELS ON BROADWAY.
WHAT?!
ROCKET, YOU CAN'T PUT *THREE* HOTELS ON ONE PROPERTY.
I JUST DID, SO *YES, STAR-LORD,* I CAN.
NO, YOU *CAN'T!*
CAN. DID.
MONOPOLIZE
**ROCKET, STAR-LORD,** I WILL ALSO REPEAT YOUR NAMES ALOUD FOR NO REASON BEFORE I TELL YOU...
...I HAVE THIS MANY COLORED FAKE MONEYS. I WILL GIVE IT ALL TO YOU, AND YOU WILL GIVE ME 37 HOTELS THAT I'M GOING TO PUT ON BALTIC. THANK YOU.
GET THE %@$# OUT OF HERE, DRAX! YOU CAN'T PUT 37 HOTELS ON ONE PROPERTY!

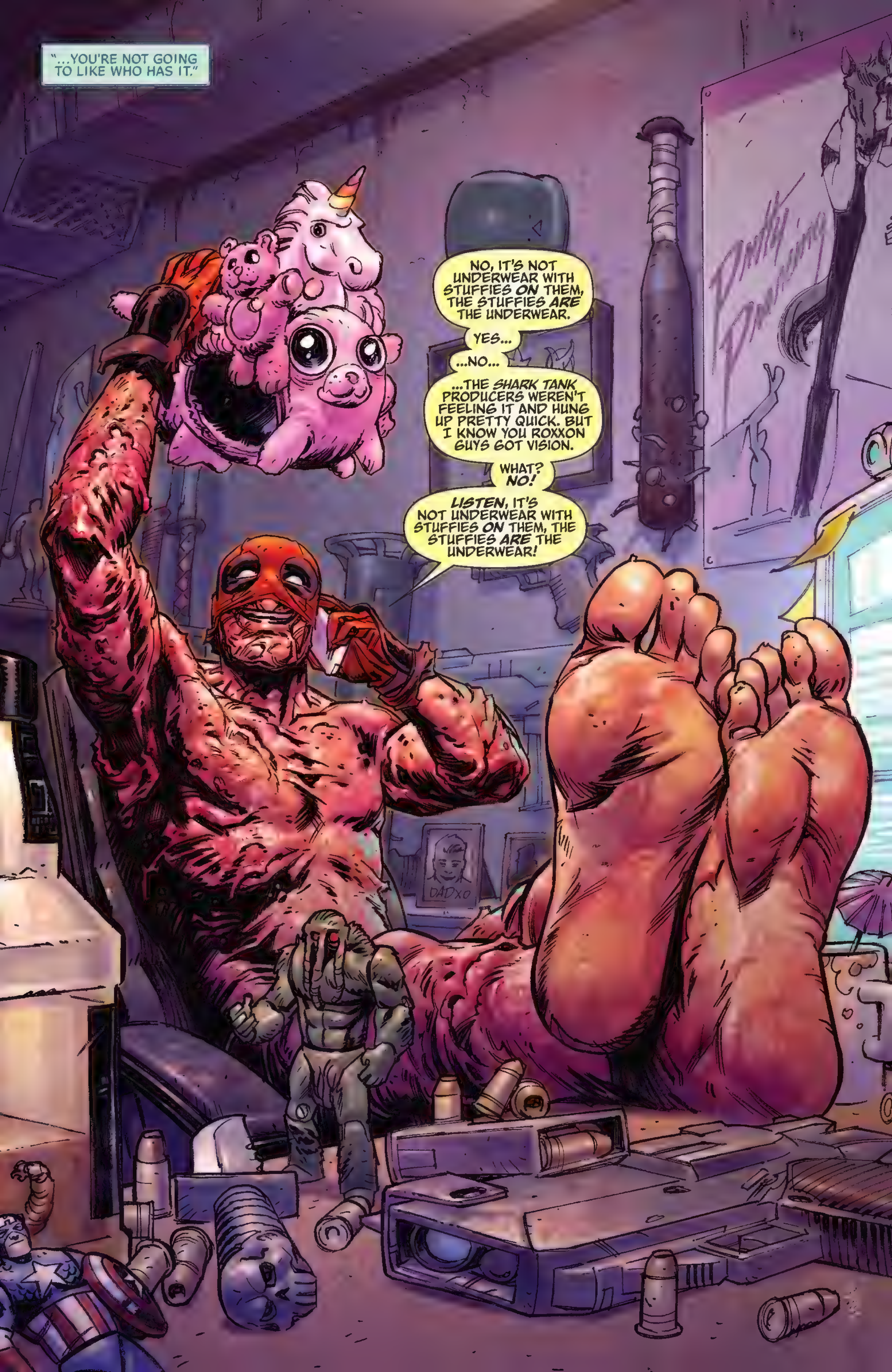

ARE YOU KIDDING ME? YOU'RE YELLING AT HIM FOR TRYING TO BREAK THE RULES?
IF HE CAN DO THREE, I CAN DO 37.
THREE AIN'T THE SAME AS 37, I'M JUST SAYING.
*ONE!* THAT'S ALL YOU CAN HAVE. THAT'S ALL HE CAN HAVE. *THAT'S ALL ANY OF US CAN HAVE!*
BUT LET'S SAY I ROLL DOUBLES...
HOW MANY HOTELS CAN I--
--$#@%!!!
*I AM GROOT!*
OH, DON'T WORRY, WE'RE DEFINITELY COMING UP THERE!

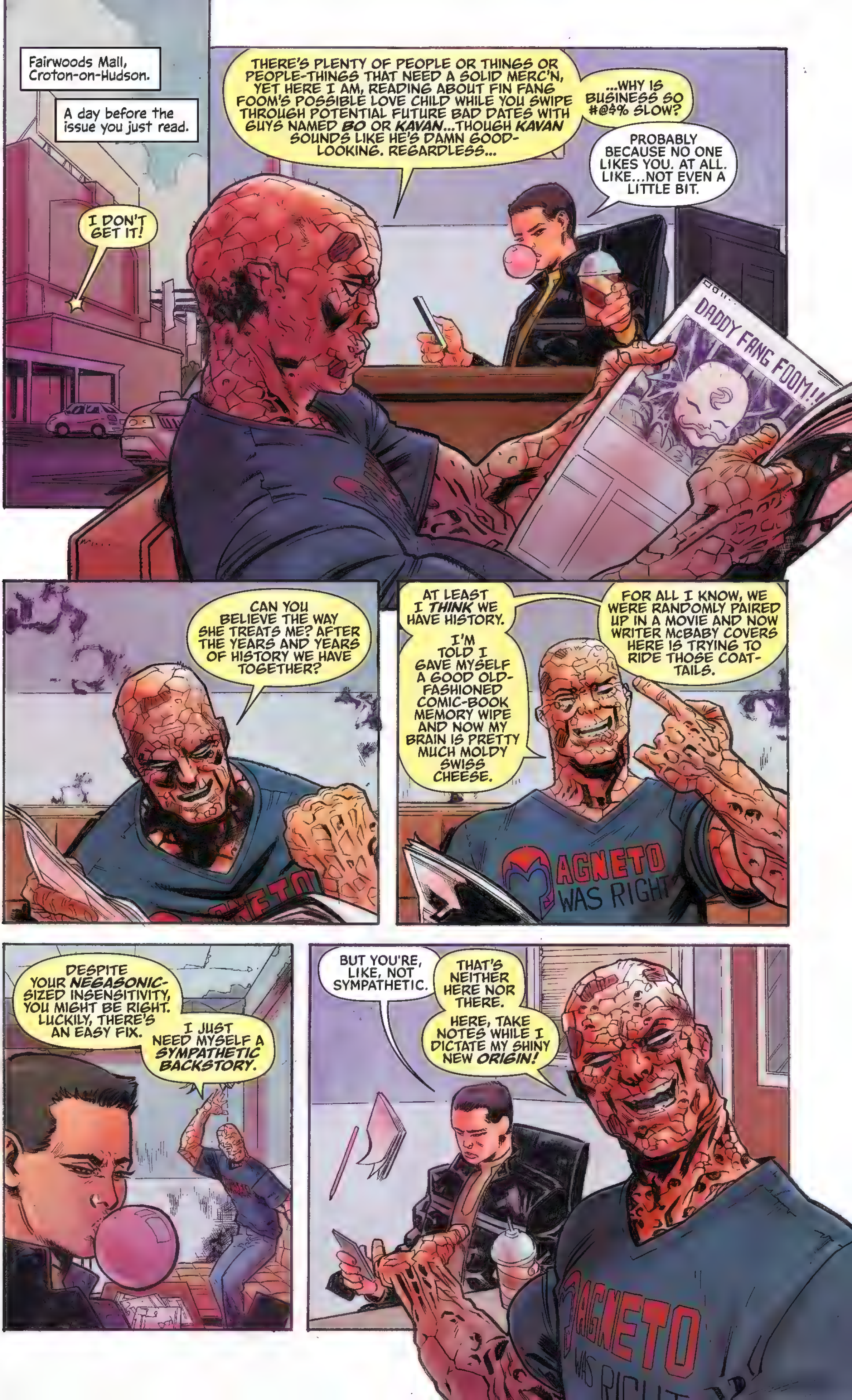

I TOLD YOU HE CAN'T DRIVE, BUT *NOOOO*, YOU JUST HAD TO COME BACK AND MESS UP OUR GAME.
I CAN'T STAND BY AND LET YOU TWO MAKE A MOCKERY OF ONE OF THE ALL-TIME CLASSIC BOARD GAMES.
TYPICAL STAR-LORD. THINKING THAT HIS PRECIOUS EARTH STUFF IS ALWAYS THE ***BEST OF ALL TIME***.
JUST SPEAKING TRUTHS.
TRUTHS? HERE'S A TRUTH FOR YOU. RELATIVELY, EARTH IS BARELY OLDER THAN THE BISCUIT I ATE THIS MORNING, SO ***EXCUSE*** ME IF I DON'T GET ALL WEAK IN THE KNEES FOR YOUR PRECIOUS REAL-ESTATE-MOGUL GAME.
I AM GROOT.
YOU STAY OUT OF IT.
*I AM GROOT!*
FINE! I'LL LOOK. ARE YOU HAPPY N--
*OH*
*MY*
*GROOT!*

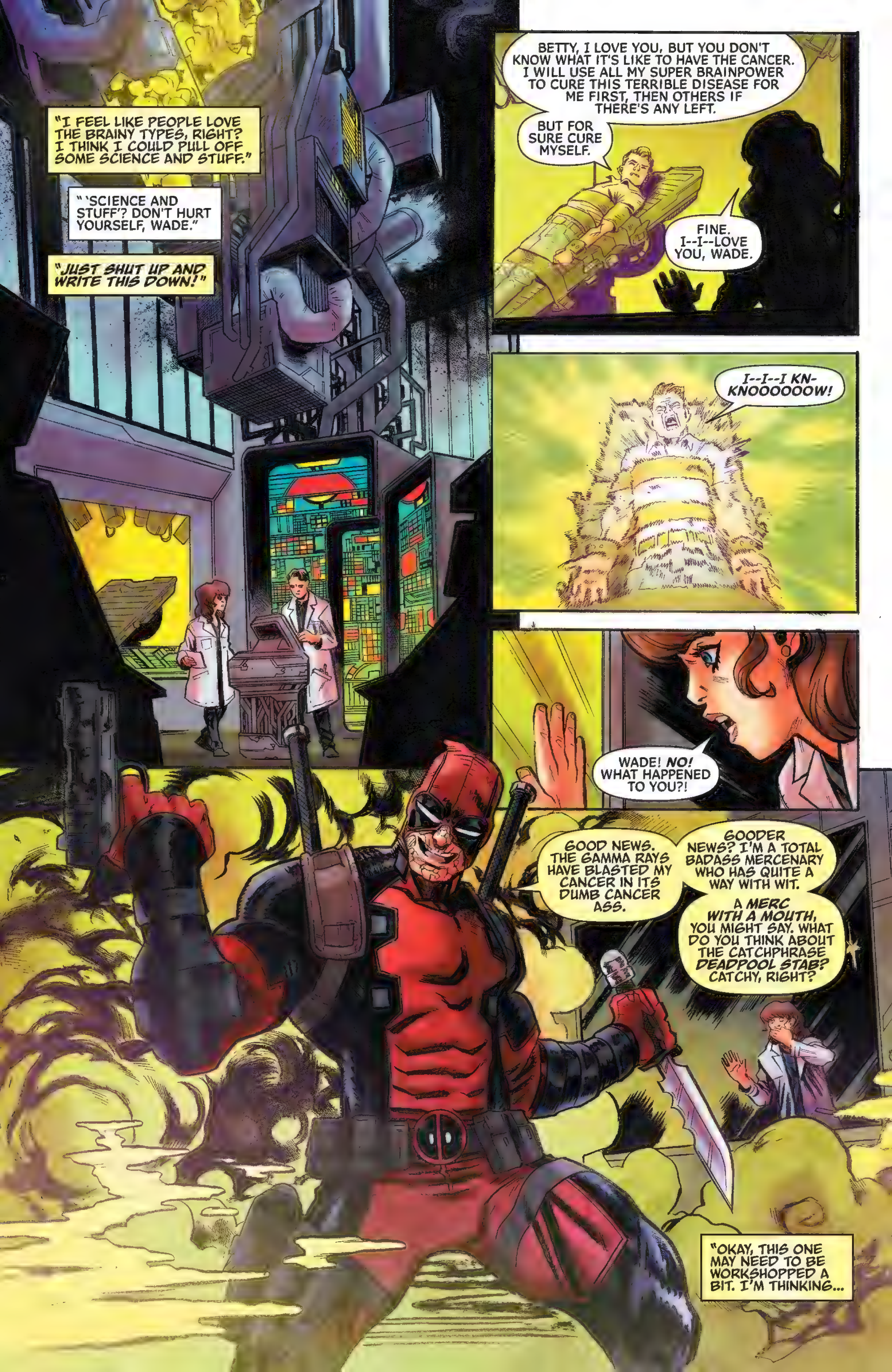

EEEEEEEARRRRRRRTH
PROBABLY SHOULD WARN SOMEONE, RIGHT?
NOT THE WORST IDEA YOU'VE EVER HAD.
I AM GROOT.

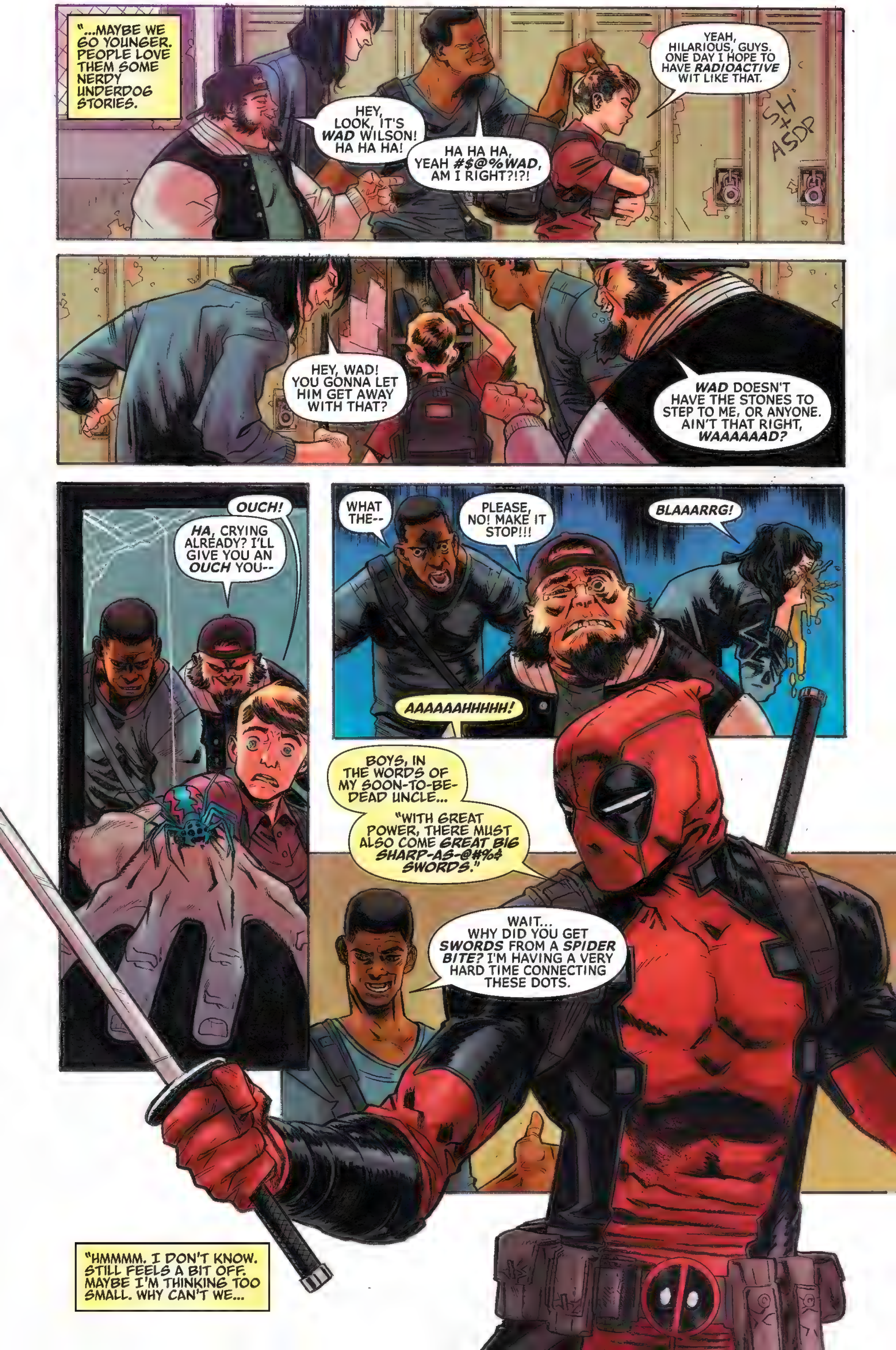

Earth.
SLOW DOWN. I NEED YOU TO SAY ALL THAT AGAIN, BUT THIS TIME TRY IT WITH LESS CRYING.
WAIT...WHO ELSE IS THERE? ARE THE REST OF THE AVENGERS THERE? DID THEY SEE ME CRYING?
NOPE. JUST ME.
OKAY. YOU'RE IN TROUBLE. I MEAN *YOUR WORLD* IS IN TROUBLE.
I AM GROOT.
HE'S RIGHT, YOU'RE UNDERSTATING THINGS A BIT. YOU BETTER TELL HIM ABOUT THE WHOLE *END* THING.

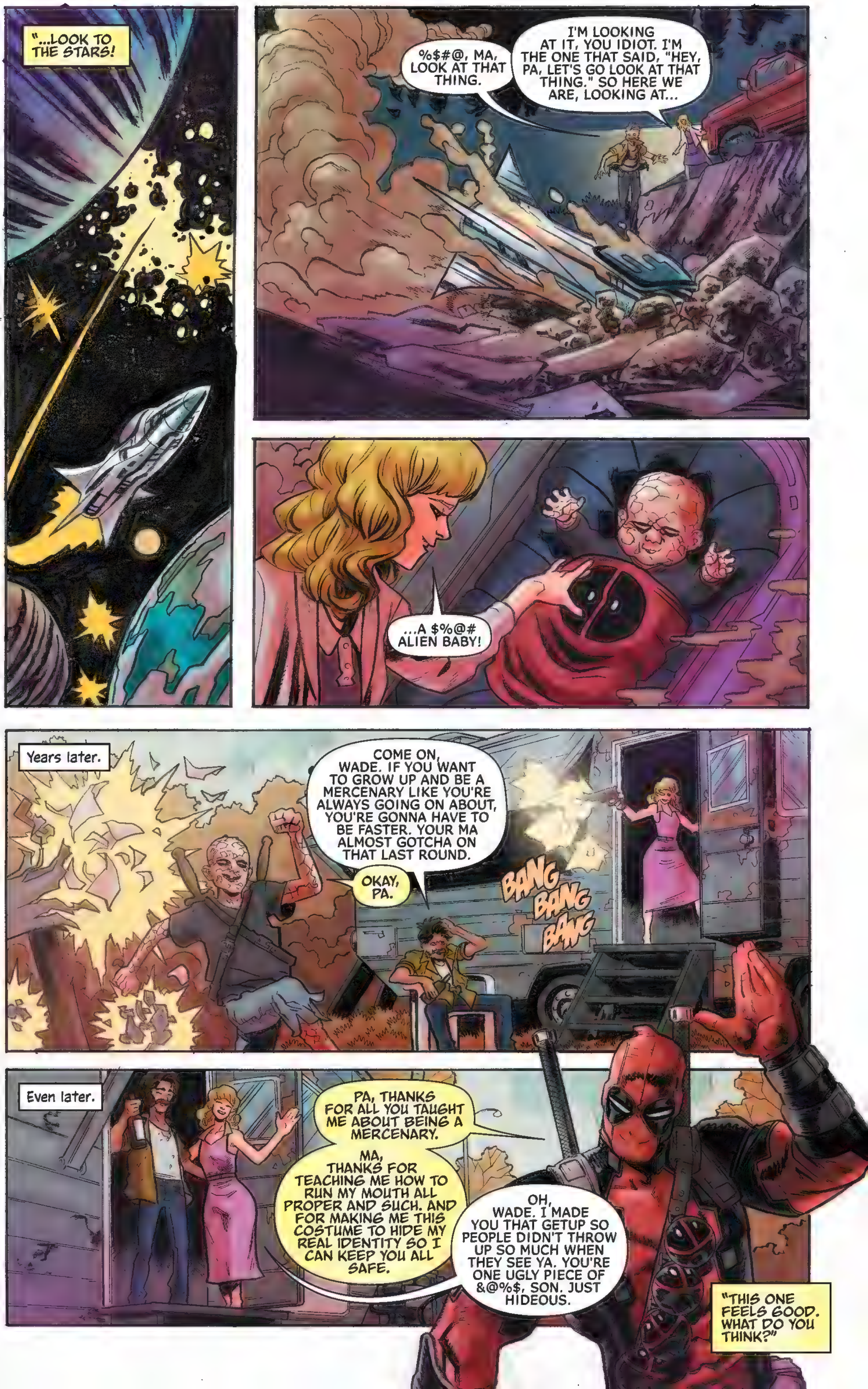

I IMAGINE THE INTERGALACTIC LONG-DISTANCE CHARGES AREN'T ON THE CHEAP SIDE, SO IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND CUTTING TO THE CHASE...
THERE'S A CELESTIAL ON ITS WAY TO EARTH. GROFFON THE REGURGER.
I'M FAMILIAR WITH ALL CELESTIALS ON RECORD. I HAVEN'T HEARD OF THIS ONE.
ALMOST NO ONE HAS. ROCKET MADE SOME CALLS AND FINALLY GOT SOME INFO, AND IT AIN'T GOOD.
WHEN HE GOES TO A PLANET, IT'S NOT THERE ANYMORE WHEN HE LEAVES. HE INFESTS THEM WITH HIS *GURGERS* AND THEY--
GURG. YES, I GET IT.
I MEAN, I DON'T REALLY, BUT I'D LIKE TO MOVE ON TO THE HOW-WE-STOP-OL'-GROF BIT OF OUR CHAT.
THERE'S ONLY ONE WEAPON KNOWN TO BE ABLE TO STOP THE DECIMATOR, AND IT'S A GOOD NEWS/BAD NEWS SITUATION.
GOOD NEWS--BY SOME STROKE OF LUCK, THE WEAPON IS ALREADY ON EARTH.
BAD NEWS...

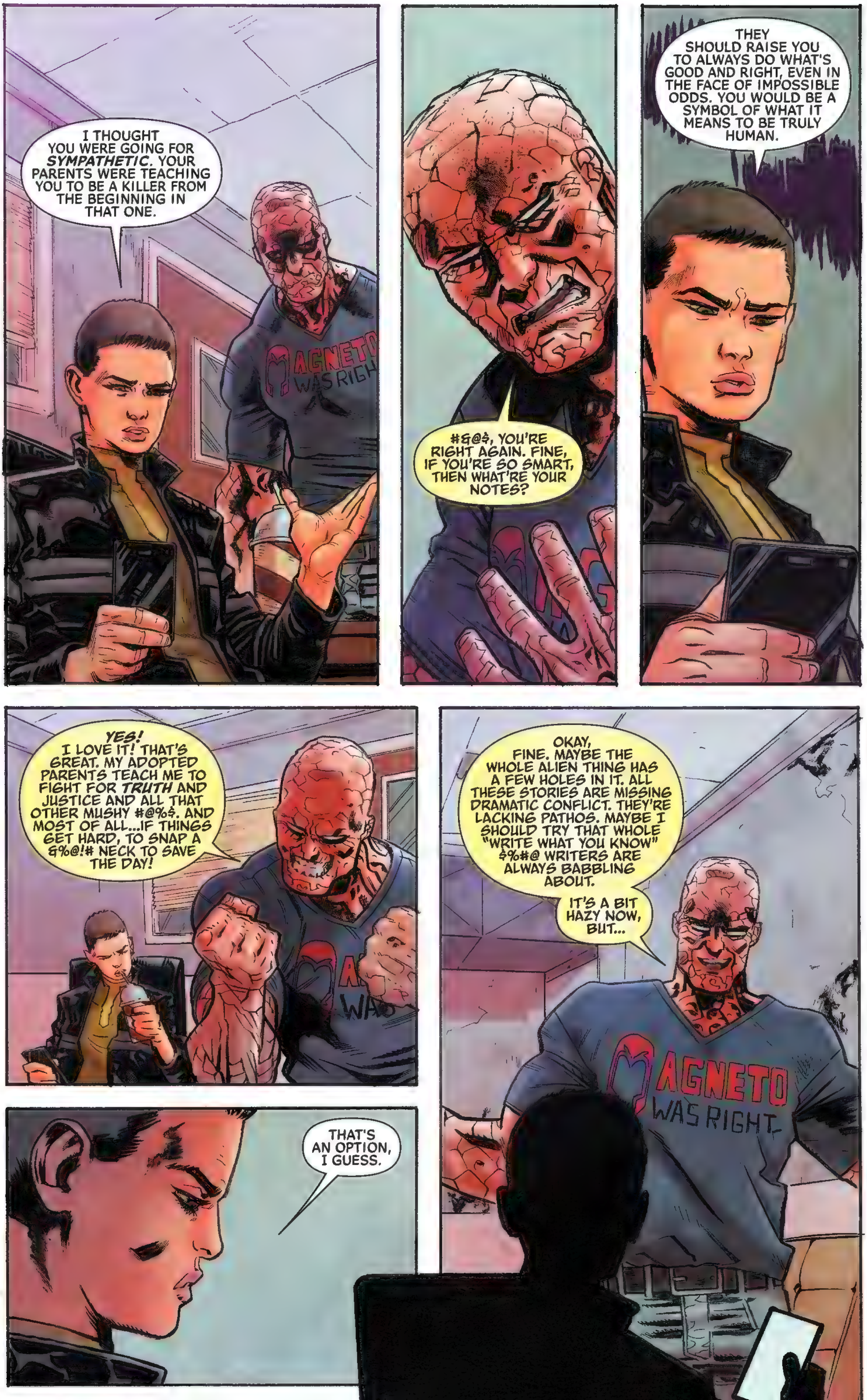

"...YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIKE WHO HAS IT."
NO, IT'S NOT UNDERWEAR WITH STUFFIES *ON* THEM, THE STUFFIES *ARE* THE UNDERWEAR.
YES...
...NO...
...THE *SHARK TANK* PRODUCERS WEREN'T FEELING IT AND HUNG UP PRETTY QUICK. BUT I KNOW YOU ROXXON GUYS GOT VISION.
WHAT? *NO!*
*LISTEN*, IT'S NOT UNDERWEAR WITH STUFFIES *ON* THEM, THE STUFFIES *ARE* THE UNDERWEAR!
Dirty Dancing
DADXO

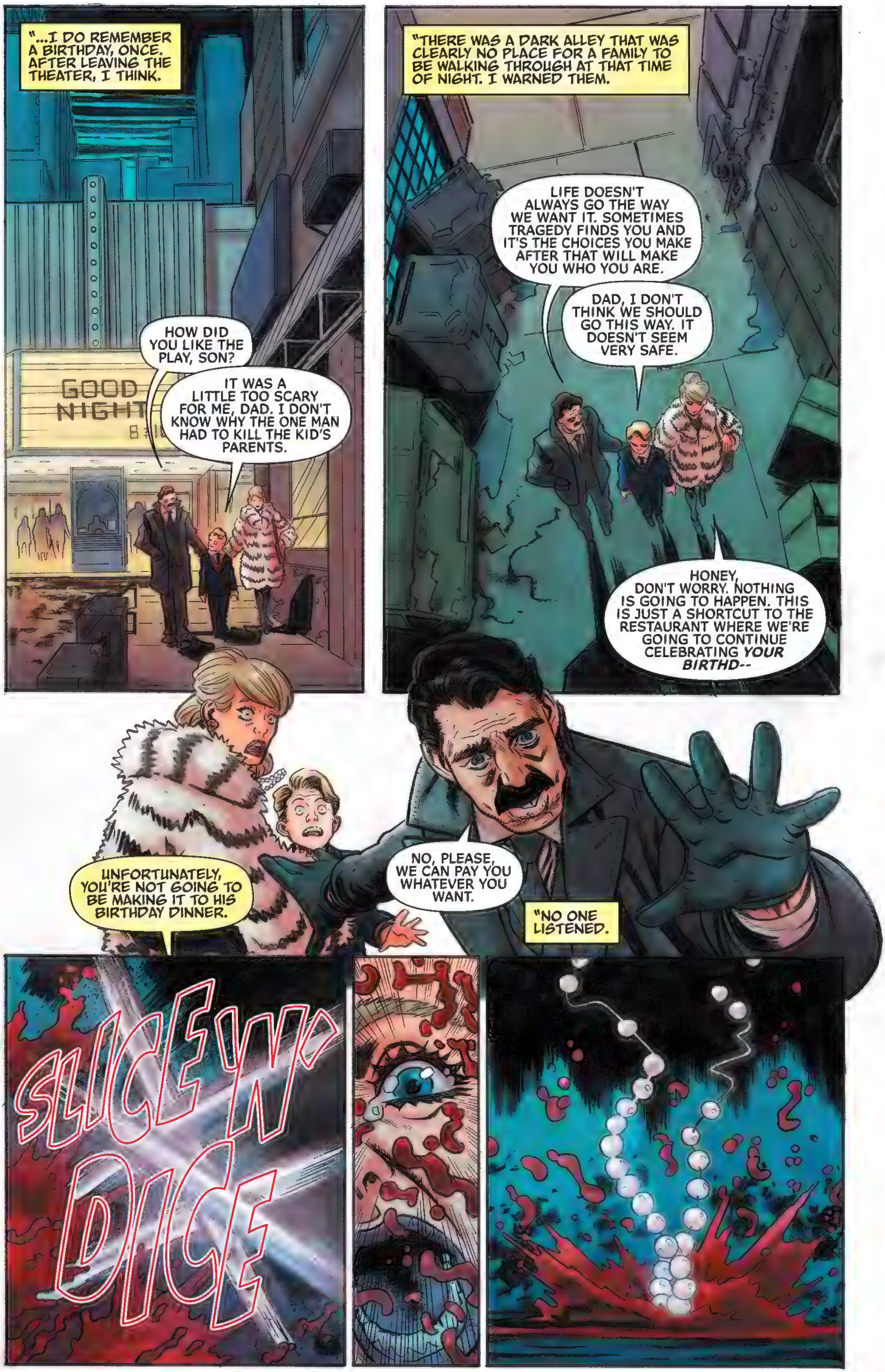

Fairwoods Mall, Croton-on-Hudson.
A day before the issue you just read.
I DON'T GET IT!
THERE'S PLENTY OF PEOPLE OR THINGS OR PEOPLE-THINGS THAT NEED A SOLID MERC'N, YET HERE I AM, READING ABOUT FIN FANG FOOM'S POSSIBLE LOVE CHILD WHILE YOU SWIPE THROUGH POTENTIAL FUTURE BAD DATES WITH GUYS NAMED BO OR KAVAN...THOUGH KAVAN SOUNDS LIKE HE'S DAMN GOOD-LOOKING. REGARDLESS...
...WHY IS BUSINESS SO #@$% SLOW?
PROBABLY BECAUSE NO ONE LIKES YOU. AT ALL. LIKE...NOT EVEN A LITTLE BIT.
DADDY FANG FOOM!!
CAN YOU BELIEVE THE WAY SHE TREATS ME? AFTER THE YEARS AND YEARS OF HISTORY WE HAVE TOGETHER?
AT LEAST I THINK WE HAVE HISTORY.
I'M TOLD I GAVE MYSELF A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED COMIC-BOOK MEMORY WIPE AND NOW MY BRAIN IS PRETTY MUCH MOLDY SWISS CHEESE.
FOR ALL I KNOW, WE WERE RANDOMLY PAIRED UP IN A MOVIE AND NOW WRITER McBABY COVERS HERE IS TRYING TO RIDE THOSE COAT-TAILS.
MAGNETO WAS RIGHT
DESPITE YOUR NEGASONIC-SIZED INSENSITIVITY, YOU MIGHT BE RIGHT. LUCKILY, THERE'S AN EASY FIX.
I JUST NEED MYSELF A SYMPATHETIC BACKSTORY.
BUT YOU'RE, LIKE, NOT SYMPATHETIC.
THAT'S NEITHER HERE NOR THERE.
HERE, TAKE NOTES WHILE I DICTATE MY SHINY NEW ORIGIN!
MAGNETO WAS RIGHT

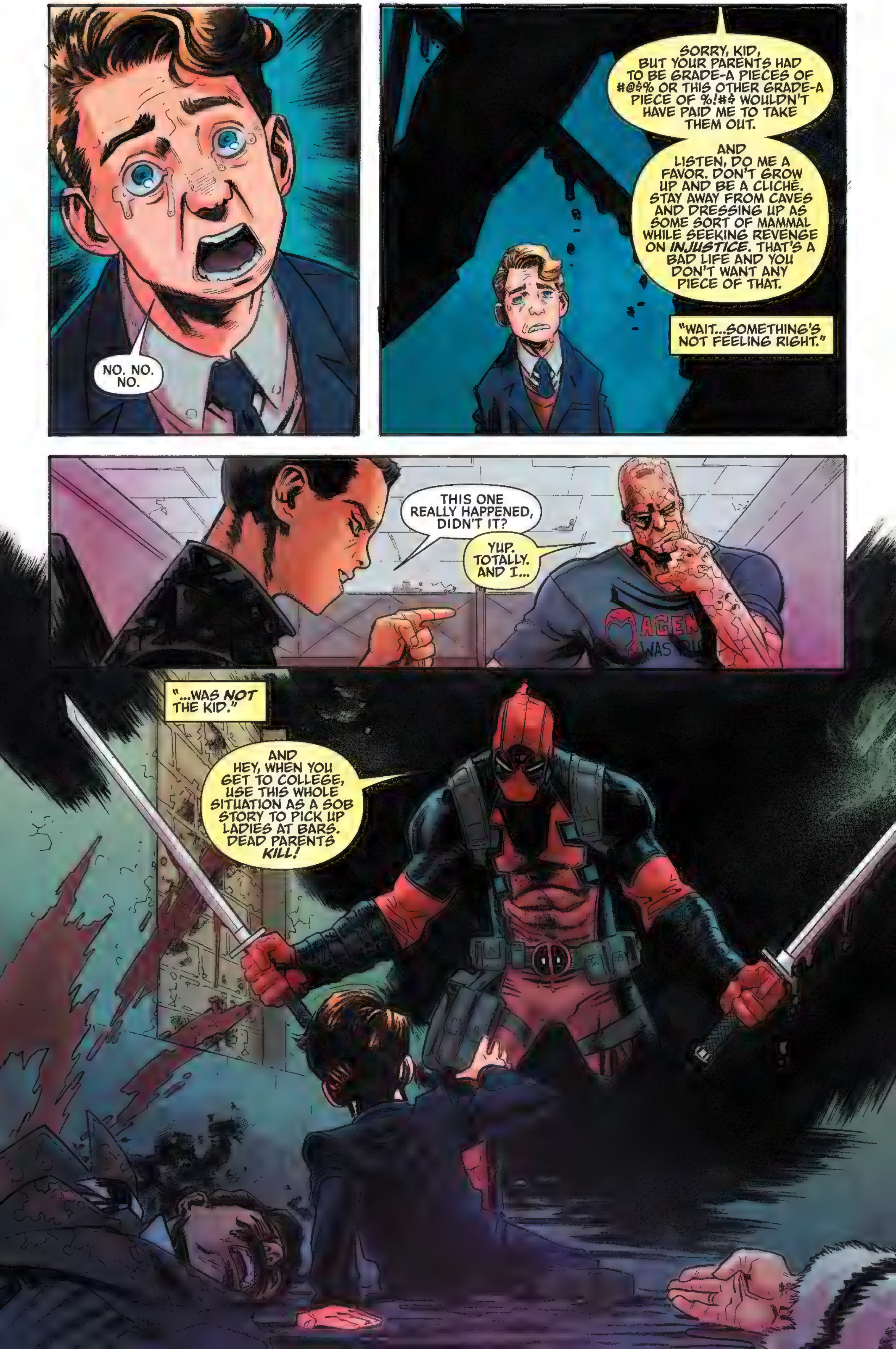

"I FEEL LIKE PEOPLE LOVE THE BRAINY TYPES, RIGHT? I THINK I COULD PULL OFF SOME SCIENCE AND STUFF."
" 'SCIENCE AND STUFF'? DON'T HURT YOURSELF, WADE."
"JUST SHUT UP AND WRITE THIS DOWN!"
BETTY, I LOVE YOU, BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE THE CANCER. I WILL USE ALL MY SUPER BRAINPOWER TO CURE THIS TERRIBLE DISEASE FOR ME FIRST, THEN OTHERS IF THERE'S ANY LEFT.
BUT FOR SURE CURE MYSELF.
FINE. I--I--LOVE YOU, WADE.
I--I--I KN-KNOOOOOOW!
WADE! NO! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?!
GOOD NEWS. THE GAMMA RAYS HAVE BLASTED MY CANCER IN ITS DUMB CANCER ASS.
GOODER NEWS? I'M A TOTAL BADASS MERCENARY WHO HAS QUITE A WAY WITH WIT.
A MERC WITH A MOUTH, YOU MIGHT SAY. WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE CATCHPHRASE DEADPOOL STAB? CATCHY, RIGHT?
"OKAY, THIS ONE MAY NEED TO BE WORKSHOPPED A BIT. I'M THINKING...

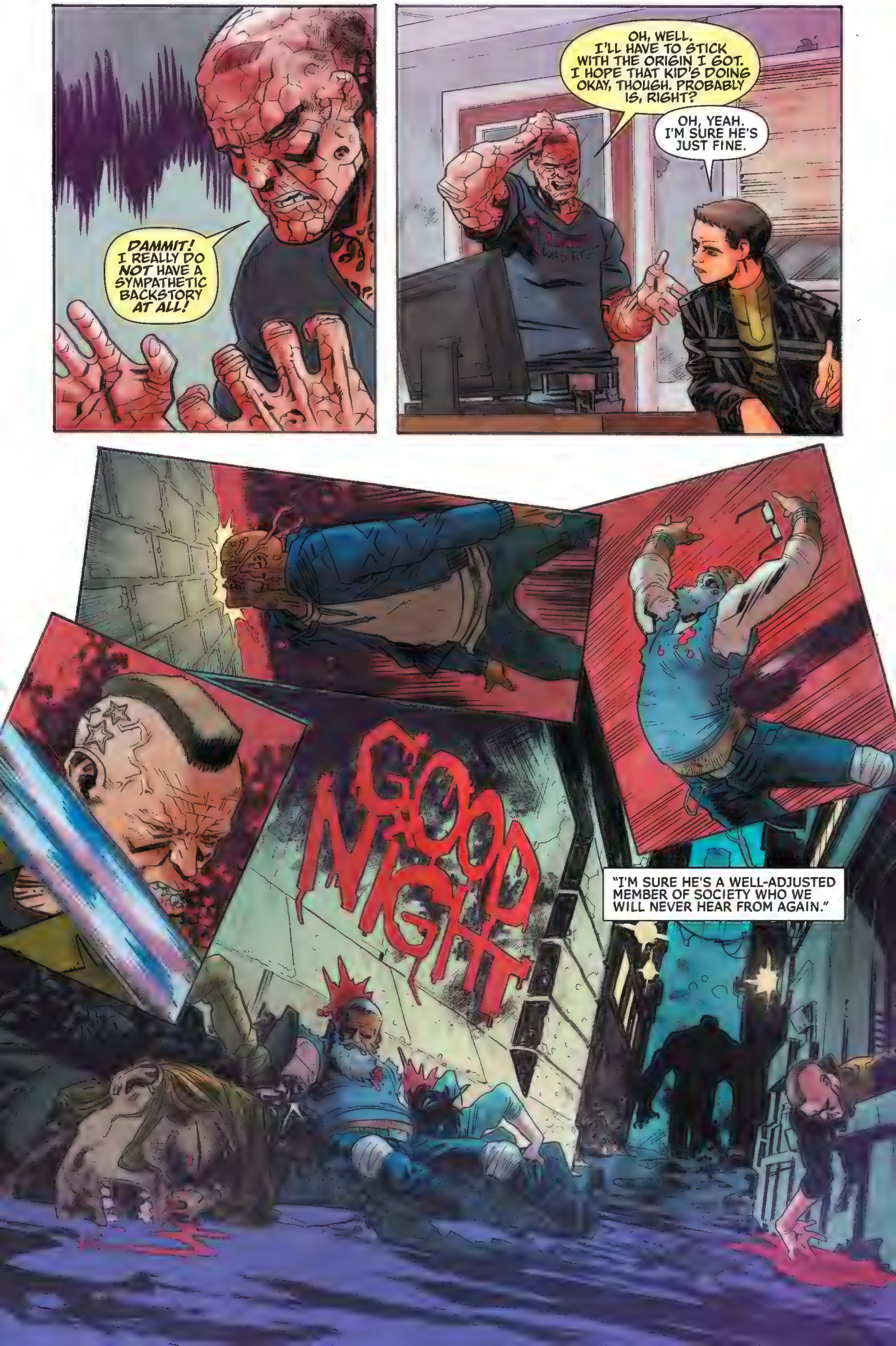

"...MAYBE WE GO YOUNGER. PEOPLE LOVE THEM SOME NERDY UNDERDOG STORIES.
HEY, LOOK, IT'S *WAD* WILSON! HA HA HA!
HA HA HA, YEAH *#$@%WAD*, AM I RIGHT?!?!
YEAH, HILARIOUS, GUYS. ONE DAY I HOPE TO HAVE *RADIOACTIVE* WIT LIKE THAT.
SH + ASDP
HEY, WAD! YOU GONNA LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THAT?
*WAD* DOESN'T HAVE THE STONES TO STEP TO ME, OR ANYONE. AIN'T THAT RIGHT, *WAAAAAAD?*
*OUCH!*
*HA*, CRYING ALREADY? I'LL GIVE YOU AN *OUCH* YOU--
WHAT THE--
PLEASE, NO! MAKE IT STOP!!!
*BLAAARRG!*
*AAAAAAHHHHH!*
BOYS, IN THE WORDS OF MY SOON-TO-BE-DEAD UNCLE...
"WITH GREAT POWER, THERE MUST ALSO COME *GREAT BIG SHARP-AS-@#%$ SWORDS*."
WAIT... WHY DID YOU GET *SWORDS* FROM A *SPIDER BITE?* I'M HAVING A VERY HARD TIME CONNECTING THESE DOTS.
"HMMMM. I DON'T KNOW. STILL FEELS A BIT OFF. MAYBE I'M THINKING TOO SMALL. WHY CAN'T WE...

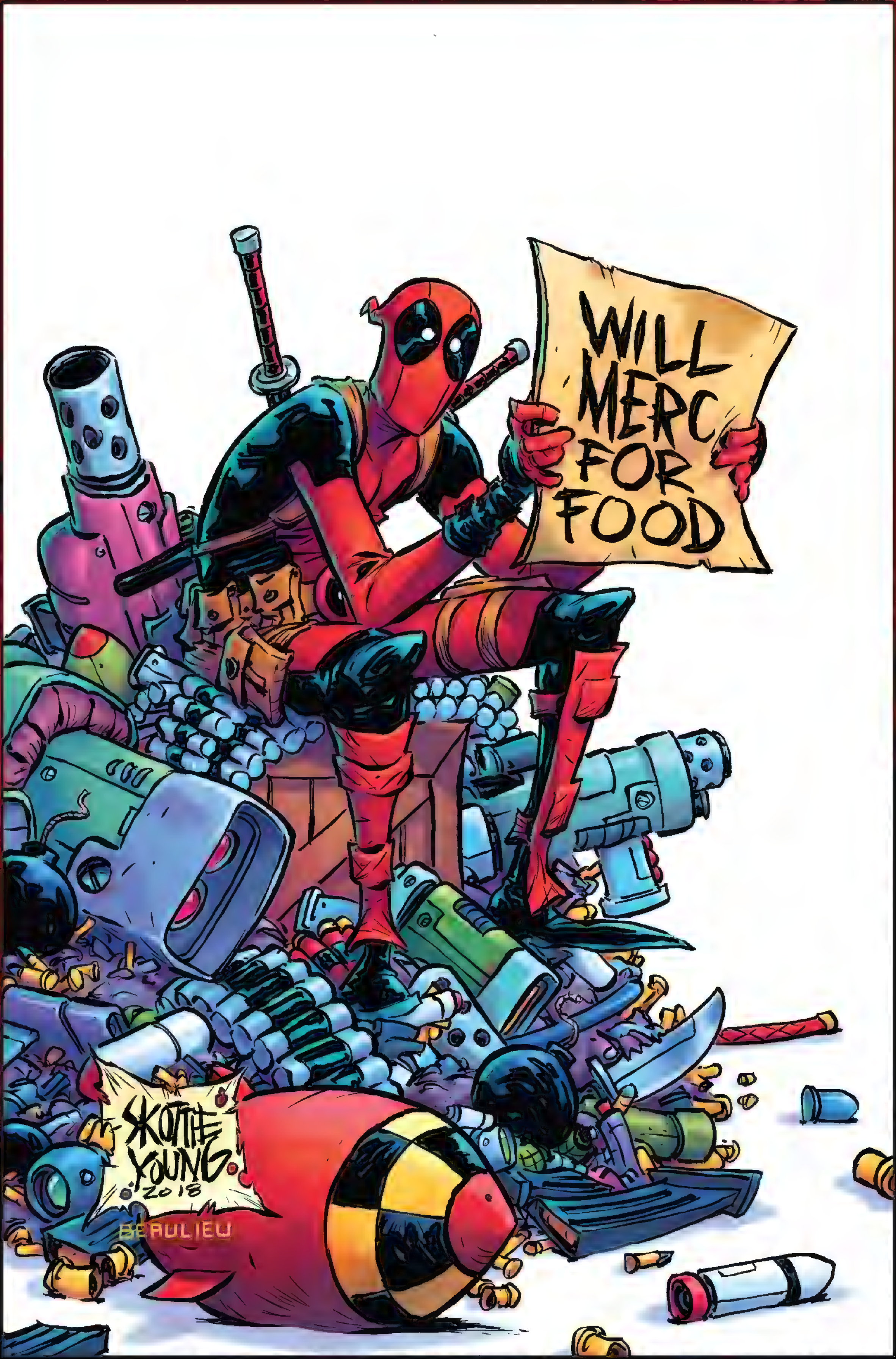

"...LOOK TO THE STARS!
%$#@, MA, LOOK AT THAT THING.
I'M LOOKING AT IT, YOU IDIOT. I'M THE ONE THAT SAID, "HEY, PA, LET'S GO LOOK AT THAT THING." SO HERE WE ARE, LOOKING AT...
...A $%@# ALIEN BABY!
Years later.
COME ON, WADE. IF YOU WANT TO GROW UP AND BE A MERCENARY LIKE YOU'RE ALWAYS GOING ON ABOUT, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO BE FASTER. YOUR MA ALMOST GOTCHA ON THAT LAST ROUND.
OKAY, PA.
BANG
BANG
BANG
Even later.
PA, THANKS FOR ALL YOU TAUGHT ME ABOUT BEING A MERCENARY.
MA, THANKS FOR TEACHING ME HOW TO RUN MY MOUTH ALL PROPER AND SUCH. AND FOR MAKING ME THIS COSTUME TO HIDE MY REAL IDENTITY SO I CAN KEEP YOU ALL SAFE.
OH, WADE. I MADE YOU THAT GETUP SO PEOPLE DIDN'T THROW UP SO MUCH WHEN THEY SEE YA. YOU'RE ONE UGLY PIECE OF &@%$, SON. JUST HIDEOUS.
"THIS ONE FEELS GOOD. WHAT DO YOU THINK?"


I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING FOR *SYMPATHETIC*. YOUR PARENTS WERE TEACHING YOU TO BE A KILLER FROM THE BEGINNING IN THAT ONE.
MAGNETO WAS RIGHT
#&@$, YOU'RE RIGHT AGAIN. FINE, IF YOU'RE SO SMART, THEN WHAT'RE YOUR NOTES?
THEY SHOULD RAISE YOU TO ALWAYS DO WHAT'S GOOD AND RIGHT, EVEN IN THE FACE OF IMPOSSIBLE ODDS. YOU WOULD BE A SYMBOL OF WHAT IT MEANS TO BE TRULY HUMAN.
*YES!* I LOVE IT! THAT'S GREAT. MY ADOPTED PARENTS TEACH ME TO FIGHT FOR *TRUTH* AND JUSTICE AND ALL THAT OTHER MUSHY #@%$. AND MOST OF ALL...IF THINGS GET HARD, TO SNAP A &%@!# NECK TO SAVE THE DAY!
THAT'S AN OPTION, I GUESS.
OKAY, FINE. MAYBE THE WHOLE ALIEN THING HAS A FEW HOLES IN IT. ALL THESE STORIES ARE MISSING DRAMATIC CONFLICT. THEY'RE LACKING PATHOS. MAYBE I SHOULD TRY THAT WHOLE "WRITE WHAT YOU KNOW" $%#@ WRITERS ARE ALWAYS BABBLING ABOUT.
IT'S A BIT HAZY NOW, BUT...
MAGNETO WAS RIGHT


"...I DO REMEMBER A BIRTHDAY, ONCE. AFTER LEAVING THE THEATER, I THINK.
GOOD NIGHT
HOW DID YOU LIKE THE PLAY, SON?
IT WAS A LITTLE TOO SCARY FOR ME, DAD. I DON'T KNOW WHY THE ONE MAN HAD TO KILL THE KID'S PARENTS.
"THERE WAS A DARK ALLEY THAT WAS CLEARLY NO PLACE FOR A FAMILY TO BE WALKING THROUGH AT THAT TIME OF NIGHT. I WARNED THEM.
LIFE DOESN'T ALWAYS GO THE WAY WE WANT IT. SOMETIMES TRAGEDY FINDS YOU AND IT'S THE CHOICES YOU MAKE AFTER THAT WILL MAKE YOU WHO YOU ARE.
DAD, I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD GO THIS WAY. IT DOESN'T SEEM VERY SAFE.
HONEY, DON'T WORRY. NOTHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN. THIS IS JUST A SHORTCUT TO THE RESTAURANT WHERE WE'RE GOING TO CONTINUE CELEBRATING *YOUR BIRTHD--*
UNFORTUNATELY, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE MAKING IT TO HIS BIRTHDAY DINNER.
NO, PLEASE, WE CAN PAY YOU WHATEVER YOU WANT.
"NO ONE LISTENED.
SLICE 'N' DICE

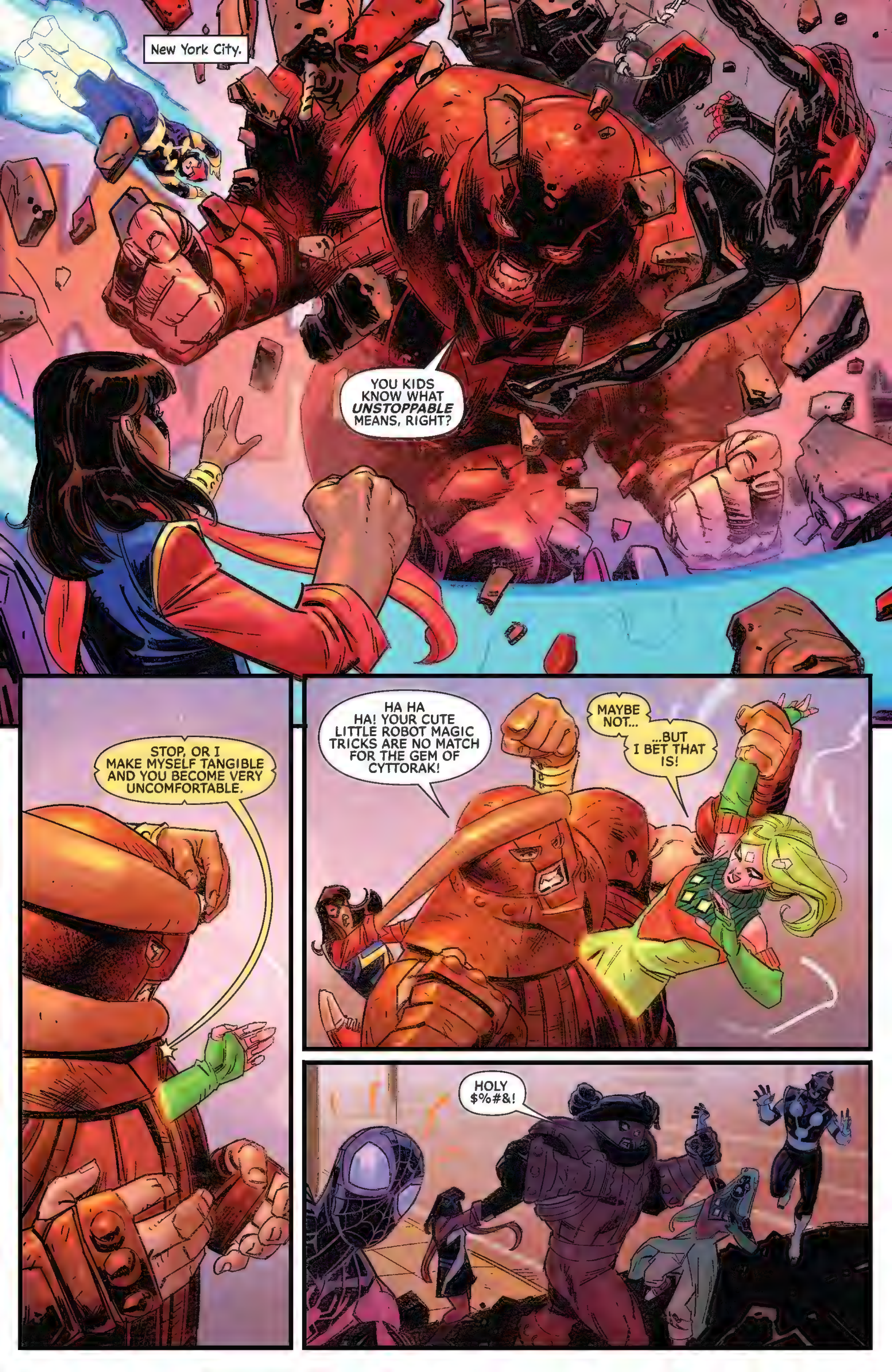

NO. NO. NO.
SORRY, KID, BUT YOUR PARENTS HAD TO BE GRADE-A PIECES OF #@$% OR THIS OTHER GRADE-A PIECE OF %!#$ WOULDN'T HAVE PAID ME TO TAKE THEM OUT.
AND LISTEN, DO ME A FAVOR. DON'T GROW UP AND BE A CLICHE. STAY AWAY FROM CAVES AND DRESSING UP AS SOME SORT OF MAMMAL WHILE SEEKING REVENGE ON *INJUSTICE*. THAT'S A BAD LIFE AND YOU DON'T WANT ANY PIECE OF THAT.
"WAIT...SOMETHING'S NOT FEELING RIGHT."
THIS ONE REALLY HAPPENED, DIDN'T IT?
YUP. TOTALLY. AND I...
"...WAS *NOT* THE KID."
AND HEY, WHEN YOU GET TO COLLEGE, USE THIS WHOLE SITUATION AS A SOB STORY TO PICK UP LADIES AT BARS. DEAD PARENTS *KILL!*

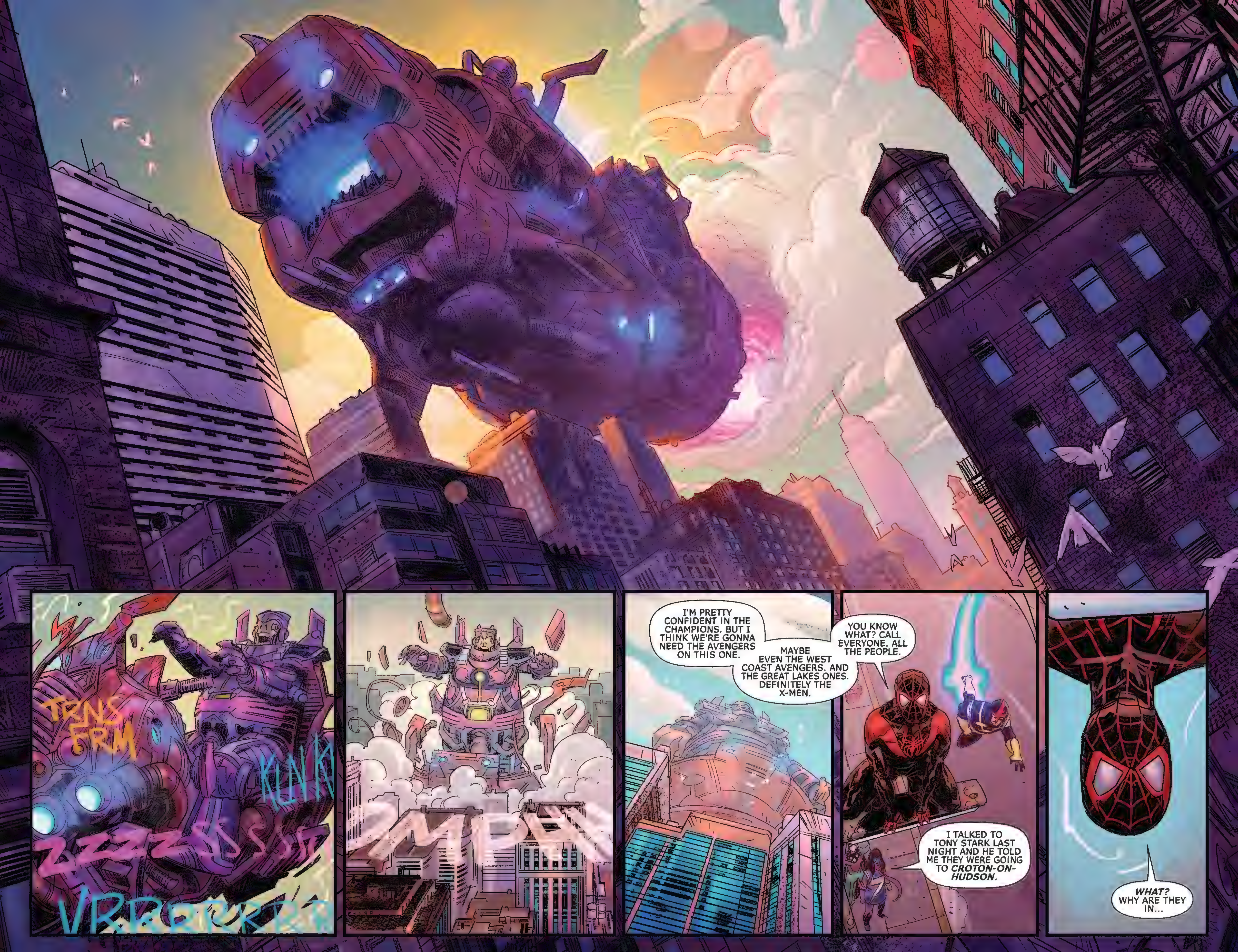

DAMMIT! I REALLY DO *NOT* HAVE A SYMPATHETIC BACKSTORY *AT ALL!*
OH, WELL. I'LL HAVE TO STICK WITH THE ORIGIN I GOT. I HOPE THAT KID'S DOING OKAY, THOUGH. PROBABLY IS, RIGHT?
OH, YEAH. I'M SURE HE'S JUST FINE.
WAS RIGHT
GOOD NIGHT
"I'M SURE HE'S A WELL-ADJUSTED MEMBER OF SOCIETY WHO WE WILL NEVER HEAR FROM AGAIN."

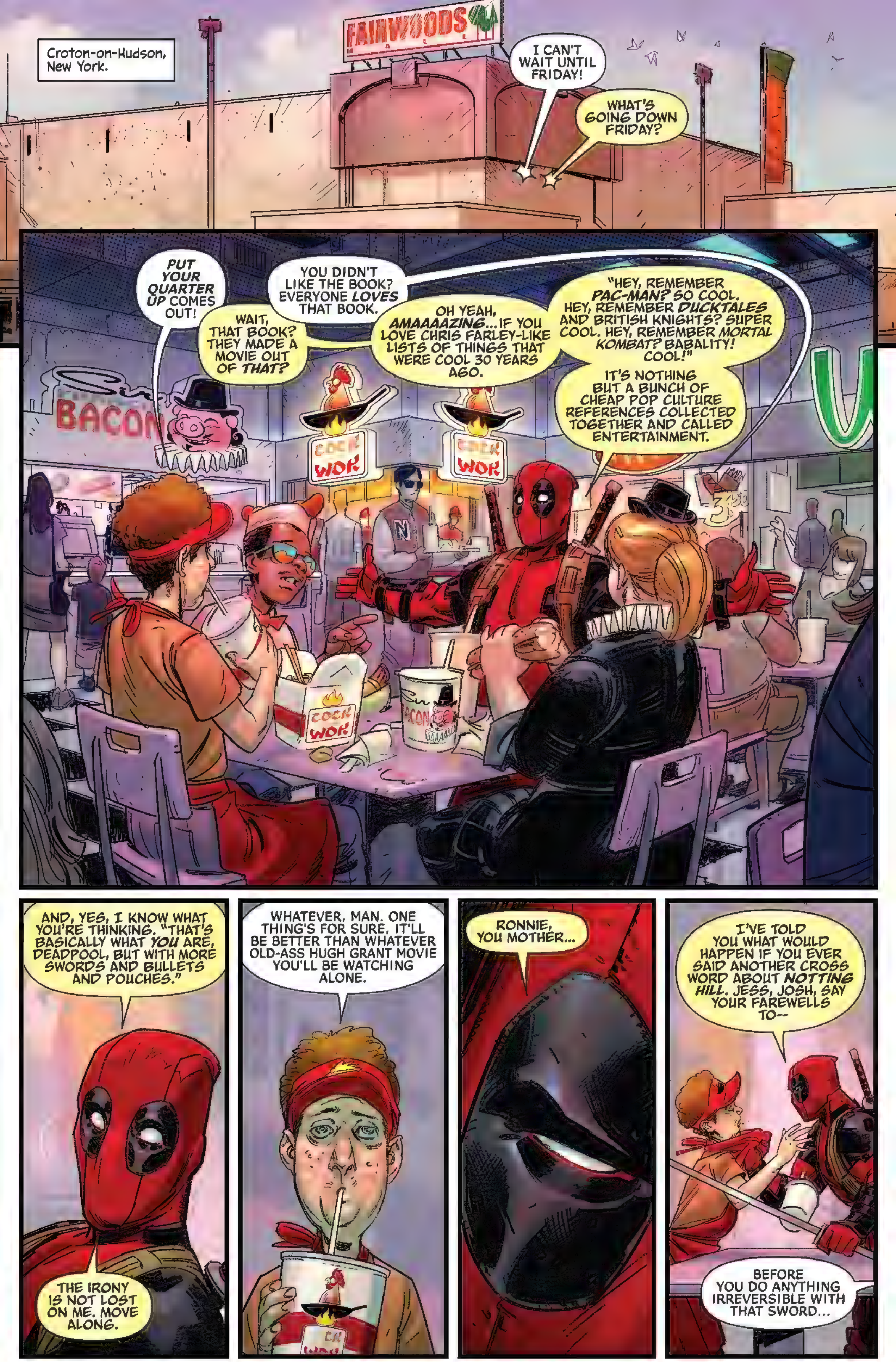

WILL MERC FOR FOOD
SKOTTIE YOUNG 2018
BEAULIEU

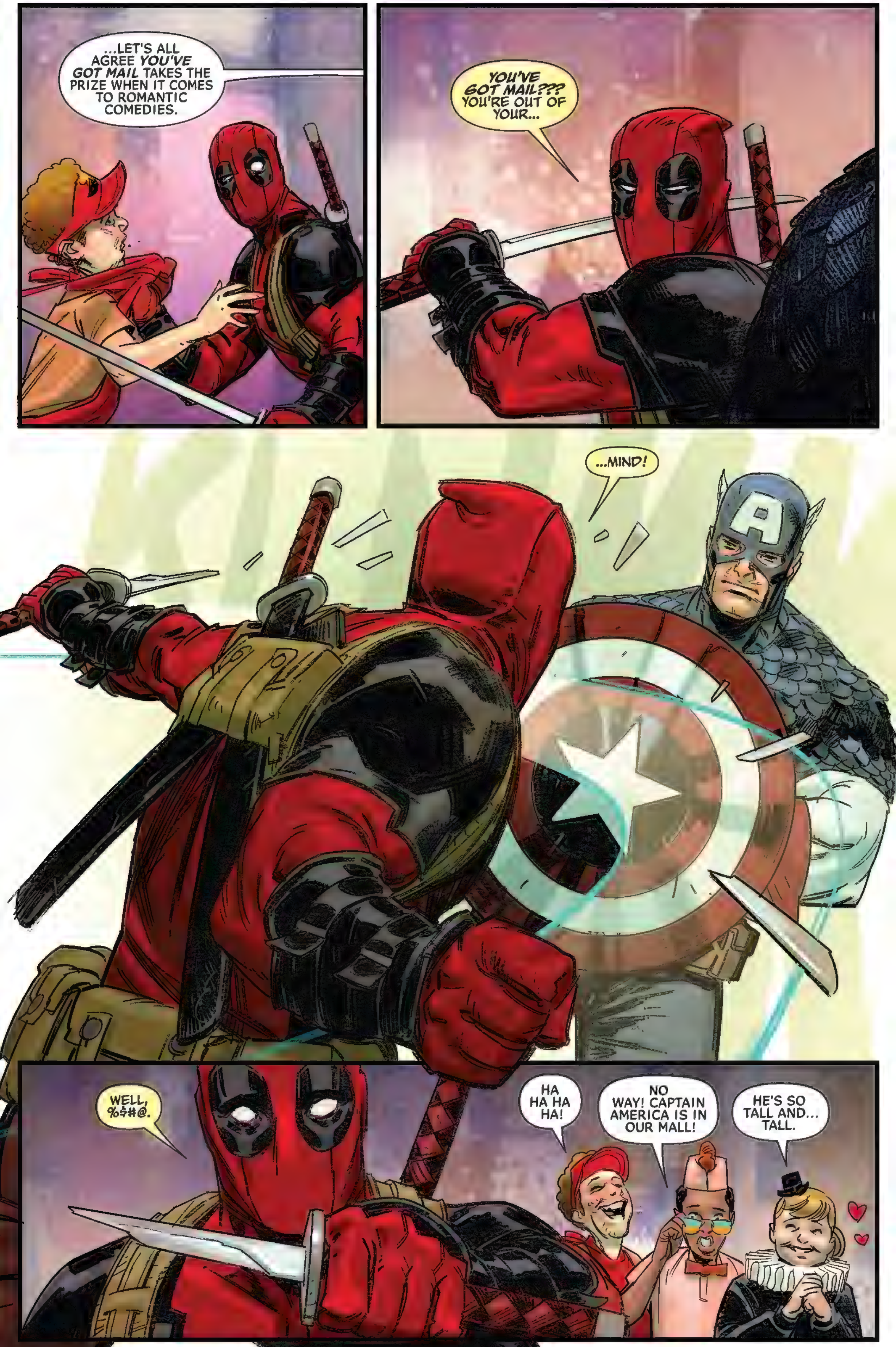
***DEADPOOL* #1 VARIANT BY SKOTTIE YOUNG & JEAN-FRANÇOIS BEAULIEU**

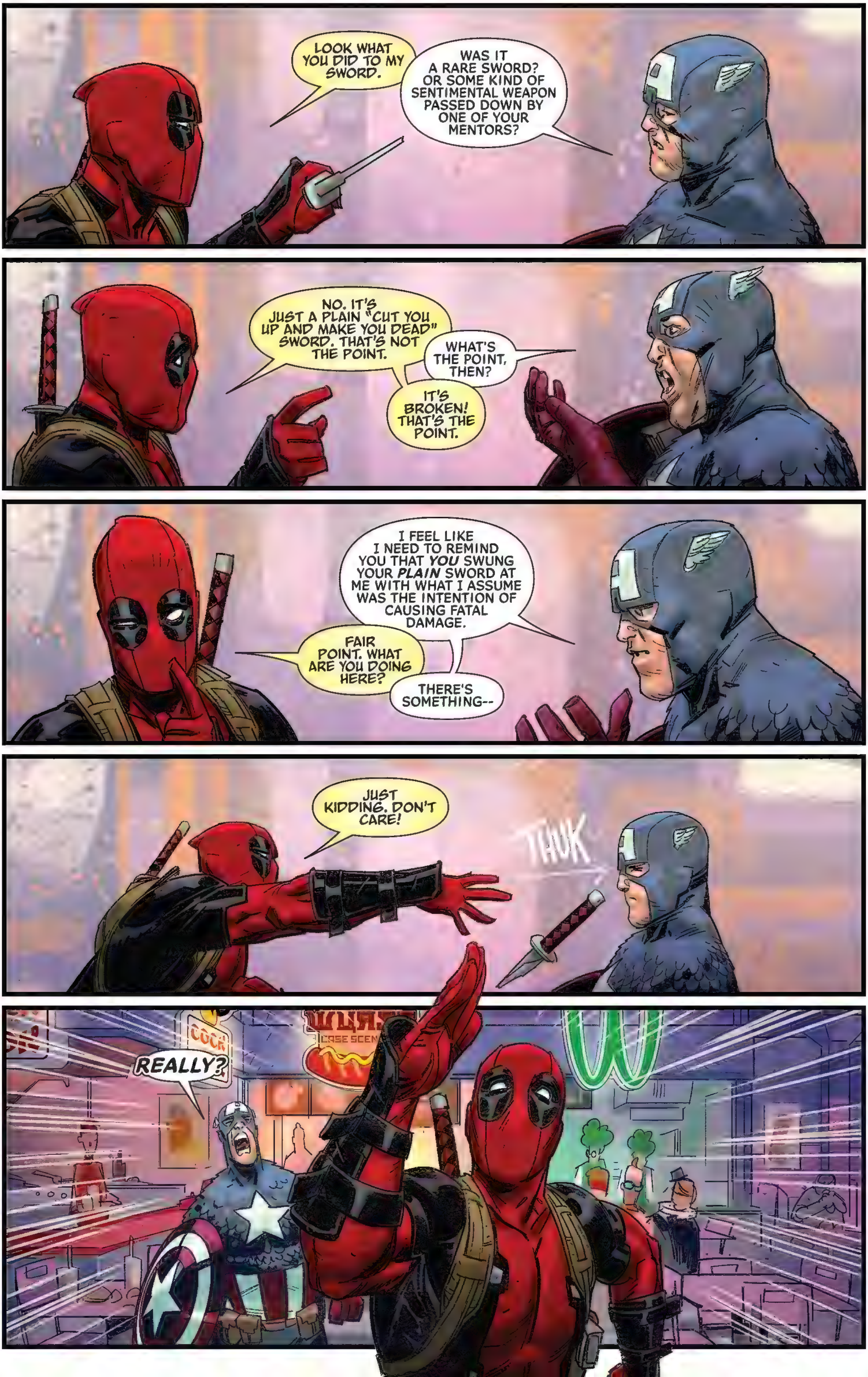
#2

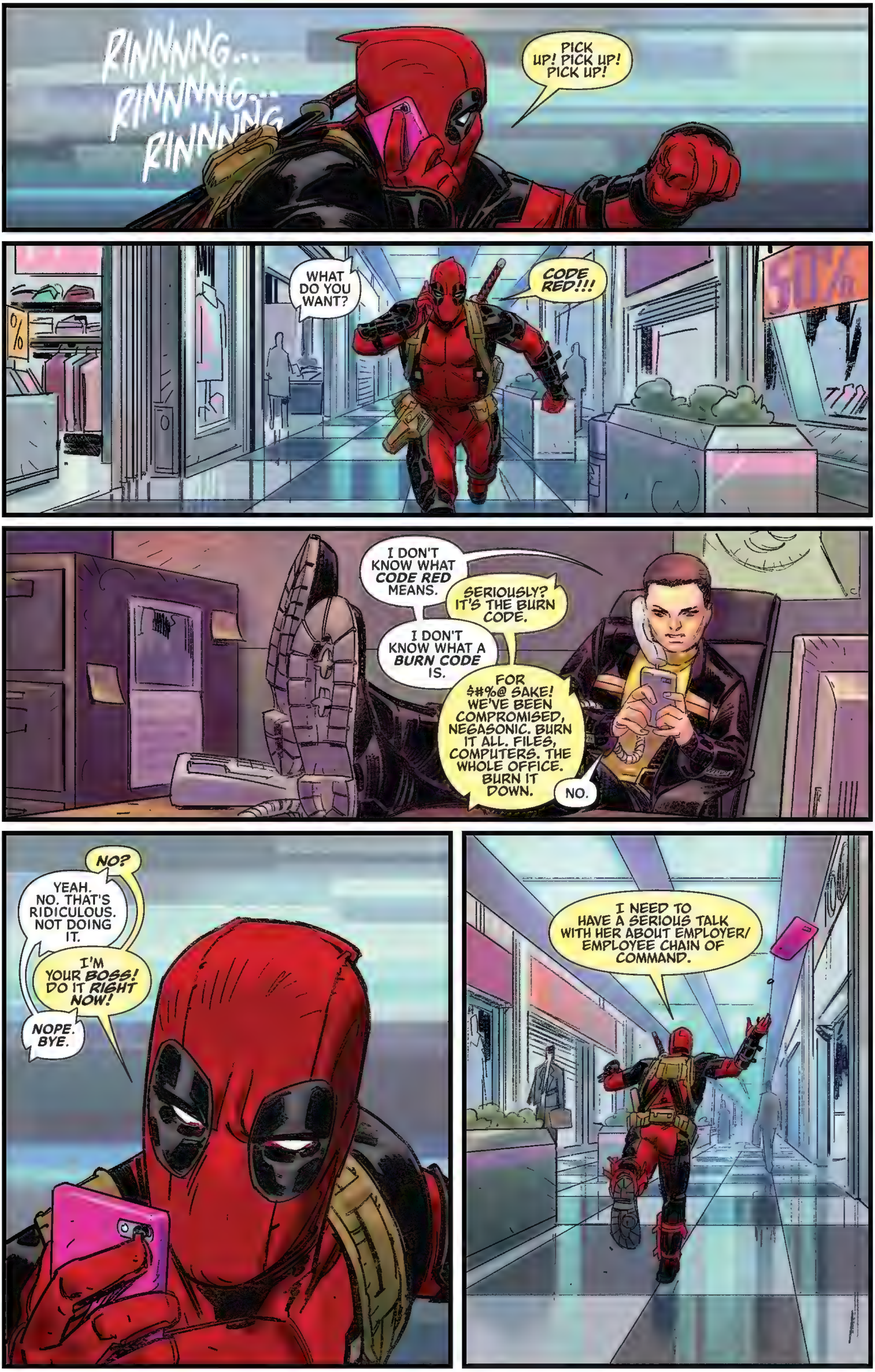

New York City.
YOU KIDS KNOW WHAT *UNSTOPPABLE* MEANS, RIGHT?
STOP, OR I MAKE MYSELF TANGIBLE AND YOU BECOME VERY UNCOMFORTABLE.
HA HA HA! YOUR CUTE LITTLE ROBOT MAGIC TRICKS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE GEM OF CYTTORAK!
MAYBE NOT...
...BUT I BET THAT IS!
HOLY $%#&!

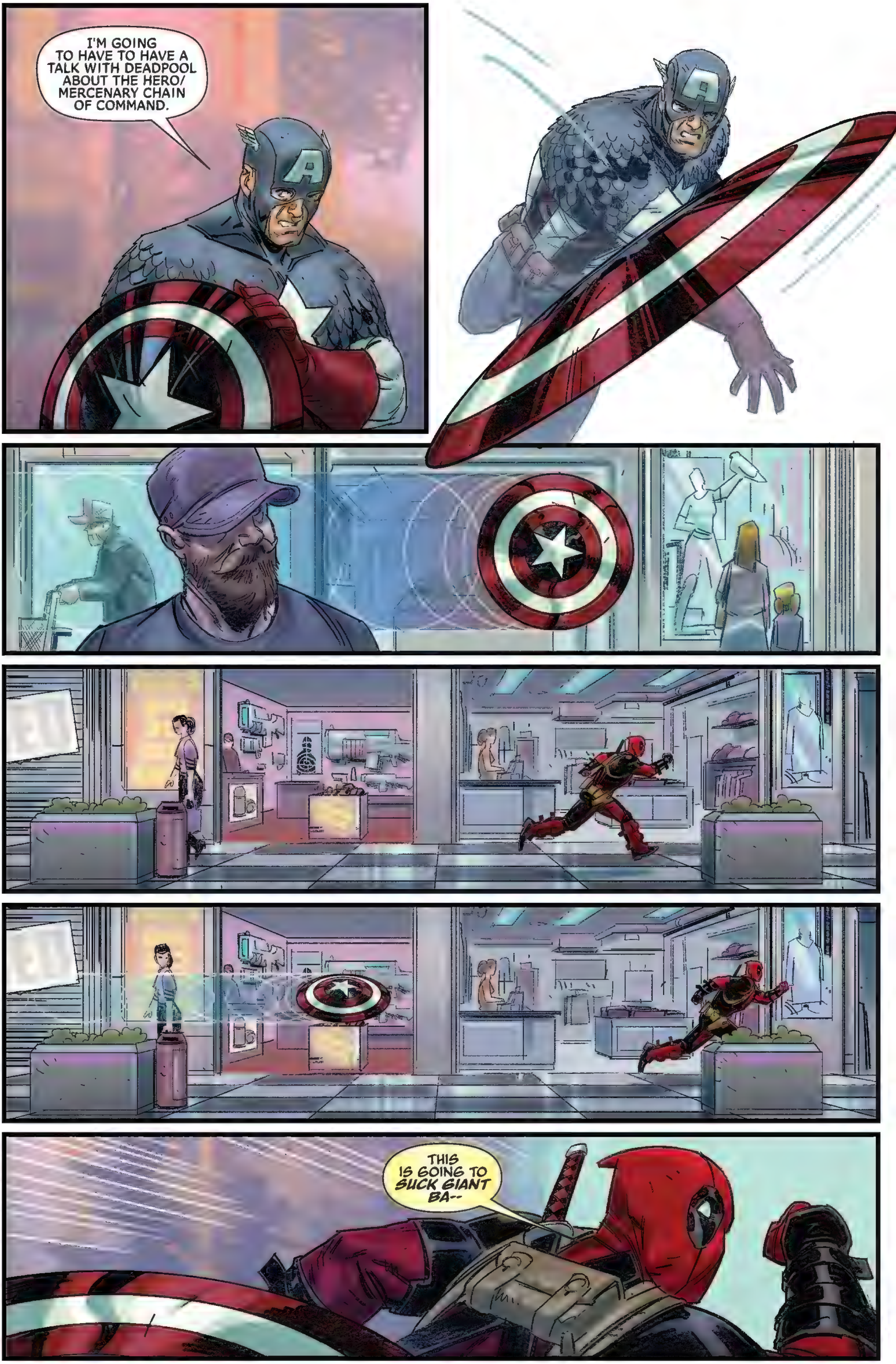

TRNS FRM
KLNK
ZZZZSSSSS
VRRRRRRRR
OMPH
I'M PRETTY CONFIDENT IN THE CHAMPIONS, BUT I THINK WE'RE GONNA NEED THE AVENGERS ON THIS ONE.
MAYBE EVEN THE WEST COAST AVENGERS. AND THE GREAT LAKES ONES. DEFINITELY THE X-MEN.
YOU KNOW WHAT? CALL EVERYONE. ALL THE PEOPLE.
I TALKED TO TONY STARK LAST NIGHT AND HE TOLD ME THEY WERE GOING TO *CROTON-ON-HUDSON*.
*WHAT?* WHY ARE THEY IN...

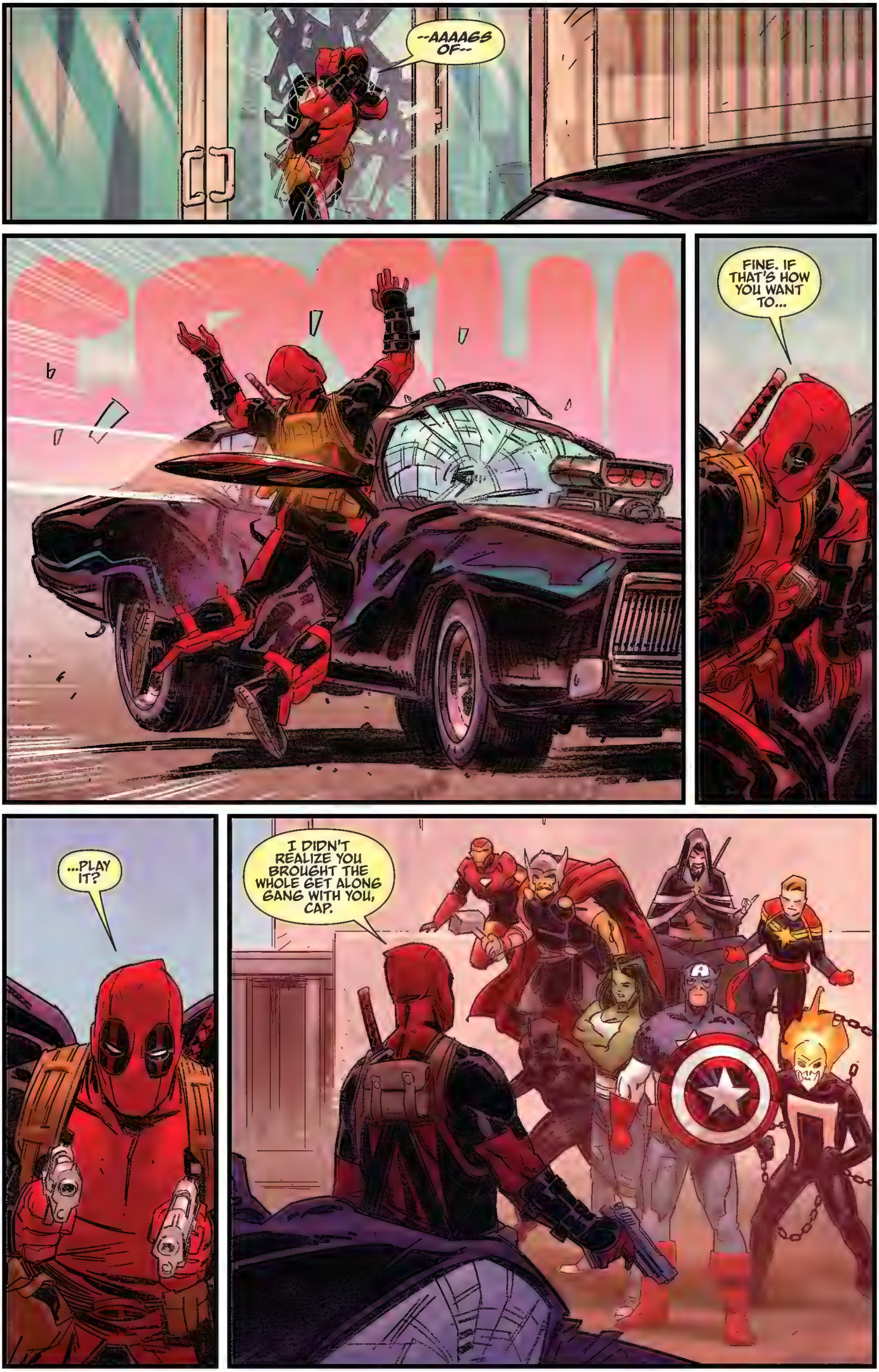

Croton-on-Hudson, New York.
FAIRWOODS
I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL FRIDAY!
WHAT'S GOING DOWN FRIDAY?
PUT *YOUR QUARTER UP* COMES OUT!
WAIT, THAT BOOK? THEY MADE A MOVIE OUT OF *THAT?*
YOU DIDN'T LIKE THE BOOK? EVERYONE *LOVES* THAT BOOK.
OH YEAH, *AMAAAAZING*...IF YOU LOVE CHRIS FARLEY-LIKE LISTS OF THINGS THAT WERE COOL 30 YEARS AGO.
"HEY, REMEMBER *PAC-MAN?* SO COOL. HEY, REMEMBER *DUCKTALES* AND BRITISH KNIGHTS? SUPER COOL. HEY, REMEMBER *MORTAL KOMBAT?* BABALITY! COOL!"
IT'S NOTHING BUT A BUNCH OF CHEAP POP CULTURE REFERENCES COLLECTED TOGETHER AND CALLED ENTERTAINMENT.
Sir BACON
COCK WOK
COCK WOK
AND, YES, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. "THAT'S BASICALLY WHAT *YOU* ARE, DEADPOOL, BUT WITH MORE SWORDS AND BULLETS AND POUCHES."
THE IRONY IS NOT LOST ON ME. MOVE ALONG.
WHATEVER, MAN. ONE THING'S FOR SURE, IT'LL BE BETTER THAN WHATEVER OLD-ASS HUGH GRANT MOVIE YOU'LL BE WATCHING ALONE.
RONNIE, YOU MOTHER...
I'VE TOLD YOU WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU EVER SAID ANOTHER CROSS WORD ABOUT *NOTTING HILL*. JESS, JOSH, SAY YOUR FAREWELLS TO--
BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING IRREVERSIBLE WITH THAT SWORD...

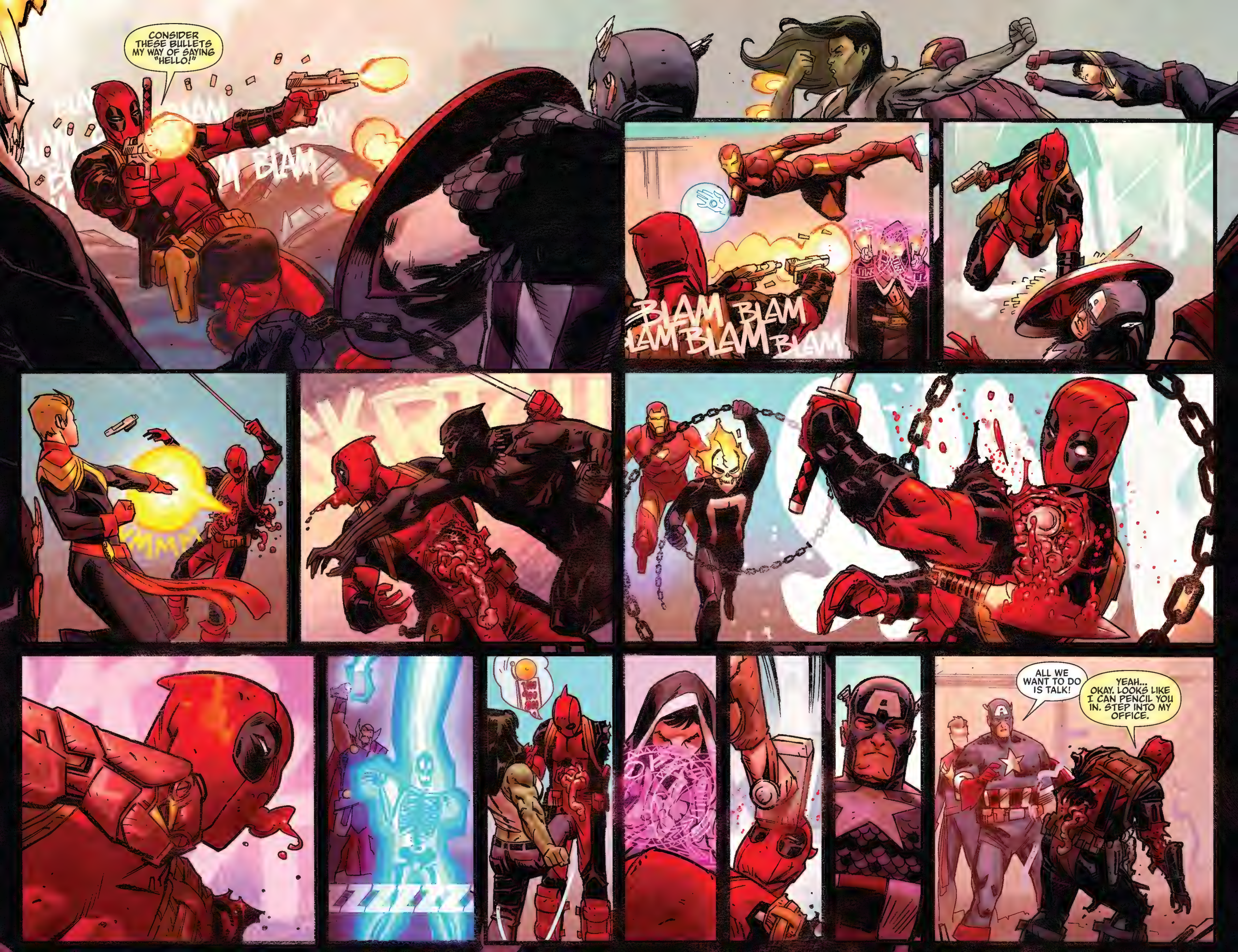

...LET'S ALL AGREE YOU'VE GOT MAIL TAKES THE PRIZE WHEN IT COMES TO ROMANTIC COMEDIES.
YOU'VE GOT MAIL??? YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR...
...MIND!
WELL, %$#@.
HA HA HA HA!
NO WAY! CAPTAIN AMERICA IS IN OUR MALL!
HE'S SO TALL AND... TALL.

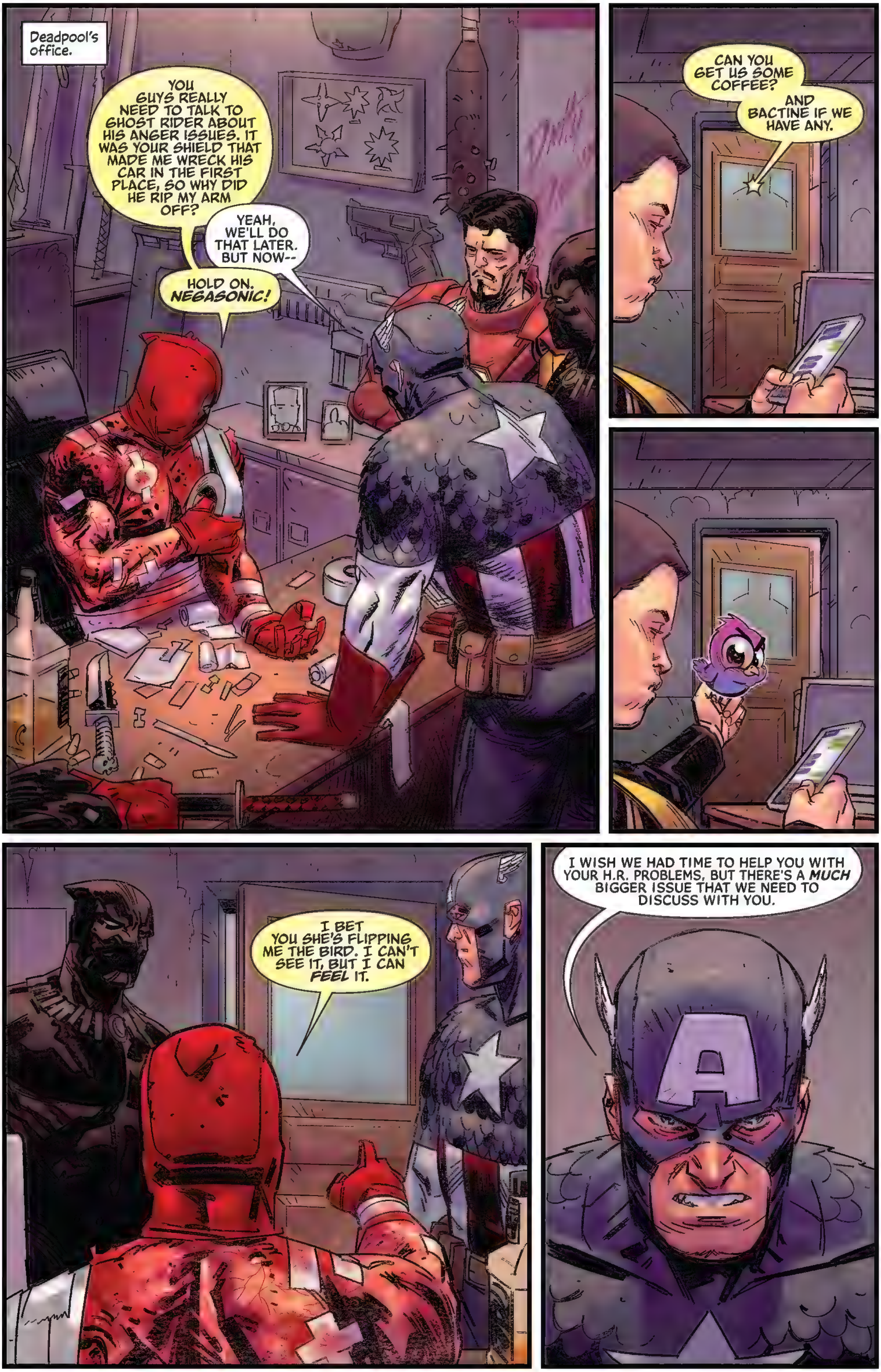

LOOK WHAT YOU DID TO MY SWORD.
WAS IT A RARE SWORD? OR SOME KIND OF SENTIMENTAL WEAPON PASSED DOWN BY ONE OF YOUR MENTORS?
NO. IT'S JUST A PLAIN "CUT YOU UP AND MAKE YOU DEAD" SWORD. THAT'S NOT THE POINT.
WHAT'S THE POINT, THEN?
IT'S BROKEN! THAT'S THE POINT.
I FEEL LIKE I NEED TO REMIND YOU THAT *YOU* SWUNG YOUR *PLAIN* SWORD AT ME WITH WHAT I ASSUME WAS THE INTENTION OF CAUSING FATAL DAMAGE.
FAIR POINT. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
THERE'S SOMETHING--
JUST KIDDING. DON'T CARE!
THUK
REALLY?
CASE SCEN

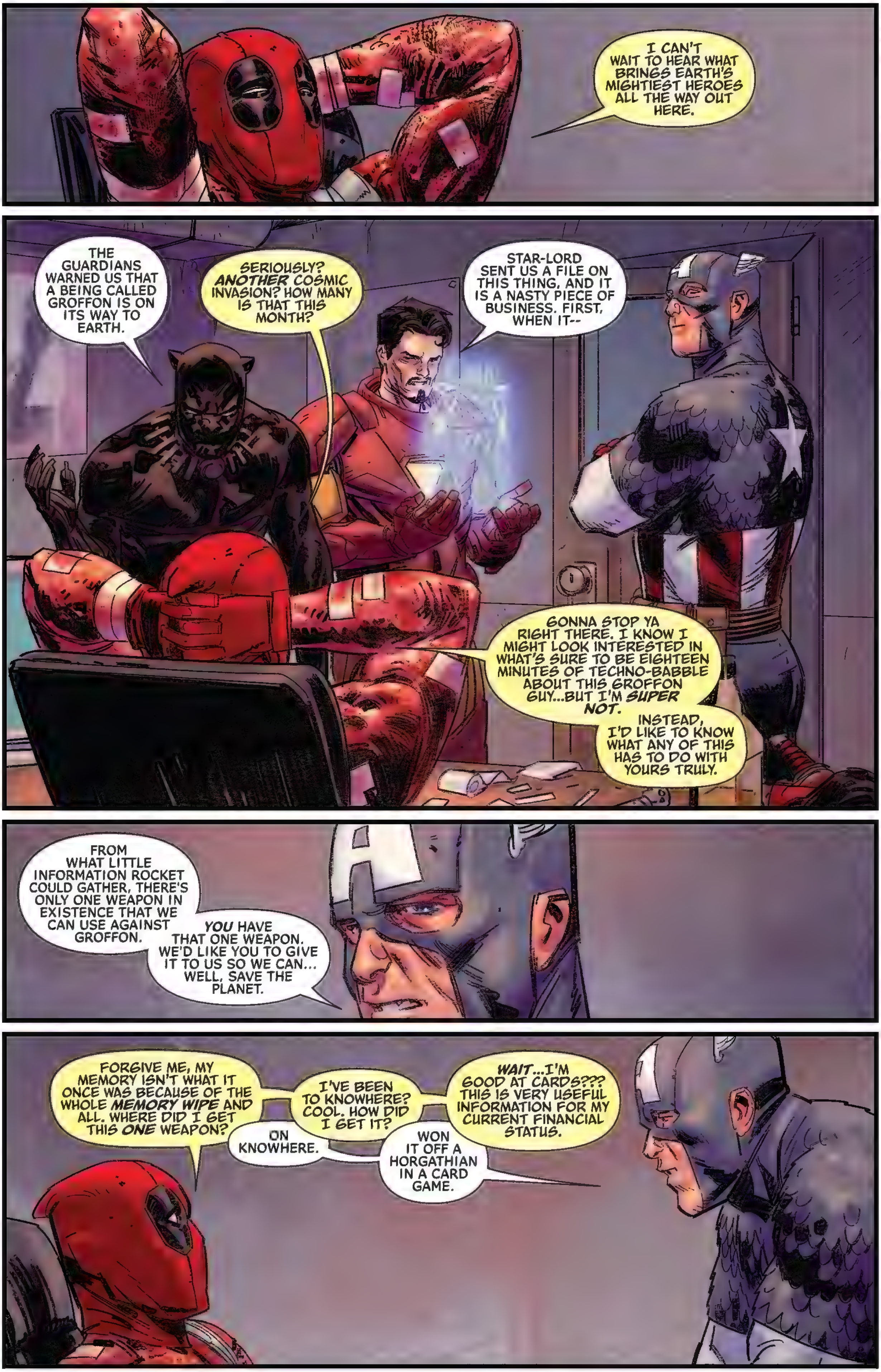

RINNNNG...
RINNNNG...
RINNNNG
PICK UP! PICK UP! PICK UP!
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
CODE RED!!!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT CODE RED MEANS.
SERIOUSLY? IT'S THE BURN CODE.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT A BURN CODE IS.
FOR $#%@ SAKE! WE'VE BEEN COMPROMISED, NEGASONIC. BURN IT ALL. FILES, COMPUTERS. THE WHOLE OFFICE. BURN IT DOWN.
NO.
NO?
YEAH. NO. THAT'S RIDICULOUS. NOT DOING IT.
I'M YOUR BOSS! DO IT RIGHT NOW!
NOPE. BYE.
I NEED TO HAVE A SERIOUS TALK WITH HER ABOUT EMPLOYER/ EMPLOYEE CHAIN OF COMMAND.

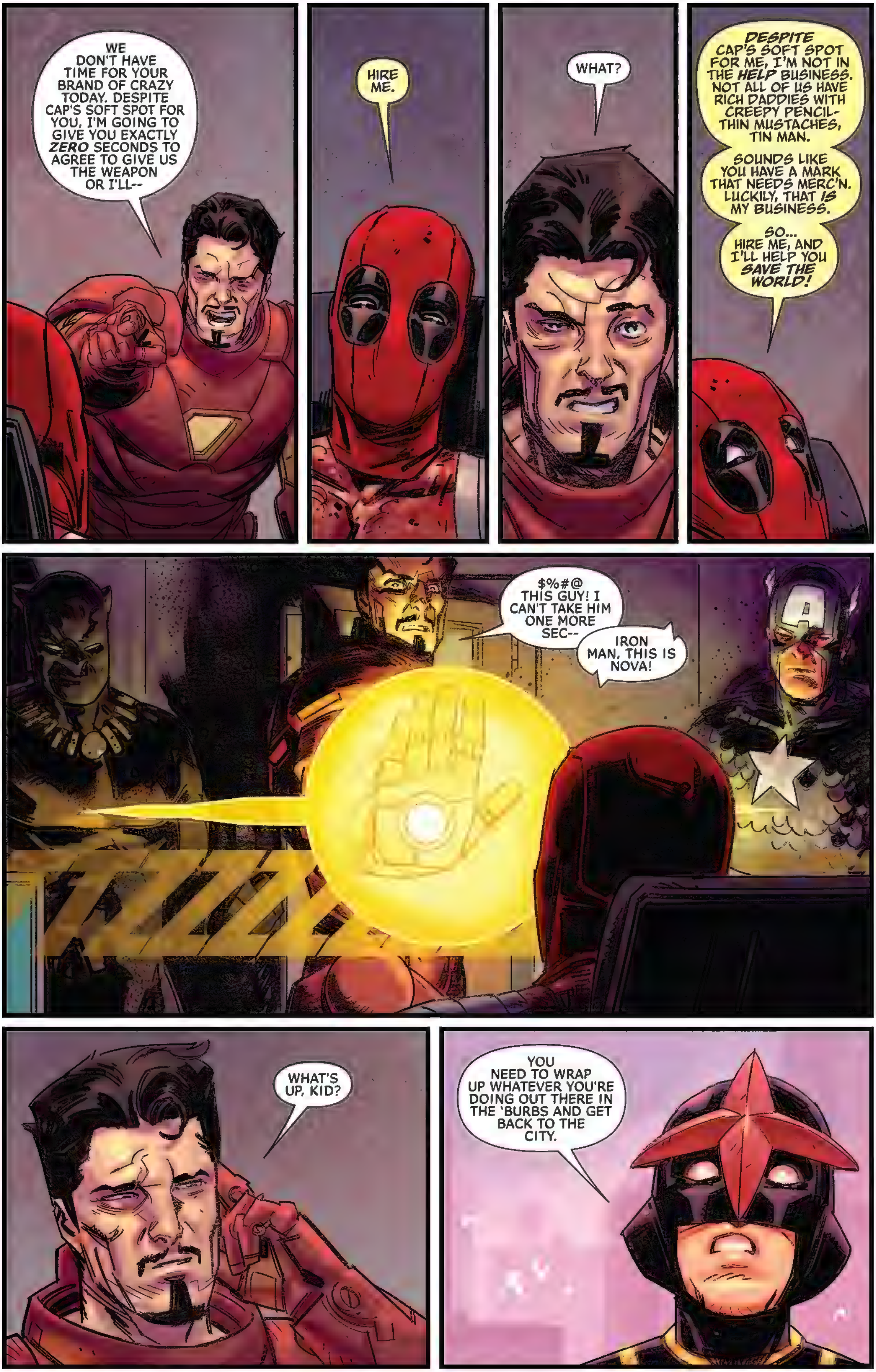

I'M GOING TO HAVE TO HAVE A TALK WITH DEADPOOL ABOUT THE HERO/ MERCENARY CHAIN OF COMMAND.
THIS IS GOING TO SUCK GIANT BA--

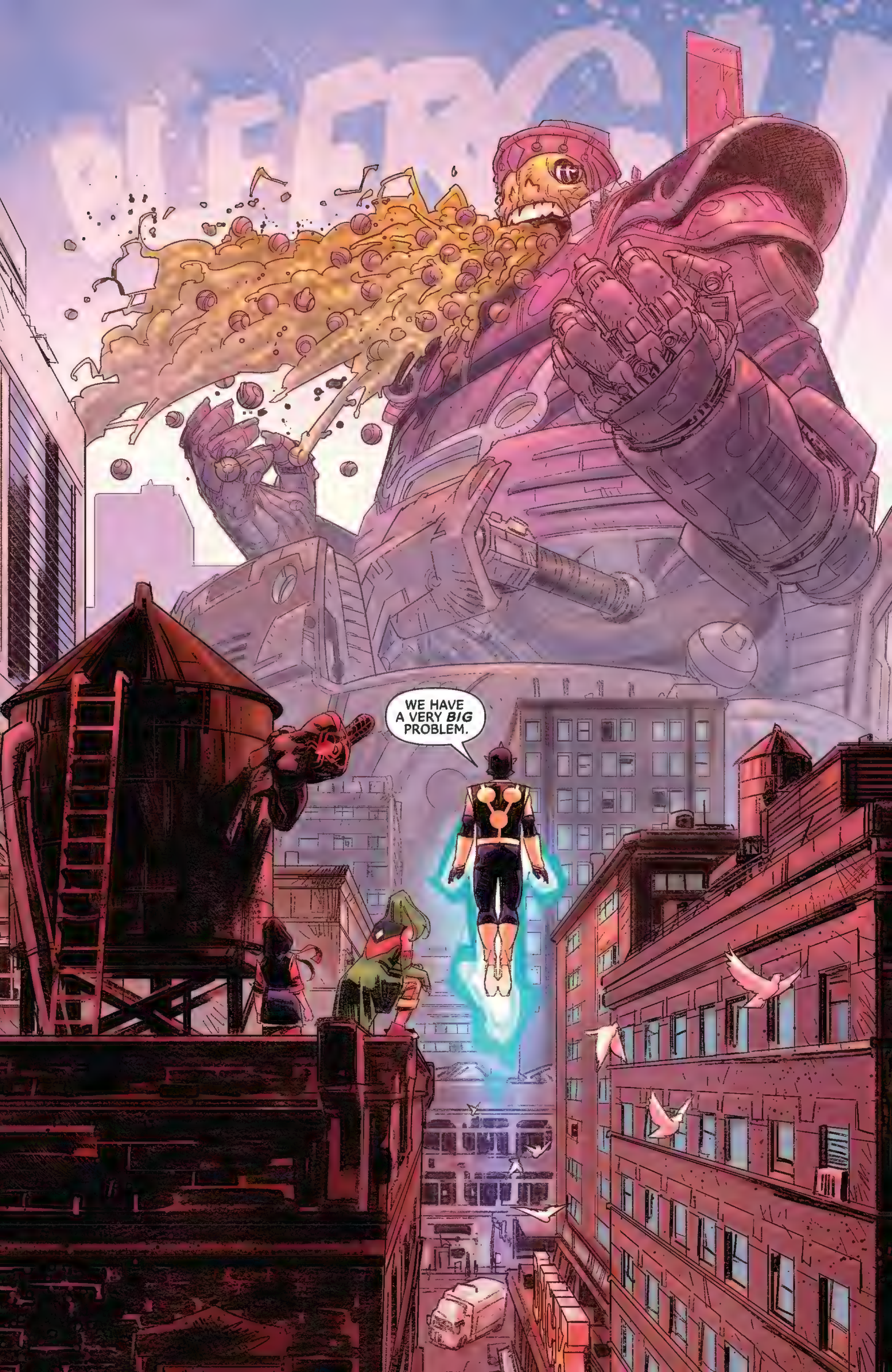

--AAAAGS OF--
FINE. IF THAT'S HOW YOU WANT TO...
...PLAY IT?
I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU BROUGHT THE WHOLE GET ALONG GANG WITH YOU, CAP.

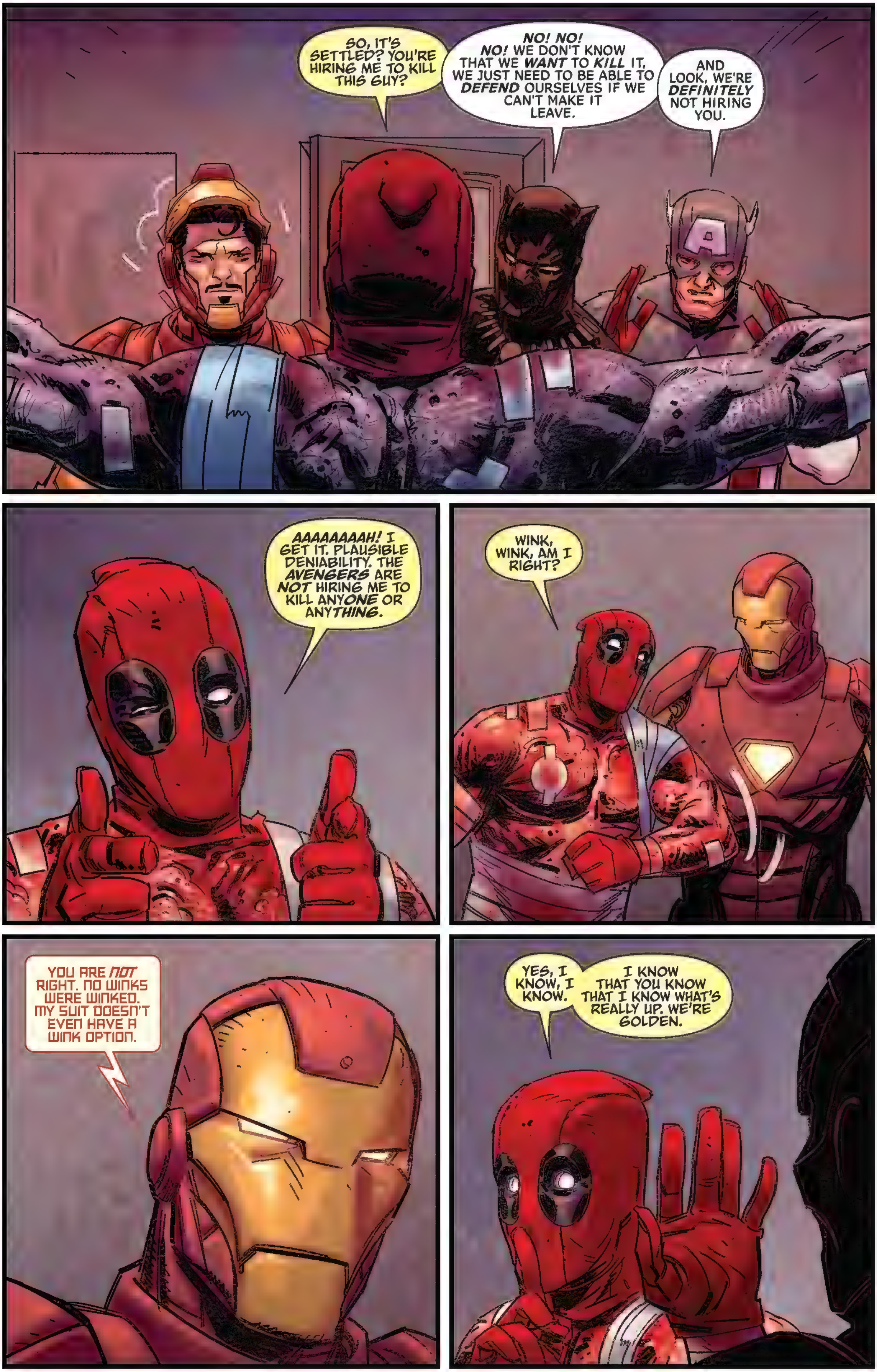

CONSIDER THESE BULLETS MY WAY OF SAYING "HELLO!"
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
ZZZZZ
ALL WE WANT TO DO IS TALK!
YEAH... OKAY. LOOKS LIKE I CAN PENCIL YOU IN. STEP INTO MY OFFICE.

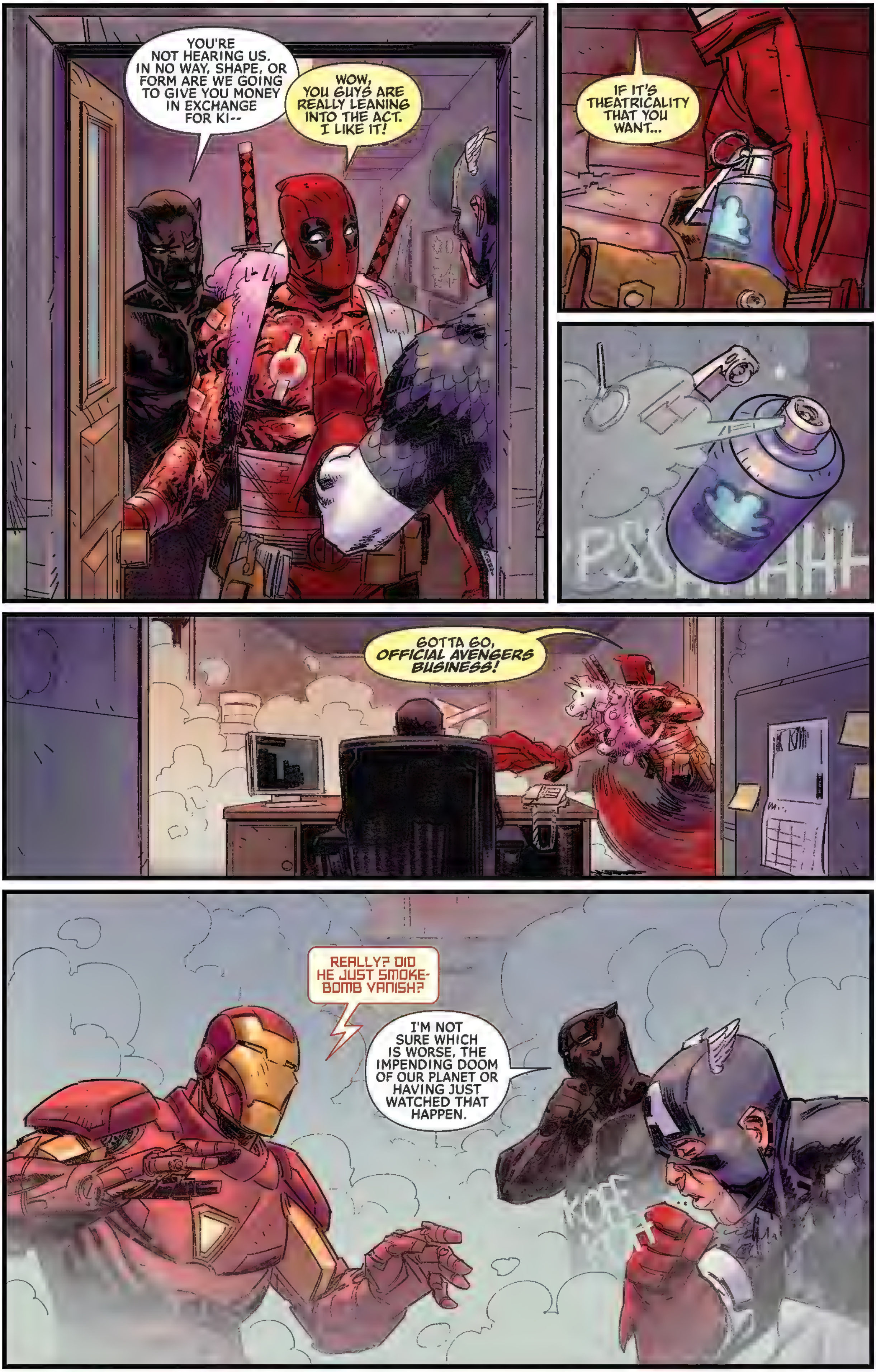

Deadpool's office.
YOU GUYS REALLY NEED TO TALK TO GHOST RIDER ABOUT HIS ANGER ISSUES. IT WAS YOUR SHIELD THAT MADE ME WRECK HIS CAR IN THE FIRST PLACE, SO WHY DID HE RIP MY ARM OFF?
YEAH, WE'LL DO THAT LATER. BUT NOW--
HOLD ON. NEGASONIC!
CAN YOU GET US SOME COFFEE?
AND BACTINE IF WE HAVE ANY.
I BET YOU SHE'S FLIPPING ME THE BIRD. I CAN'T SEE IT, BUT I CAN FEEL IT.
I WISH WE HAD TIME TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR H.R. PROBLEMS, BUT THERE'S A MUCH BIGGER ISSUE THAT WE NEED TO DISCUSS WITH YOU.

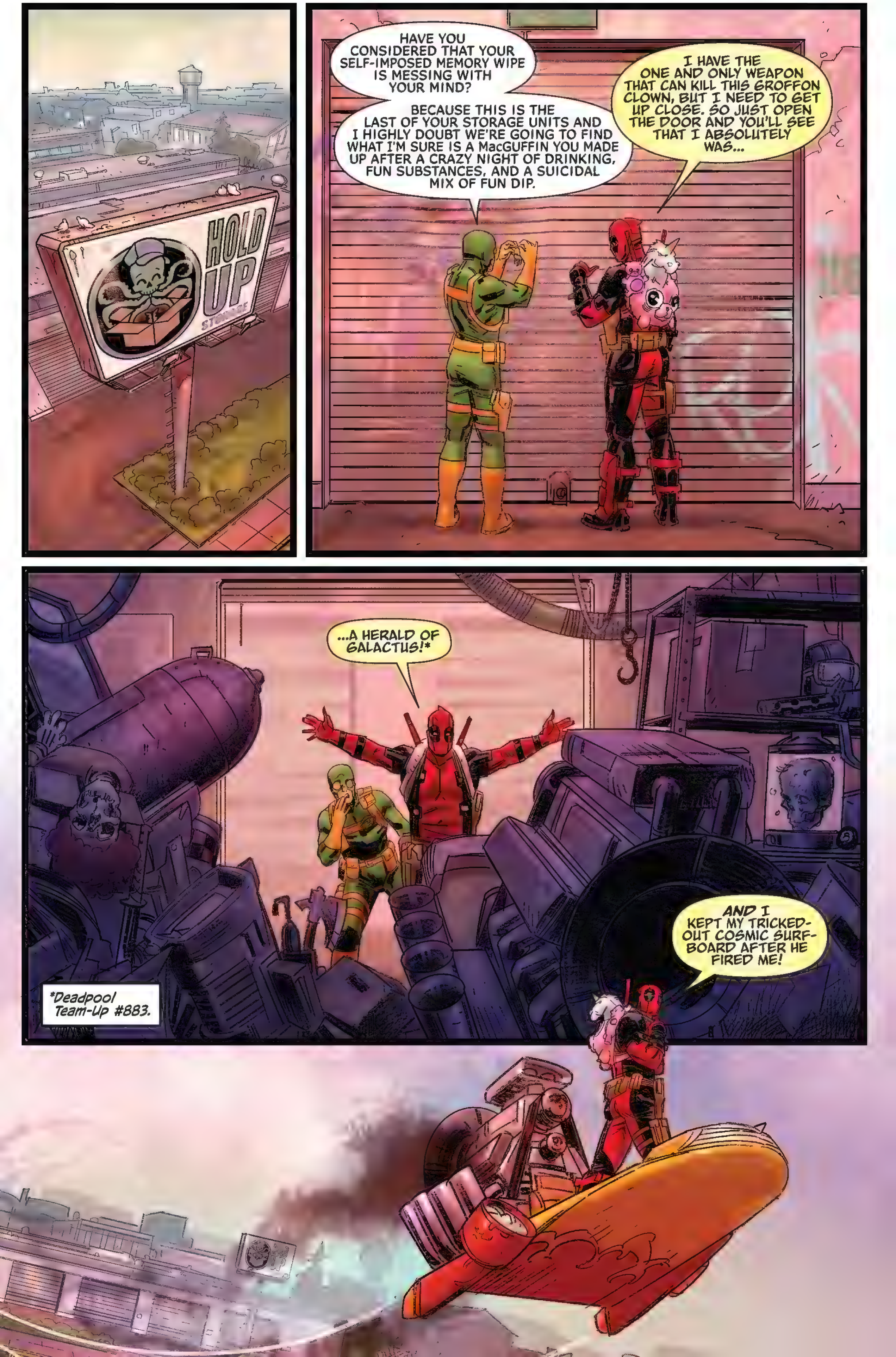

I CAN'T WAIT TO HEAR WHAT BRINGS EARTH'S MIGHTIEST HEROES ALL THE WAY OUT HERE.
THE GUARDIANS WARNED US THAT A BEING CALLED GROFFON IS ON ITS WAY TO EARTH.
SERIOUSLY? *ANOTHER* COSMIC INVASION? HOW MANY IS THAT THIS MONTH?
STAR-LORD SENT US A FILE ON THIS THING, AND IT IS A NASTY PIECE OF BUSINESS. FIRST, WHEN IT--
GONNA STOP YA RIGHT THERE. I KNOW I MIGHT LOOK INTERESTED IN WHAT'S SURE TO BE EIGHTEEN MINUTES OF TECHNO-BABBLE ABOUT THIS GROFFON GUY...BUT I'M *SUPER NOT.*
INSTEAD, I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT ANY OF THIS HAS TO DO WITH YOURS TRULY.
FROM WHAT LITTLE INFORMATION ROCKET COULD GATHER, THERE'S ONLY ONE WEAPON IN EXISTENCE THAT WE CAN USE AGAINST GROFFON.
*YOU* HAVE THAT ONE WEAPON. WE'D LIKE YOU TO GIVE IT TO US SO WE CAN... WELL, SAVE THE PLANET.
FORGIVE ME, MY MEMORY ISN'T WHAT IT ONCE WAS BECAUSE OF THE WHOLE *MEMORY WIPE* AND ALL. WHERE DID I GET THIS *ONE* WEAPON?
ON KNOWHERE.
I'VE BEEN TO KNOWHERE? COOL. HOW DID I GET IT?
WON IT OFF A HORGATHIAN IN A CARD GAME.
*WAIT*...I'M GOOD AT CARDS??? THIS IS VERY USEFUL INFORMATION FOR MY CURRENT FINANCIAL STATUS.

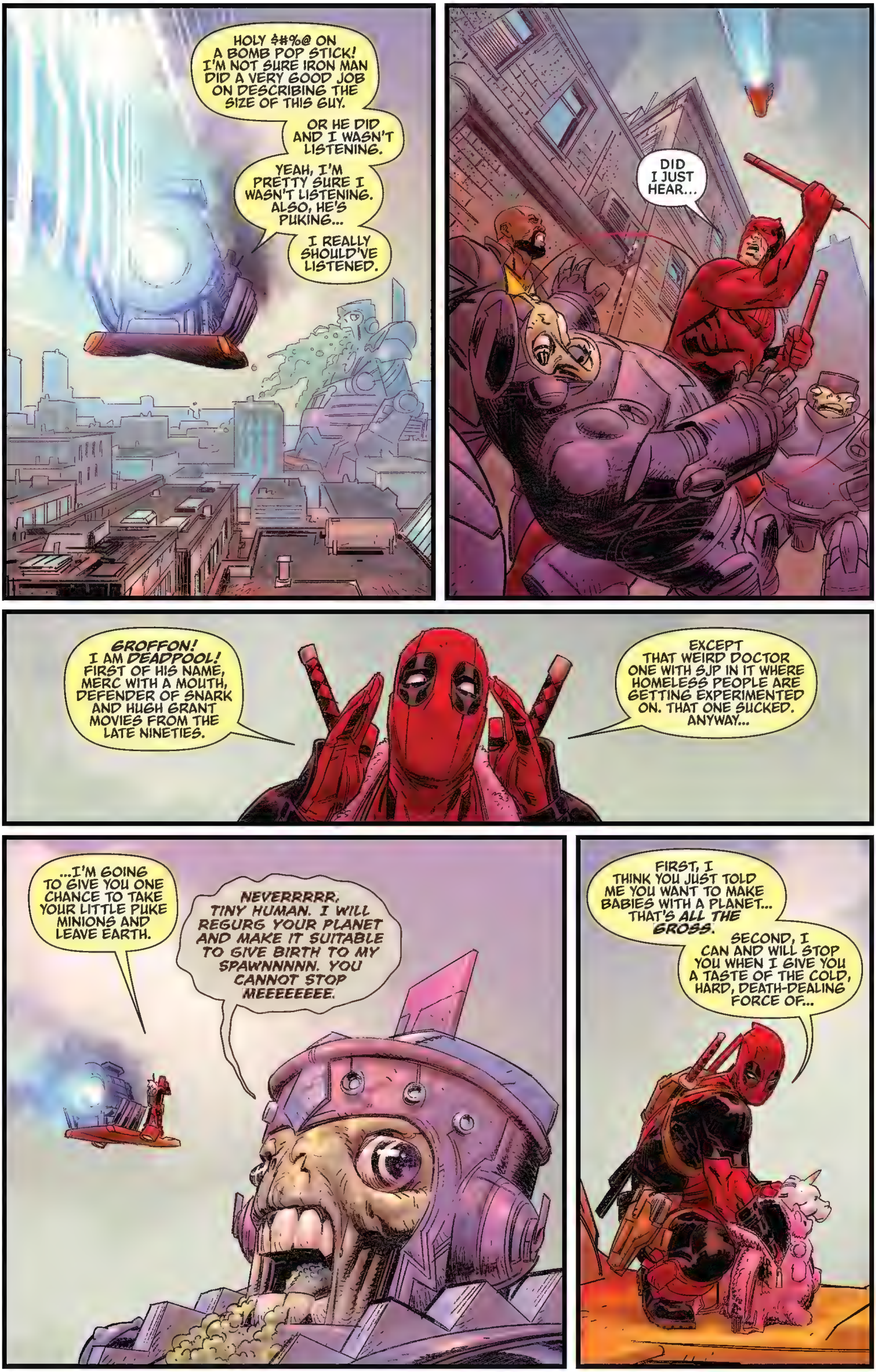

WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR YOUR BRAND OF CRAZY TODAY. DESPITE CAP'S SOFT SPOT FOR YOU, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU EXACTLY *ZERO* SECONDS TO AGREE TO GIVE US THE WEAPON OR I'LL--
HIRE ME.
WHAT?
*DESPITE* CAP'S SOFT SPOT FOR ME, I'M NOT IN THE *HELP* BUSINESS. NOT ALL OF US HAVE RICH DADDIES WITH CREEPY PENCIL-THIN MUSTACHES, TIN MAN.
SOUNDS LIKE YOU HAVE A MARK THAT NEEDS MERC'N. LUCKILY, THAT *IS* MY BUSINESS.
SO... HIRE ME, AND I'LL HELP YOU *SAVE THE WORLD!*
$%#@ THIS GUY! I CAN'T TAKE HIM ONE MORE SEC--
IRON MAN, THIS IS NOVA!
WHAT'S UP, KID?
YOU NEED TO WRAP UP WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING OUT THERE IN THE 'BURBS AND GET BACK TO THE CITY.

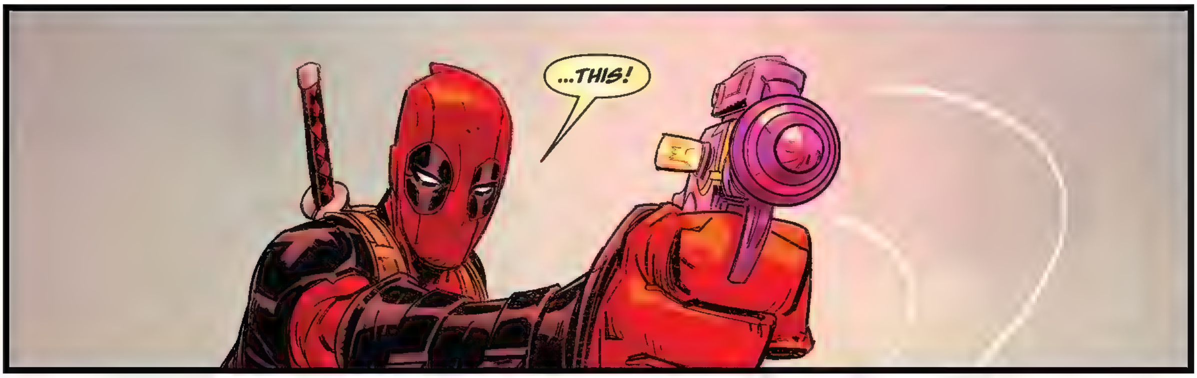

BLEERGH
WE HAVE A VERY *BIG* PROBLEM.

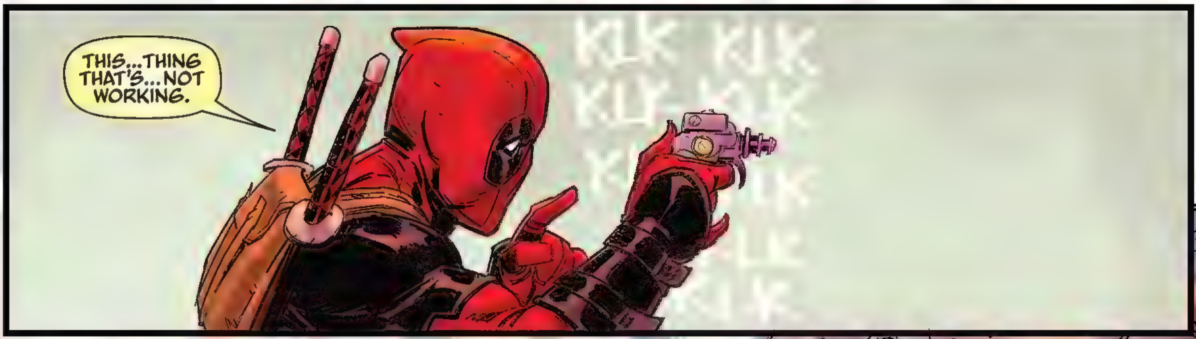

SO, IT'S SETTLED? YOU'RE HIRING ME TO KILL THIS GUY?
NO! NO! NO! WE DON'T KNOW THAT WE WANT TO KILL IT, WE JUST NEED TO BE ABLE TO DEFEND OURSELVES IF WE CAN'T MAKE IT LEAVE.
AND LOOK, WE'RE DEFINITELY NOT HIRING YOU.
AAAAAAAAH! I GET IT. PLAUSIBLE DENIABILITY. THE AVENGERS ARE NOT HIRING ME TO KILL ANYONE OR ANYTHING.
WINK, WINK, AM I RIGHT?
YOU ARE NOT RIGHT. NO WINKS WERE WINKED. MY SUIT DOESN'T EVEN HAVE A WINK OPTION.
YES, I KNOW, I KNOW.
I KNOW THAT YOU KNOW THAT I KNOW WHAT'S REALLY UP. WE'RE GOLDEN.

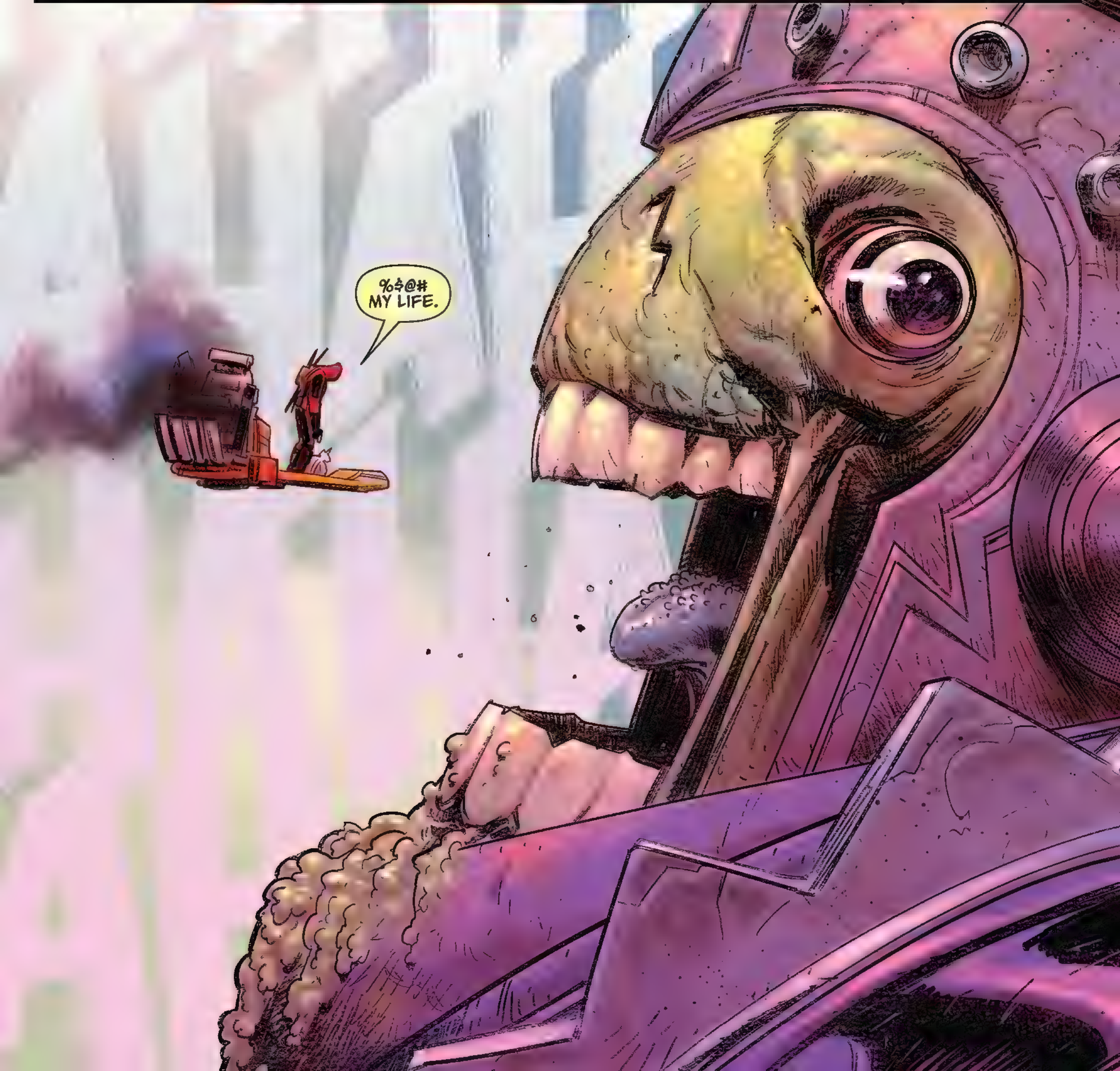

YOU'RE NOT HEARING US. IN NO WAY, SHAPE, OR FORM ARE WE GOING TO GIVE YOU MONEY IN EXCHANGE FOR KI--
WOW, YOU GUYS ARE REALLY LEANING INTO THE ACT. I LIKE IT!
IF IT'S THEATRICALITY THAT YOU WANT...
PSSHHHHH
GOTTA GO, *OFFICIAL AVENGERS BUSINESS!*
REALLY? DID HE JUST SMOKE-BOMB VANISH?
I'M NOT SURE WHICH IS WORSE, THE IMPENDING DOOM OF OUR PLANET OR HAVING JUST WATCHED THAT HAPPEN.
KOFF

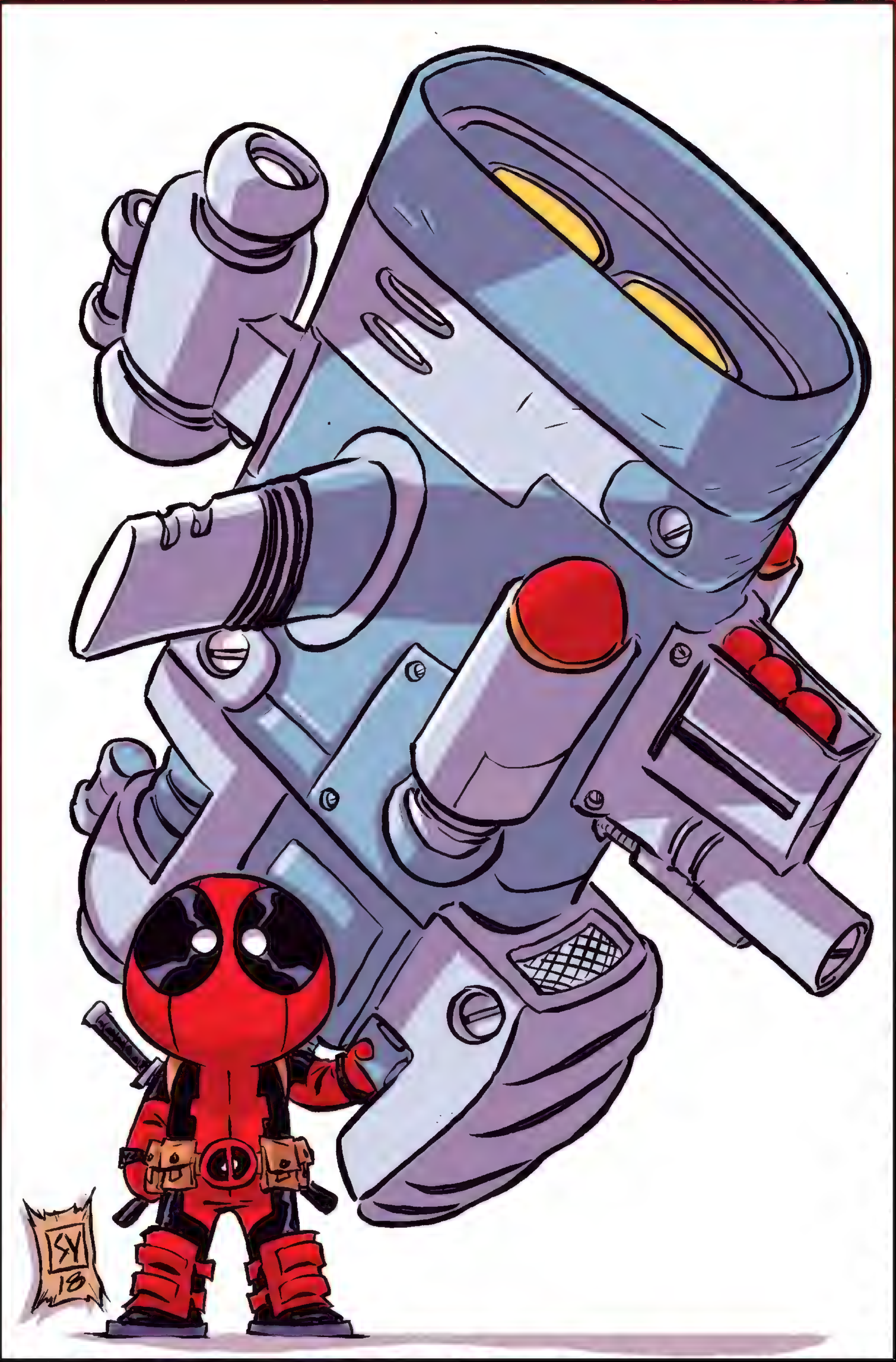

HOLD UP STORAGE
HAVE YOU CONSIDERED THAT YOUR SELF-IMPOSED MEMORY WIPE IS MESSING WITH YOUR MIND?
BECAUSE THIS IS THE LAST OF YOUR STORAGE UNITS AND I HIGHLY DOUBT WE'RE GOING TO FIND WHAT I'M SURE IS A MacGUFFIN YOU MADE UP AFTER A CRAZY NIGHT OF DRINKING, FUN SUBSTANCES, AND A SUICIDAL MIX OF FUN DIP.
I HAVE THE ONE AND ONLY WEAPON THAT CAN KILL THIS GROFFON CLOWN, BUT I NEED TO GET UP CLOSE. SO JUST OPEN THE DOOR AND YOU'LL SEE THAT I ABSOLUTELY WAS...
...A HERALD OF GALACTUS!*
AND I KEPT MY TRICKED-OUT COSMIC SURF-BOARD AFTER HE FIRED ME!
*Deadpool Team-Up #883.


HOLY $#%@ ON A BOMB POP STICK! I'M NOT SURE IRON MAN DID A VERY GOOD JOB ON DESCRIBING THE SIZE OF THIS GUY.
OR HE DID AND I WASN'T LISTENING.
YEAH, I'M PRETTY SURE I WASN'T LISTENING. ALSO, HE'S PUKING...
I REALLY SHOULD'VE LISTENED.
DID I JUST HEAR...
GROFFON! I AM DEADPOOL! FIRST OF HIS NAME, MERC WITH A MOUTH, DEFENDER OF SNARK AND HUGH GRANT MOVIES FROM THE LATE NINETIES.
EXCEPT THAT WEIRD DOCTOR ONE WITH SJP IN IT WHERE HOMELESS PEOPLE ARE GETTING EXPERIMENTED ON. THAT ONE SUCKED. ANYWAY...
...I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU ONE CHANCE TO TAKE YOUR LITTLE PUKE MINIONS AND LEAVE EARTH.
NEVERRRRR, TINY HUMAN. I WILL REGURG YOUR PLANET AND MAKE IT SUITABLE TO GIVE BIRTH TO MY SPAWNNNNN. YOU CANNOT STOP MEEEEEEEE.
FIRST, I THINK YOU JUST TOLD ME YOU WANT TO MAKE BABIES WITH A PLANET... THAT'S ALL THE GROSS.
SECOND, I CAN AND WILL STOP YOU WHEN I GIVE YOU A TASTE OF THE COLD, HARD, DEATH-DEALING FORCE OF...

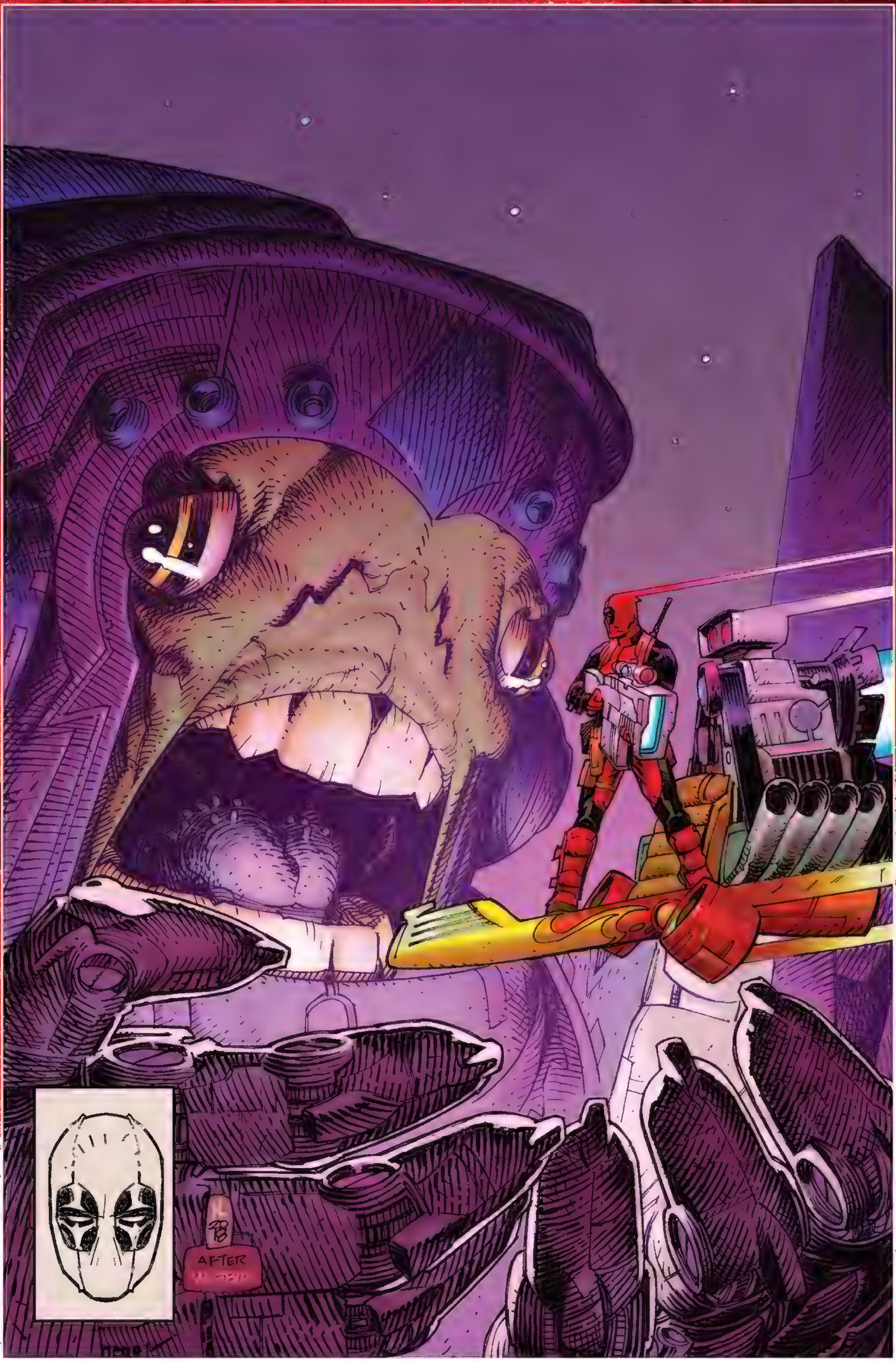

...THIS!


THIS...THING THAT'S...NOT WORKING.
KLK KLK
KLK KLK
KLK KLK
KLK
KLK

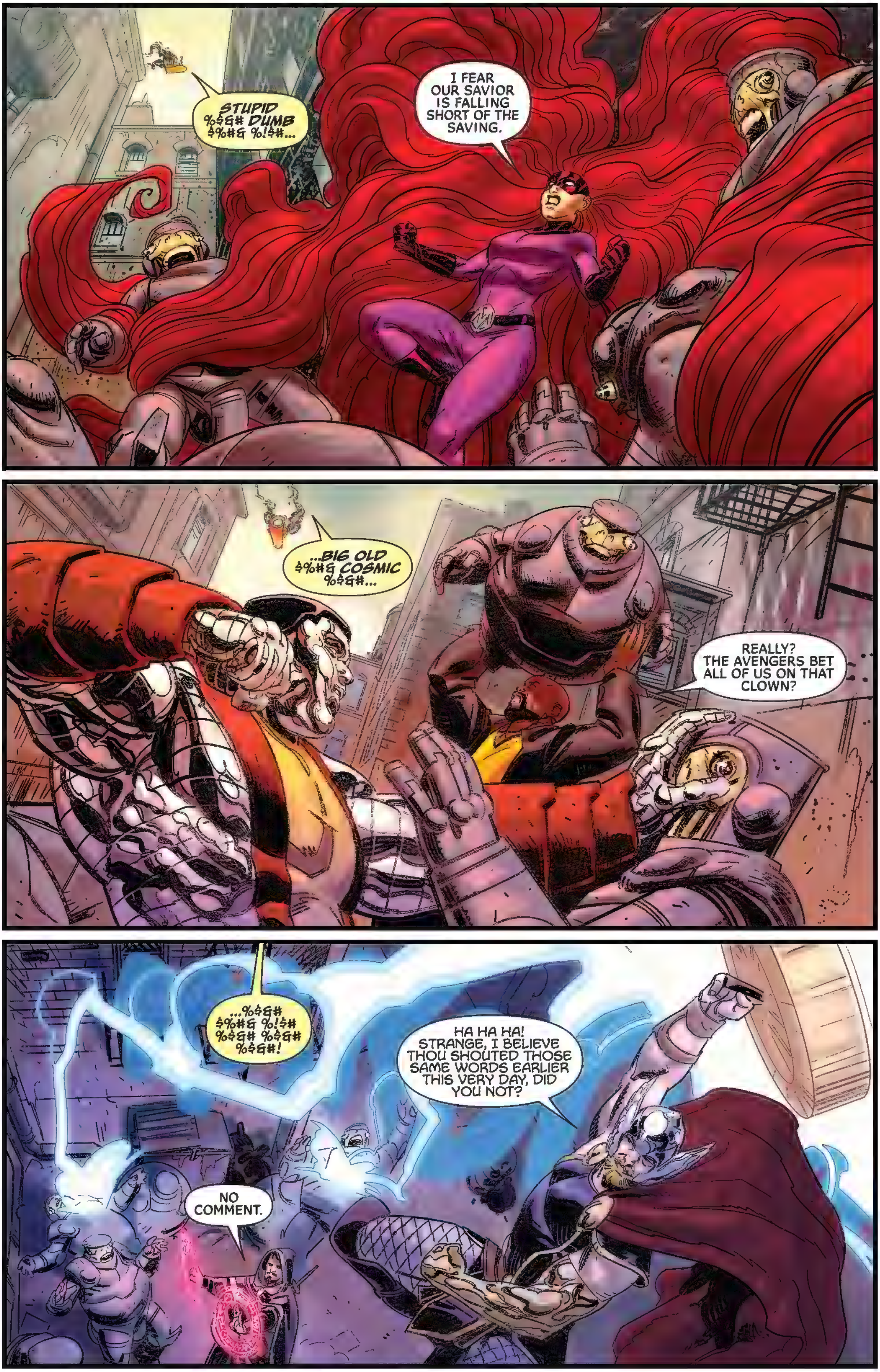

%$@# MY LIFE.

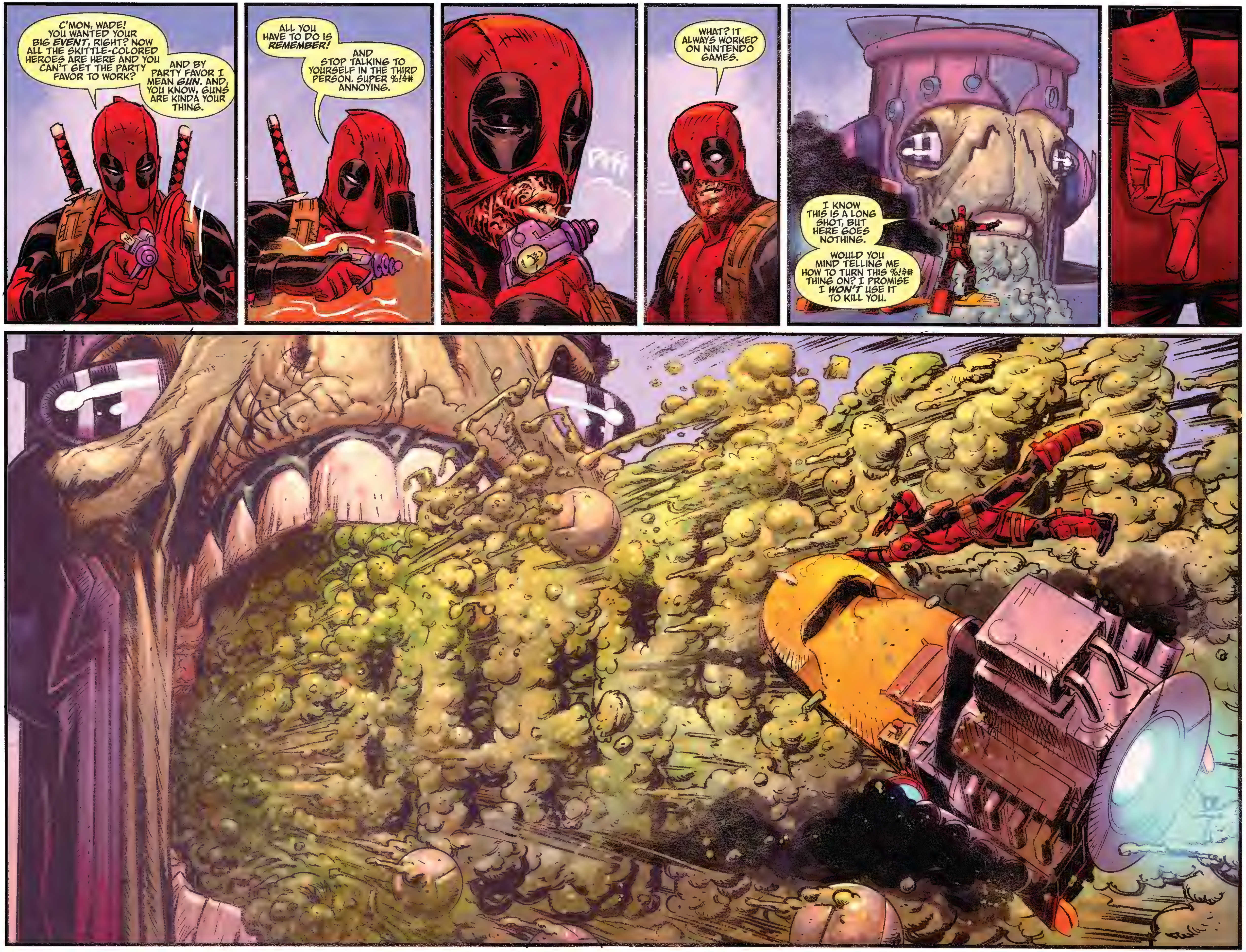


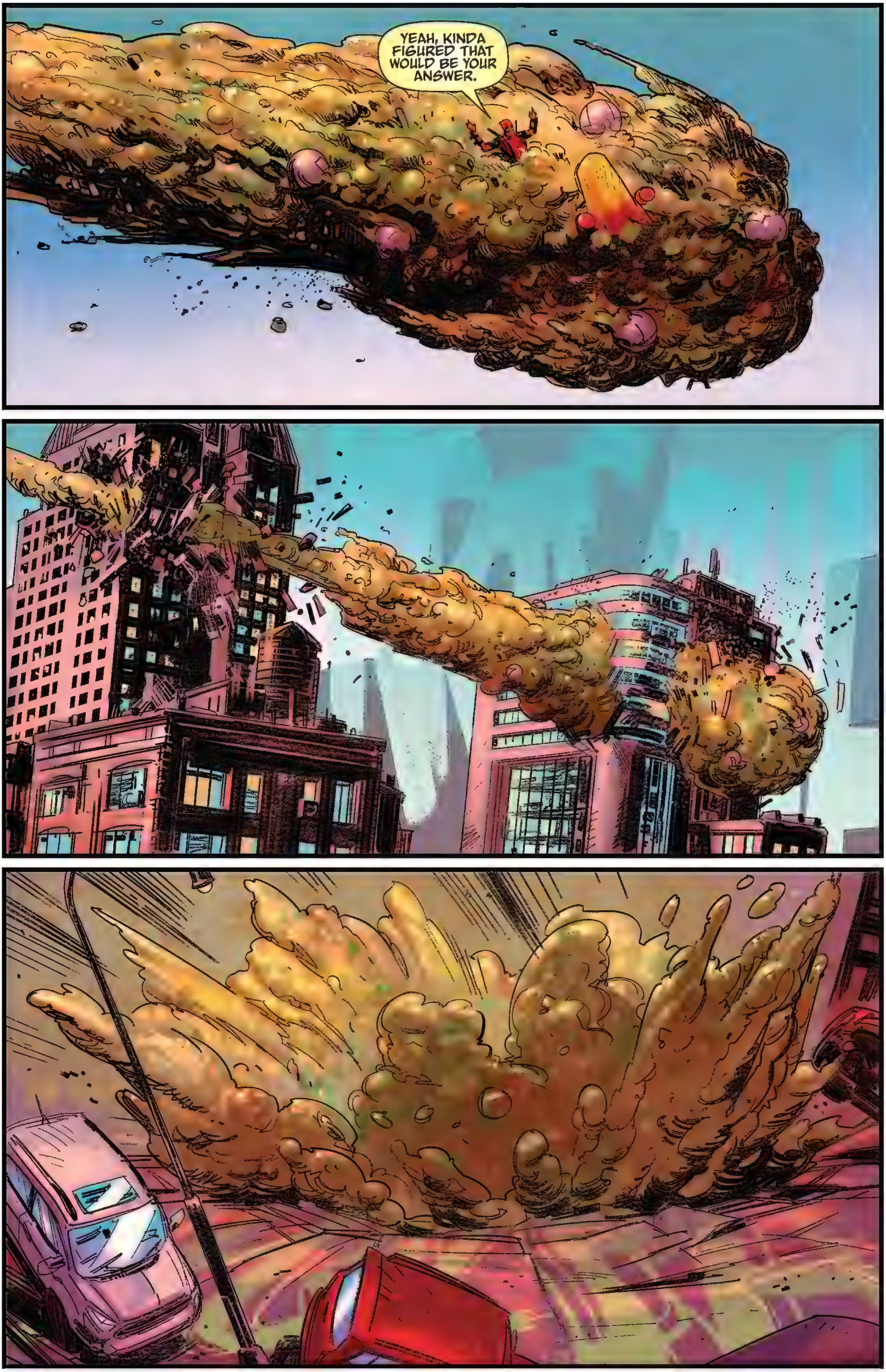
DEADPOOL #1 VARIANT BY SKOTTIE YOUNG

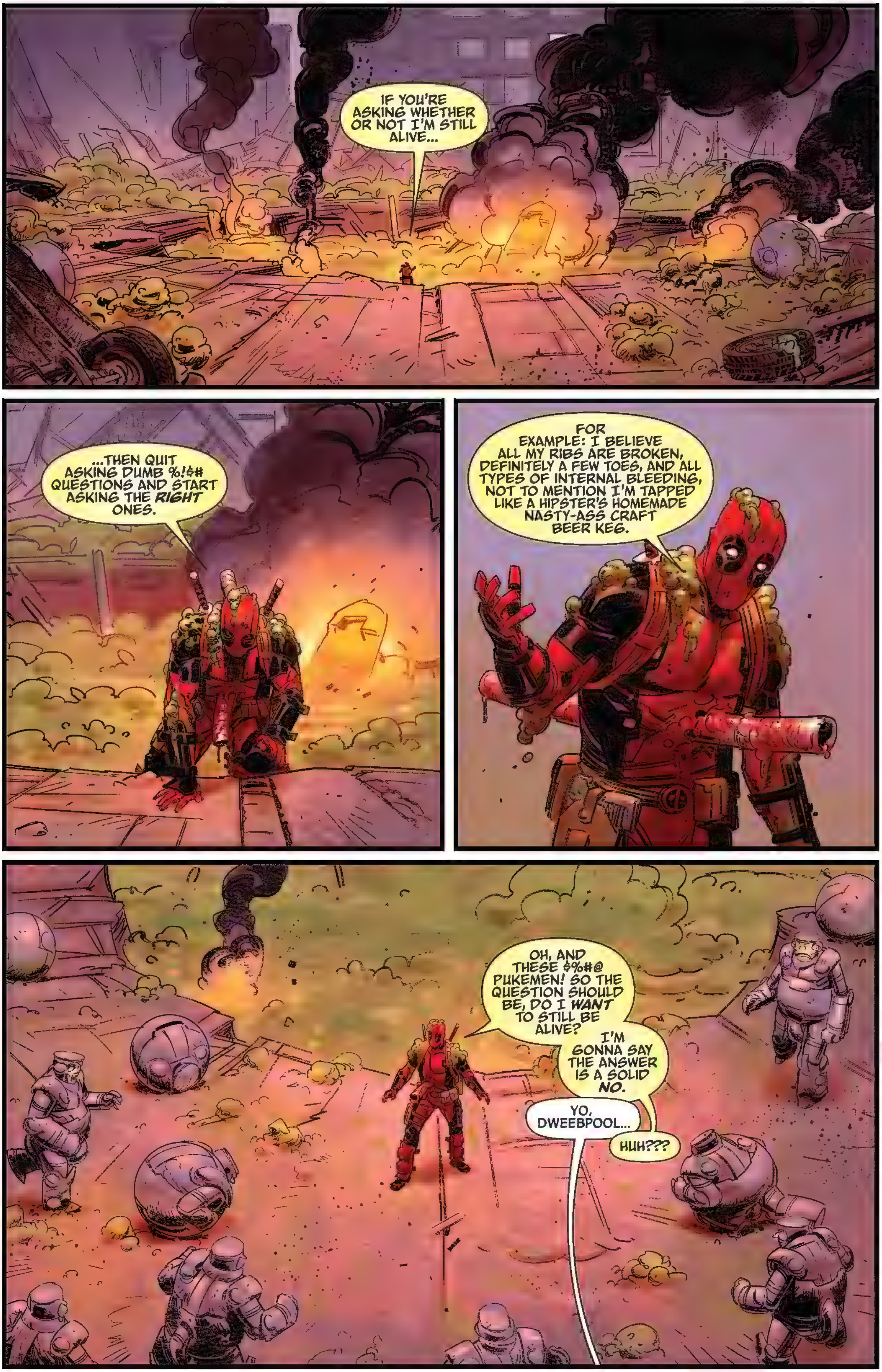


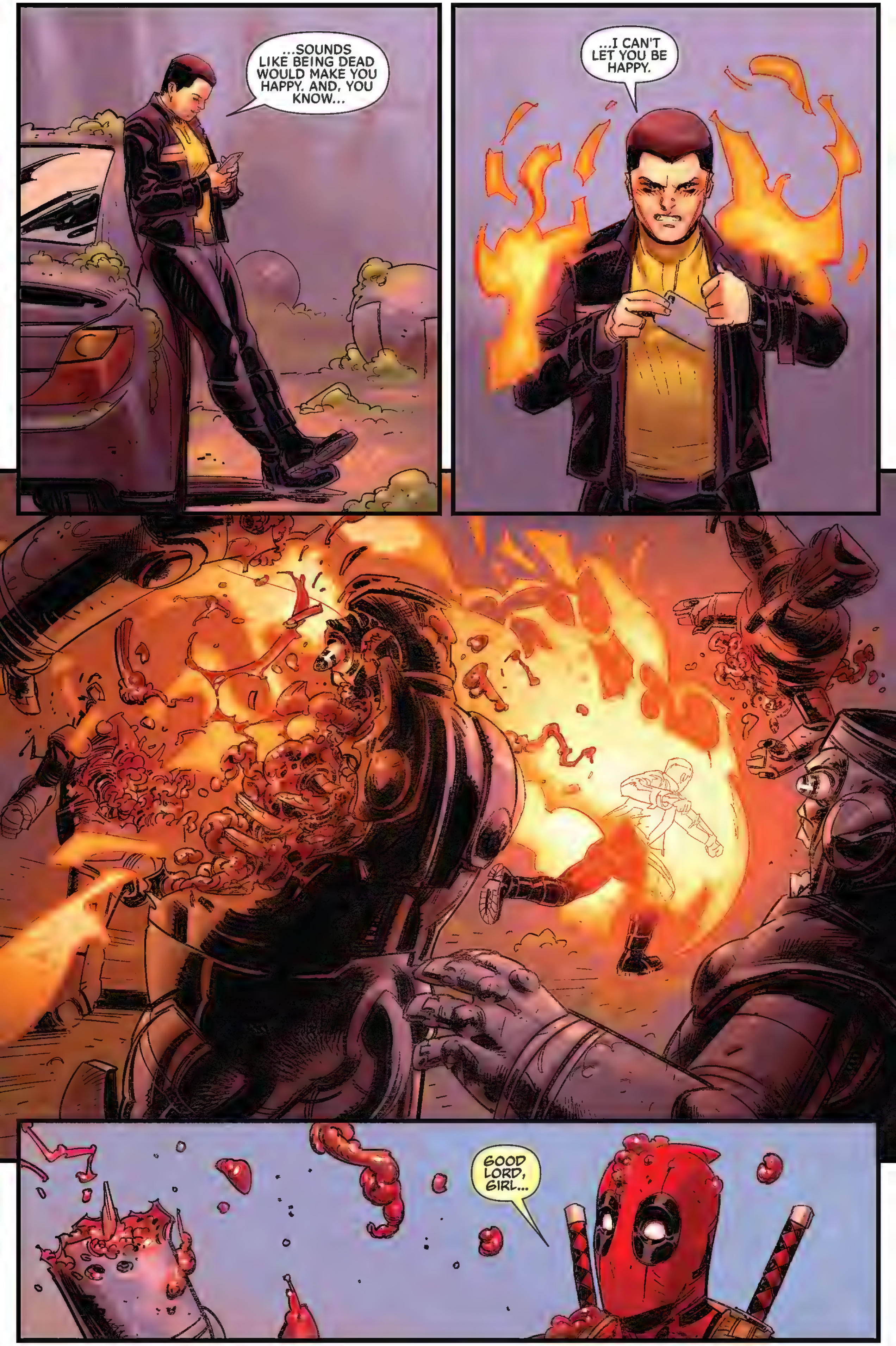
#3

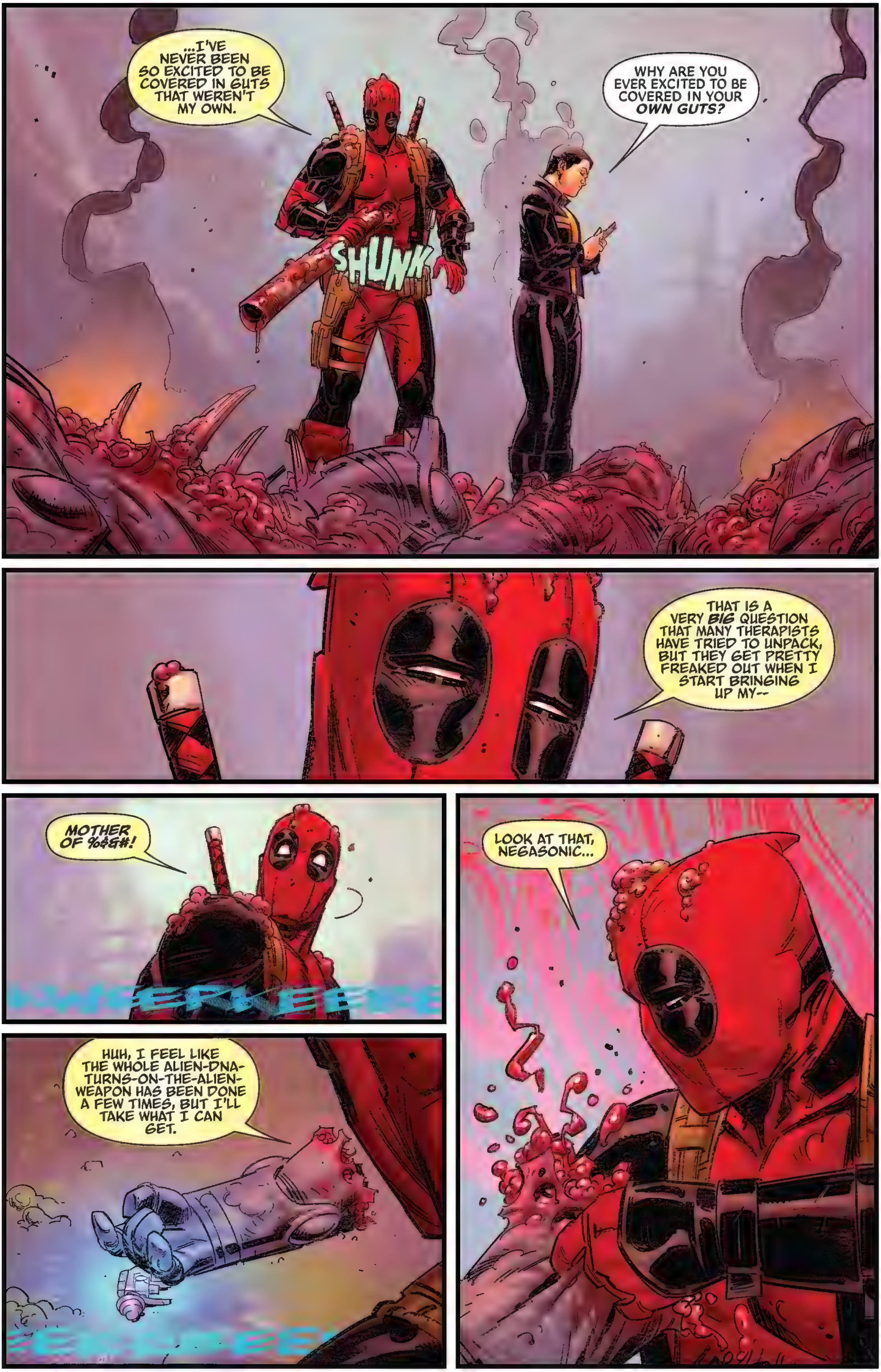

STUPID %$&# DUMB $%#& %!$#...
I FEAR OUR SAVIOR IS FALLING SHORT OF THE SAVING.
...BIG OLD $%#& COSMIC %$&#...
REALLY? THE AVENGERS BET ALL OF US ON THAT CLOWN?
...%$&# $%#& %!$# %$&# %$&# %$&#!
HA HA HA! STRANGE, I BELIEVE THOU SHOUTED THOSE SAME WORDS EARLIER THIS VERY DAY, DID YOU NOT?
NO COMMENT.

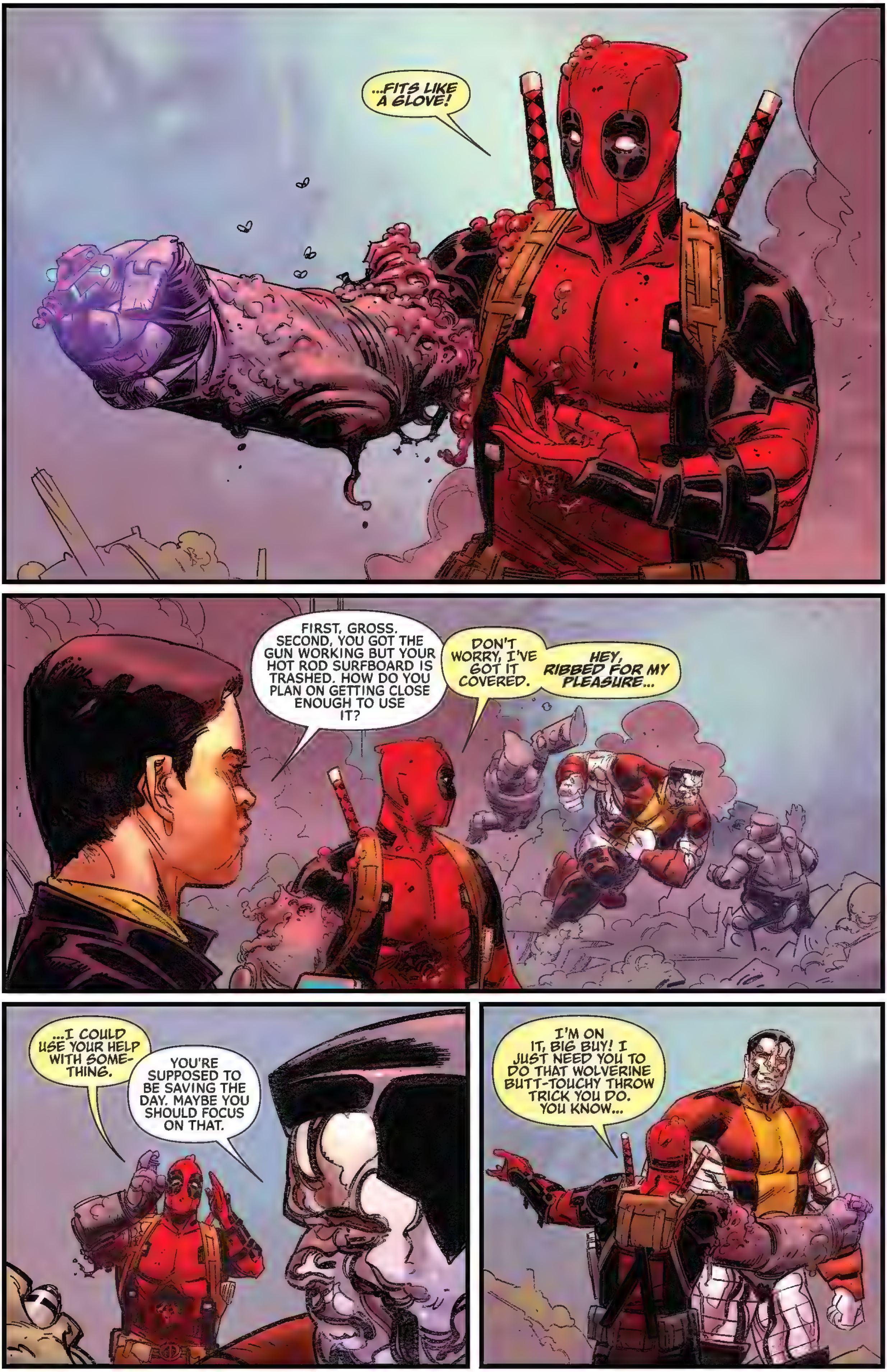

C'MON, WADE! YOU WANTED YOUR BIG *EVENT*, RIGHT? NOW ALL THE SKITTLE-COLORED HEROES ARE HERE AND YOU CAN'T GET THE PARTY FAVOR TO WORK?
AND BY PARTY FAVOR I MEAN *GUN*. AND, YOU KNOW, GUNS ARE KINDA YOUR THING.
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS *REMEMBER!*
AND STOP TALKING TO YOURSELF IN THE THIRD PERSON. SUPER %!$# ANNOYING.
PFFF
WHAT? IT ALWAYS WORKED ON NINTENDO GAMES.
I KNOW THIS IS A LONG SHOT, BUT HERE GOES NOTHING.
WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME HOW TO TURN THIS %!$# THING ON? I PROMISE I *WON'T* USE IT TO KILL YOU.

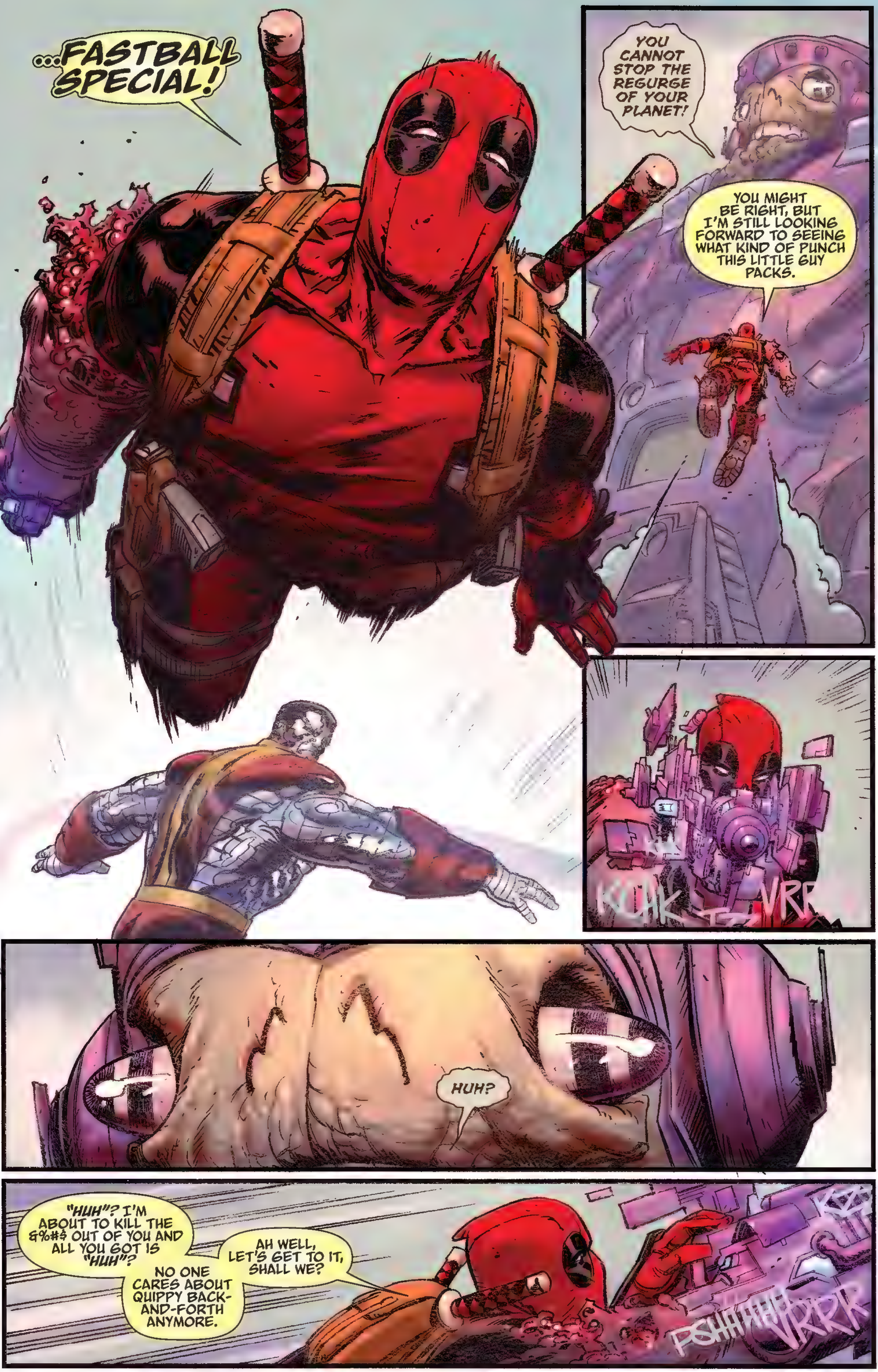

YEAH, KINDA FIGURED THAT WOULD BE YOUR ANSWER.

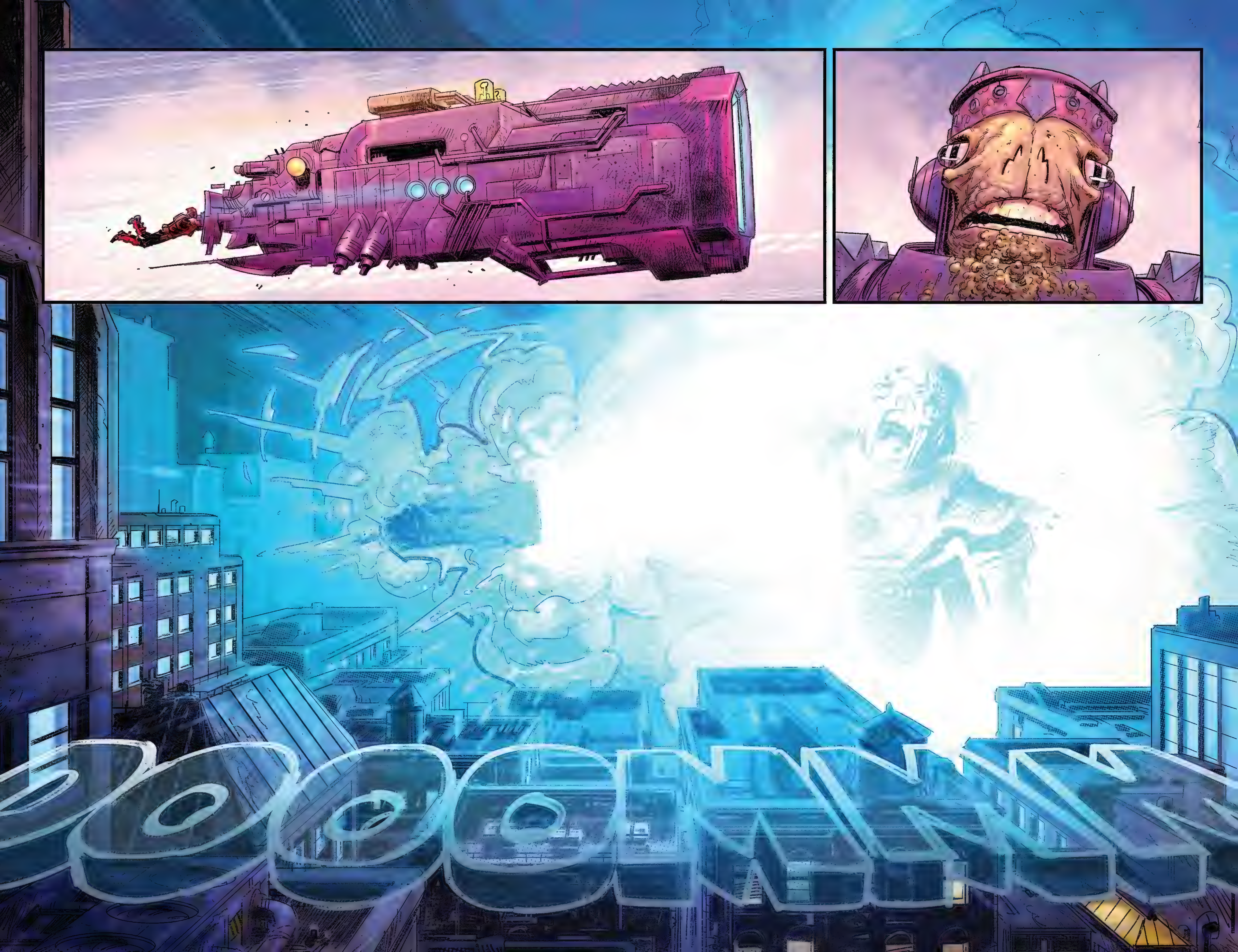

IF YOU'RE ASKING WHETHER OR NOT I'M STILL ALIVE...
...THEN QUIT ASKING DUMB %!$# QUESTIONS AND START ASKING THE *RIGHT* ONES.
FOR EXAMPLE: I BELIEVE ALL MY RIBS ARE BROKEN, DEFINITELY A FEW TOES, AND ALL TYPES OF INTERNAL BLEEDING, NOT TO MENTION I'M TAPPED LIKE A HIPSTER'S HOMEMADE NASTY-ASS CRAFT BEER KEG.
OH, AND THESE $%#@ PUKEMEN! SO THE QUESTION SHOULD BE, DO I *WANT* TO STILL BE ALIVE?
I'M GONNA SAY THE ANSWER IS A SOLID *NO.*
YO, DWEEBPOOL...
HUH???

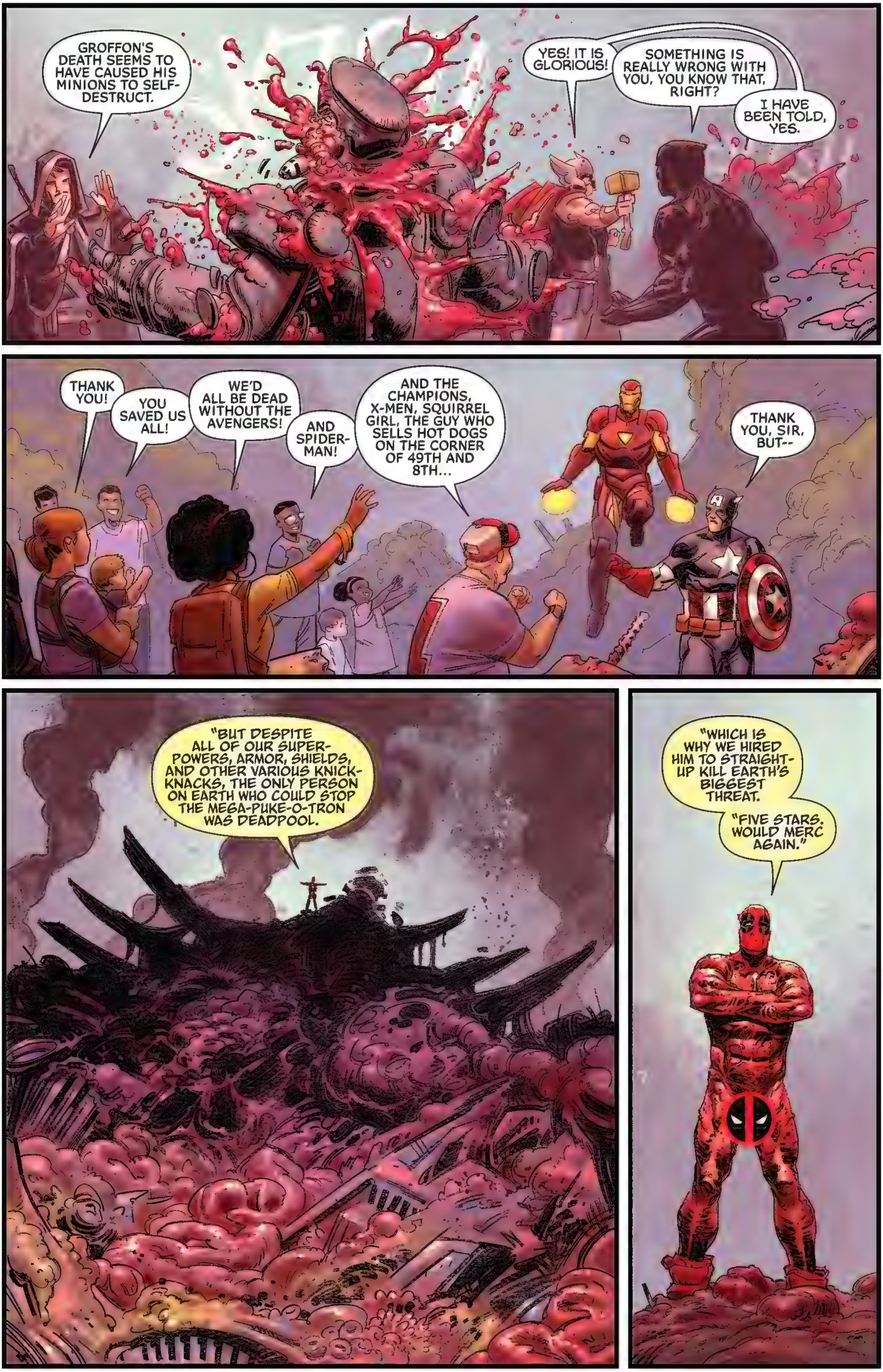

...SOUNDS LIKE BEING DEAD WOULD MAKE YOU HAPPY. AND, YOU KNOW...
...I CAN'T LET YOU BE HAPPY.
GOOD LORD, GIRL...

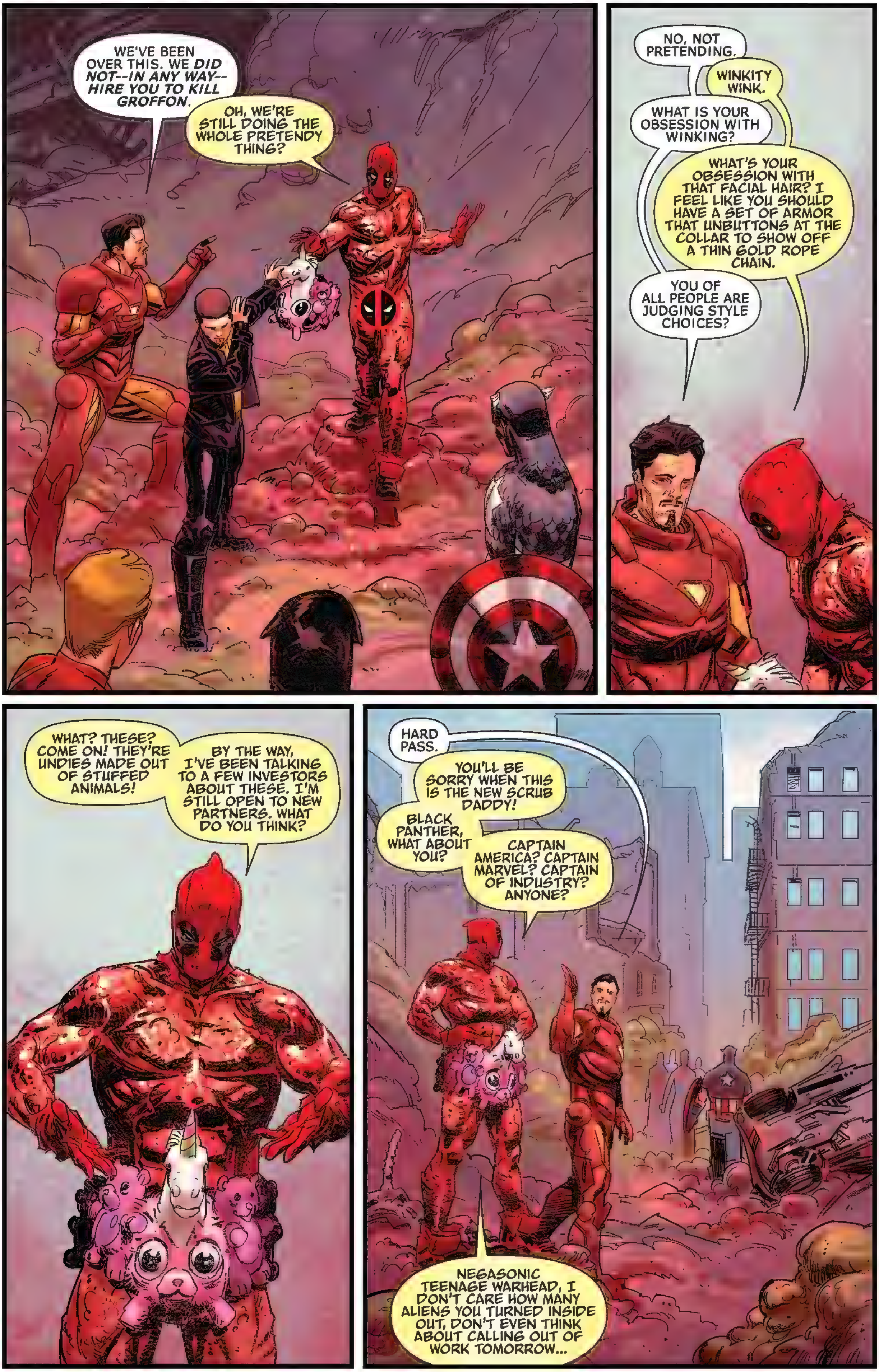

...I'VE NEVER BEEN SO EXCITED TO BE COVERED IN GUTS THAT WEREN'T MY OWN.
WHY ARE YOU EVER EXCITED TO BE COVERED IN YOUR *OWN GUTS?*
SHUNK
THAT IS A VERY *BIG* QUESTION THAT MANY THERAPISTS HAVE TRIED TO UNPACK, BUT THEY GET PRETTY FREAKED OUT WHEN I START BRINGING UP MY--
*MOTHER OF %$&#!*
KWEERKWEEEE
HUH, I FEEL LIKE THE WHOLE ALIEN-DNA-TURNS-ON-THE-ALIEN-WEAPON HAS BEEN DONE A FEW TIMES, BUT I'LL TAKE WHAT I CAN GET.
LOOK AT THAT, NEGASONIC...

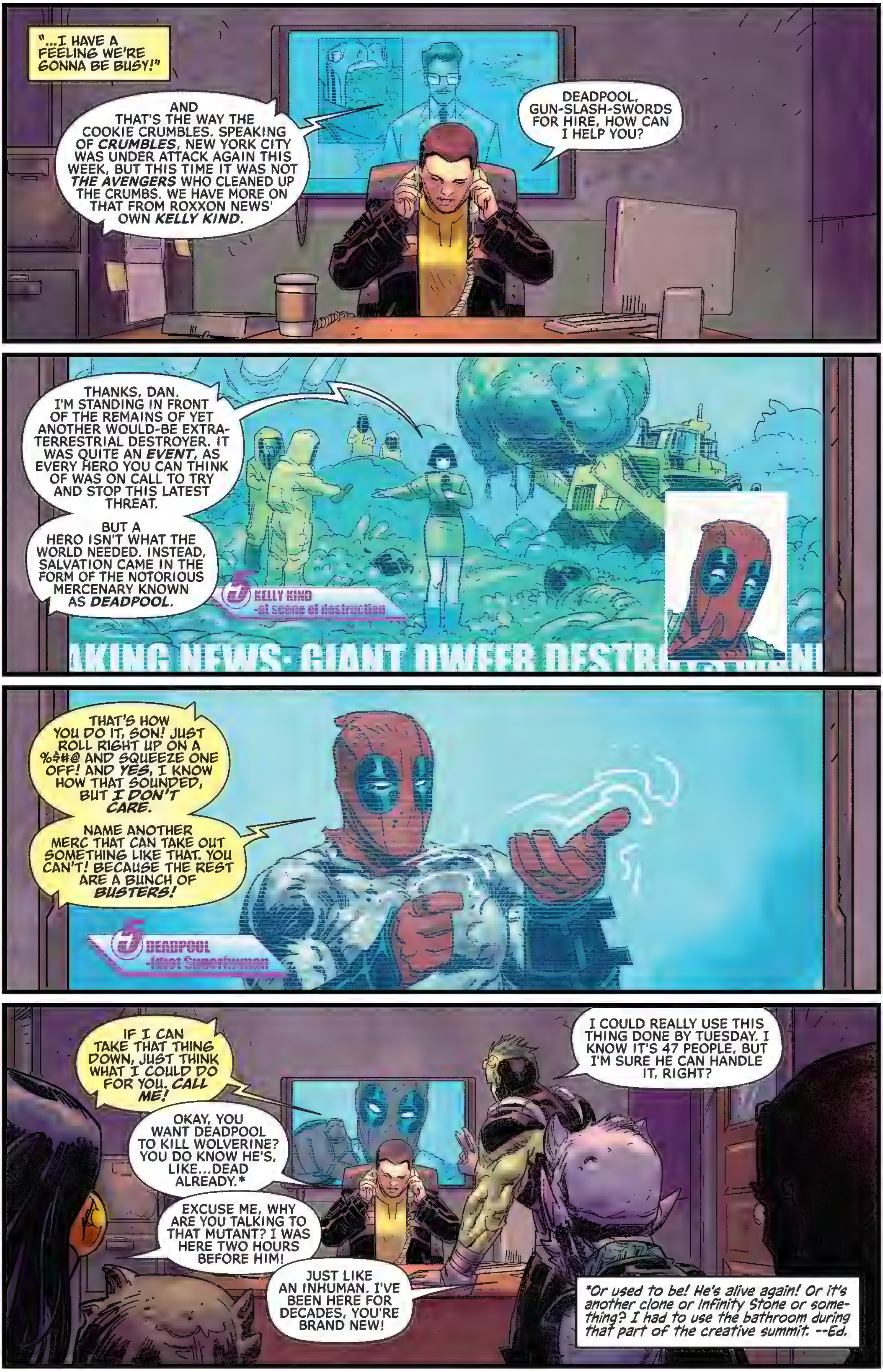

...FITS LIKE A GLOVE!
FIRST, GROSS. SECOND, YOU GOT THE GUN WORKING BUT YOUR HOT ROD SURFBOARD IS TRASHED. HOW DO YOU PLAN ON GETTING CLOSE ENOUGH TO USE IT?
DON'T WORRY, I'VE GOT IT COVERED.
HEY, RIBBED FOR MY PLEASURE...
...I COULD USE YOUR HELP WITH SOMETHING.
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SAVING THE DAY. MAYBE YOU SHOULD FOCUS ON THAT.
I'M ON IT, BIG BUY! I JUST NEED YOU TO DO THAT WOLVERINE BUTT-TOUCHY THROW TRICK YOU DO. YOU KNOW...

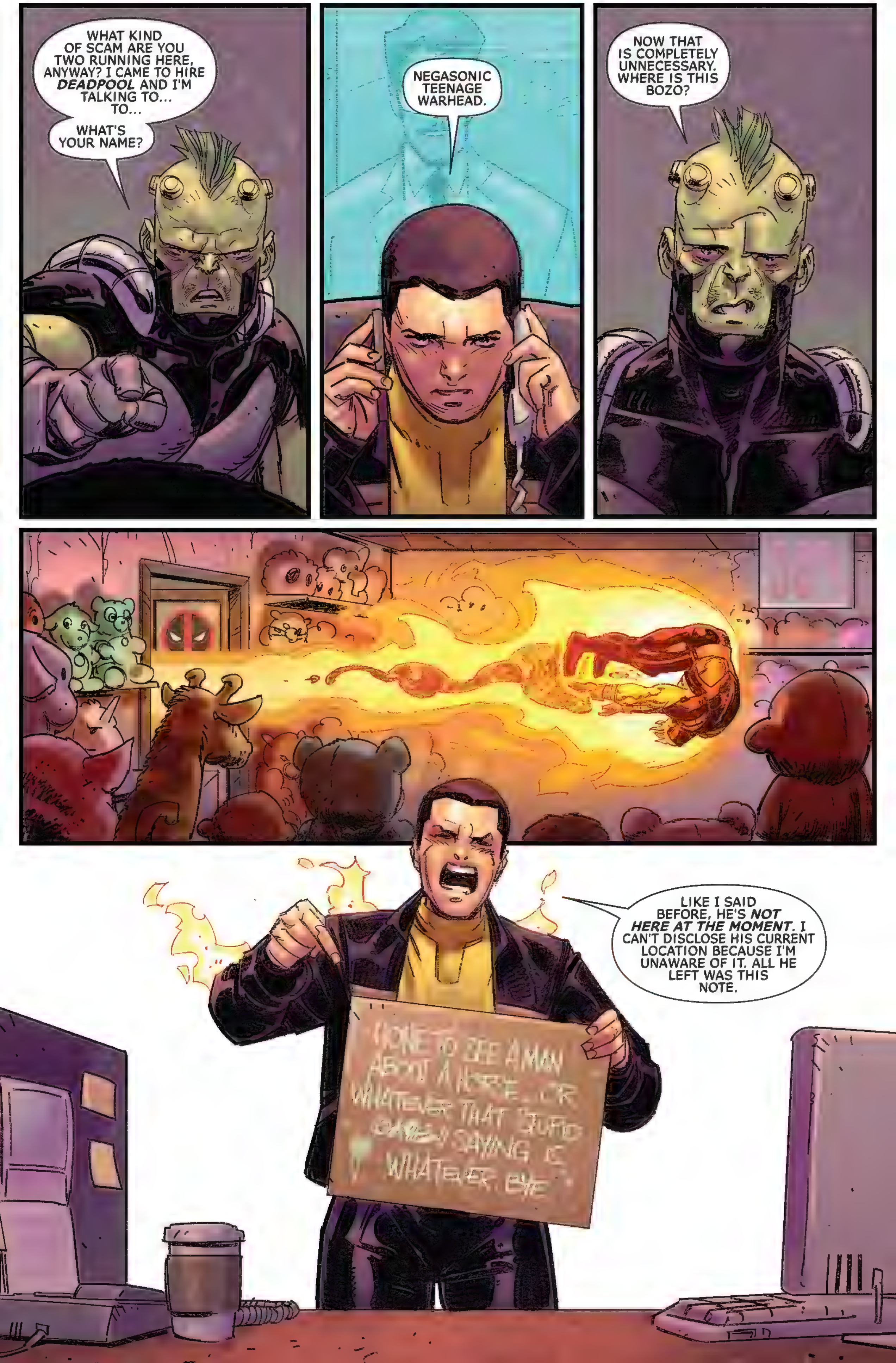

...FASTBALL SPECIAL!
YOU CANNOT STOP THE REGURGE OF YOUR PLANET!
YOU MIGHT BE RIGHT, BUT I'M STILL LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING WHAT KIND OF PUNCH THIS LITTLE GUY PACKS.
KLHK
VRR
HUH?
"HUH"? I'M ABOUT TO KILL THE &%#$ OUT OF YOU AND ALL YOU GOT IS "HUH"?
NO ONE CARES ABOUT QUIPPY BACK-AND-FORTH ANYMORE.
AH WELL, LET'S GET TO IT, SHALL WE?
PSHHHHH
VRRR

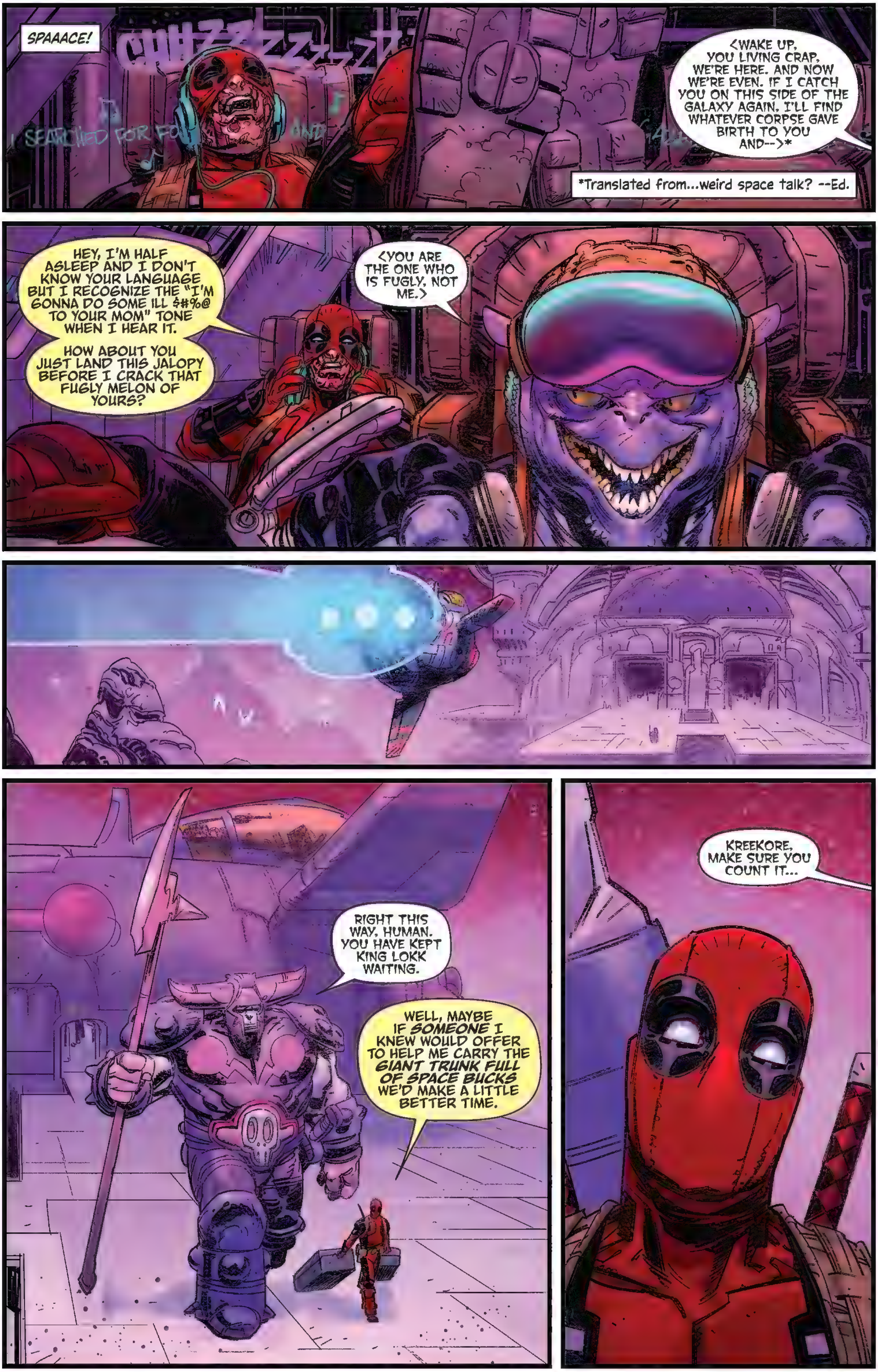

OOOONNN

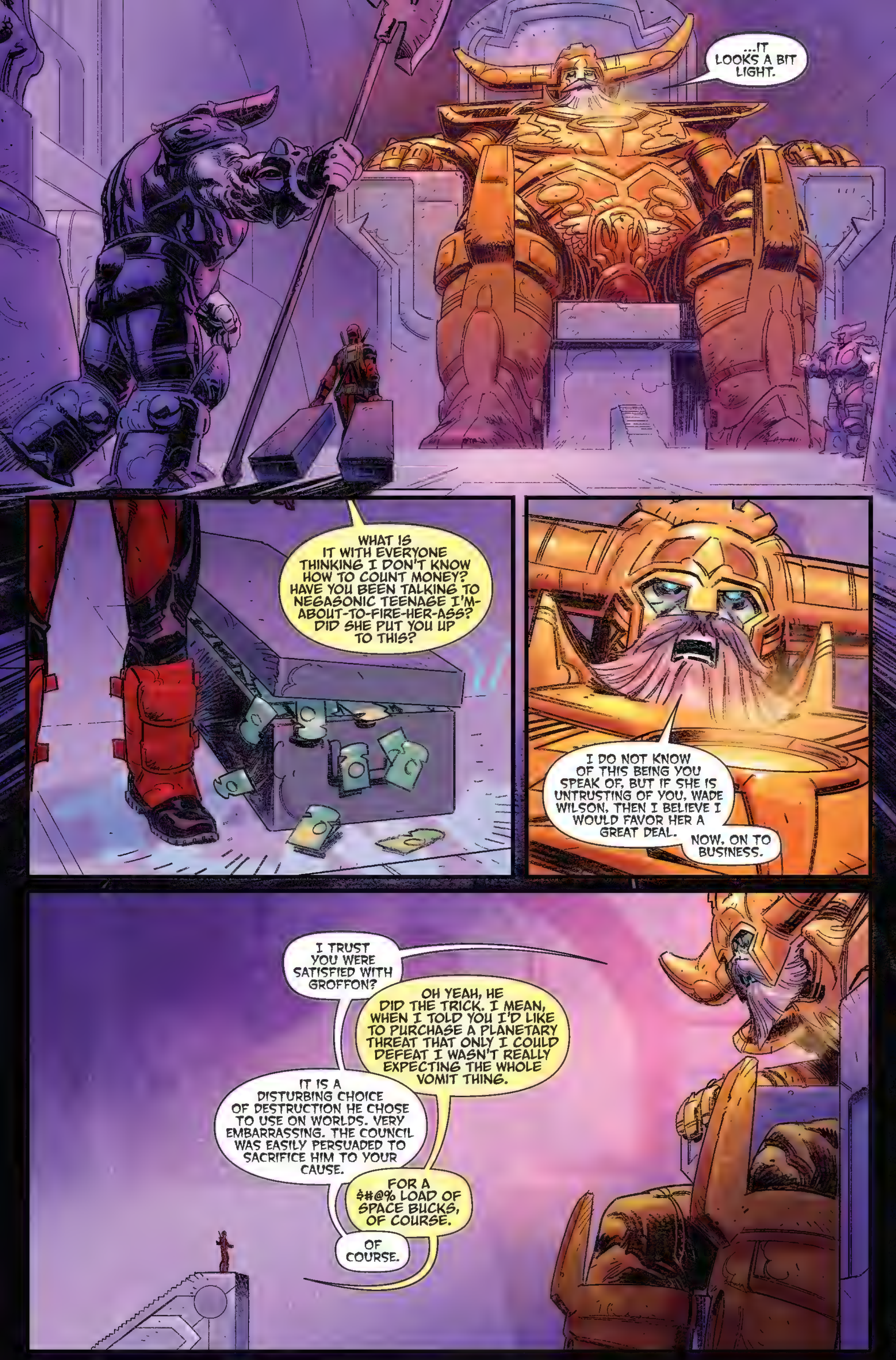

GROFFON'S DEATH SEEMS TO HAVE CAUSED HIS MINIONS TO SELF-DESTRUCT.
YES! IT IS GLORIOUS!
SOMETHING IS REALLY WRONG WITH YOU, YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT?
I HAVE BEEN TOLD, YES.
THANK YOU!
YOU SAVED US ALL!
WE'D ALL BE DEAD WITHOUT THE AVENGERS!
AND SPIDER-MAN!
AND THE CHAMPIONS, X-MEN, SQUIRREL GIRL, THE GUY WHO SELLS HOT DOGS ON THE CORNER OF 49TH AND 8TH...
THANK YOU, SIR, BUT--
"BUT DESPITE ALL OF OUR SUPER-POWERS, ARMOR, SHIELDS, AND OTHER VARIOUS KNICK-KNACKS, THE ONLY PERSON ON EARTH WHO COULD STOP THE MEGA-PUKE-O-TRON WAS DEADPOOL.
"WHICH IS WHY WE HIRED HIM TO STRAIGHT-UP KILL EARTH'S BIGGEST THREAT.
"FIVE STARS. WOULD MERC AGAIN."

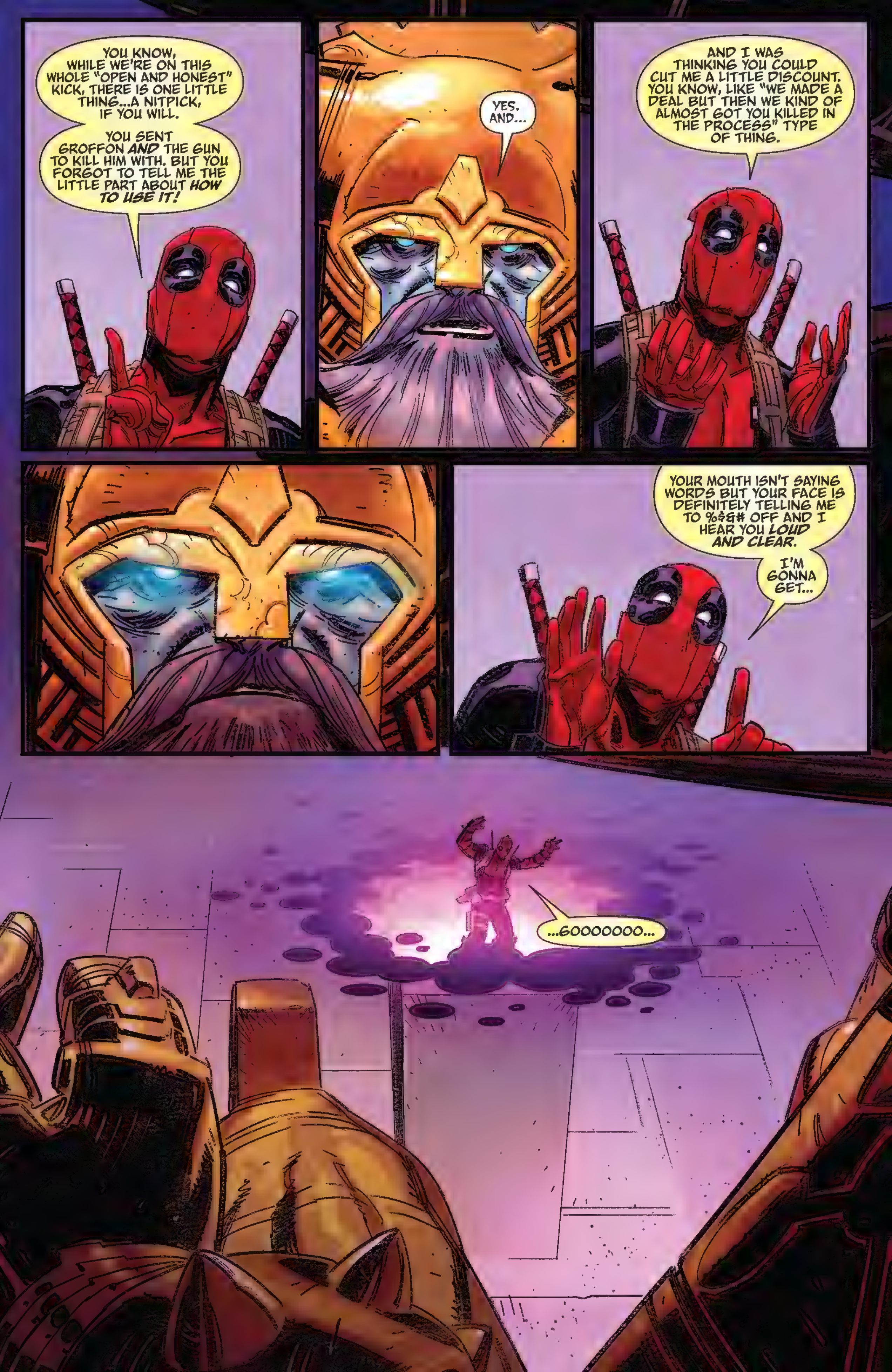

WE'VE BEEN OVER THIS. WE *DID NOT--IN ANY WAY--HIRE YOU TO KILL GROFFON*.
OH, WE'RE STILL DOING THE WHOLE PRETENDY THING?
NO, NOT PRETENDING.
WINKITY WINK.
WHAT IS YOUR OBSESSION WITH WINKING?
WHAT'S YOUR OBSESSION WITH THAT FACIAL HAIR? I FEEL LIKE YOU SHOULD HAVE A SET OF ARMOR THAT UNBUTTONS AT THE COLLAR TO SHOW OFF A THIN GOLD ROPE CHAIN.
YOU OF ALL PEOPLE ARE JUDGING STYLE CHOICES?
WHAT? THESE? COME ON! THEY'RE UNDIES MADE OUT OF STUFFED ANIMALS!
BY THE WAY, I'VE BEEN TALKING TO A FEW INVESTORS ABOUT THESE. I'M STILL OPEN TO NEW PARTNERS. WHAT DO YOU THINK?
HARD PASS.
YOU'LL BE SORRY WHEN THIS IS THE NEW SCRUB DADDY!
BLACK PANTHER, WHAT ABOUT YOU?
CAPTAIN AMERICA? CAPTAIN MARVEL? CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY? ANYONE?
NEGASONIC TEENAGE WARHEAD, I DON'T CARE HOW MANY ALIENS YOU TURNED INSIDE OUT, DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT CALLING OUT OF WORK TOMORROW...

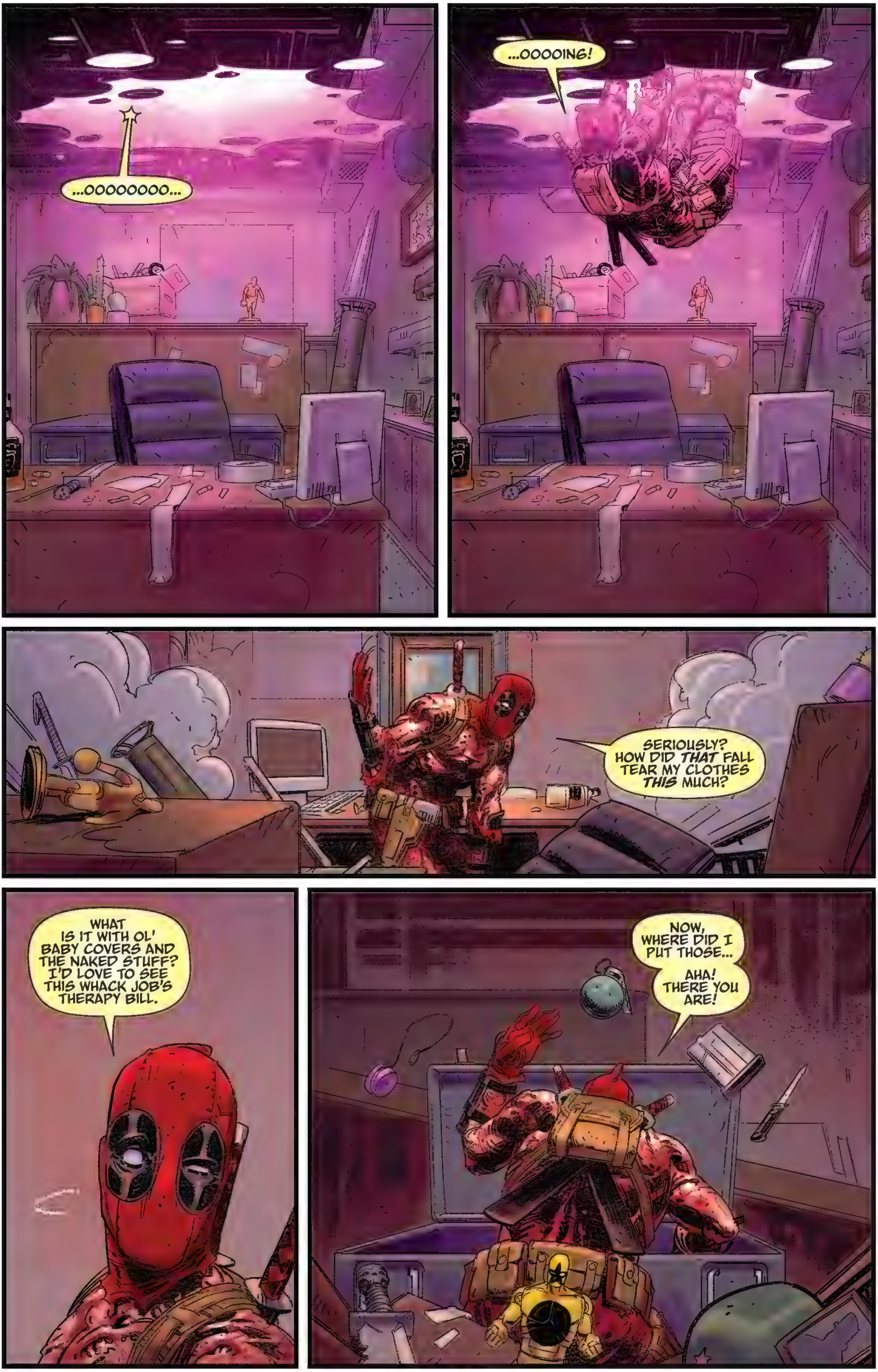

"...I HAVE A FEELING WE'RE GONNA BE BUSY!"
AND THAT'S THE WAY THE COOKIE CRUMBLES. SPEAKING OF *CRUMBLES*, NEW YORK CITY WAS UNDER ATTACK AGAIN THIS WEEK, BUT THIS TIME IT WAS NOT *THE AVENGERS* WHO CLEANED UP THE CRUMBS. WE HAVE MORE ON THAT FROM ROXXON NEWS' OWN *KELLY KIND*.
DEADPOOL, GUN-SLASH-SWORDS FOR HIRE, HOW CAN I HELP YOU?
THANKS, DAN. I'M STANDING IN FRONT OF THE REMAINS OF YET ANOTHER WOULD-BE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL DESTROYER. IT WAS QUITE AN *EVENT*, AS EVERY HERO YOU CAN THINK OF WAS ON CALL TO TRY AND STOP THIS LATEST THREAT.
BUT A HERO ISN'T WHAT THE WORLD NEEDED. INSTEAD, SALVATION CAME IN THE FORM OF THE NOTORIOUS MERCENARY KNOWN AS *DEADPOOL*.
KELLY KIND
-at scene of destruction
AKING NEWS: GIANT DWEEB DESTR
THAT'S HOW YOU DO IT, SON! JUST ROLL RIGHT UP ON A %$#@ AND SQUEEZE ONE OFF! AND *YES*, I KNOW HOW THAT SOUNDED, BUT *I DON'T CARE.*
NAME ANOTHER MERC THAT CAN TAKE OUT SOMETHING LIKE THAT. YOU CAN'T! BECAUSE THE REST ARE A BUNCH OF *BUSTERS!*
DEADPOOL
-Idiot Superhuman
IF I CAN TAKE THAT THING DOWN, JUST THINK WHAT I COULD DO FOR YOU. *CALL ME!*
OKAY, YOU WANT DEADPOOL TO KILL WOLVERINE? YOU DO KNOW HE'S, LIKE...DEAD ALREADY.*
EXCUSE ME, WHY ARE YOU TALKING TO THAT MUTANT? I WAS HERE TWO HOURS BEFORE HIM!
JUST LIKE AN INHUMAN. I'VE BEEN HERE FOR DECADES, YOU'RE BRAND NEW!
I COULD REALLY USE THIS THING DONE BY TUESDAY. I KNOW IT'S 47 PEOPLE, BUT I'M SURE HE CAN HANDLE IT, RIGHT?
*Or used to be! He's alive again! Or it's another clone or Infinity Stone or something? I had to use the bathroom during that part of the creative summit. --Ed.*

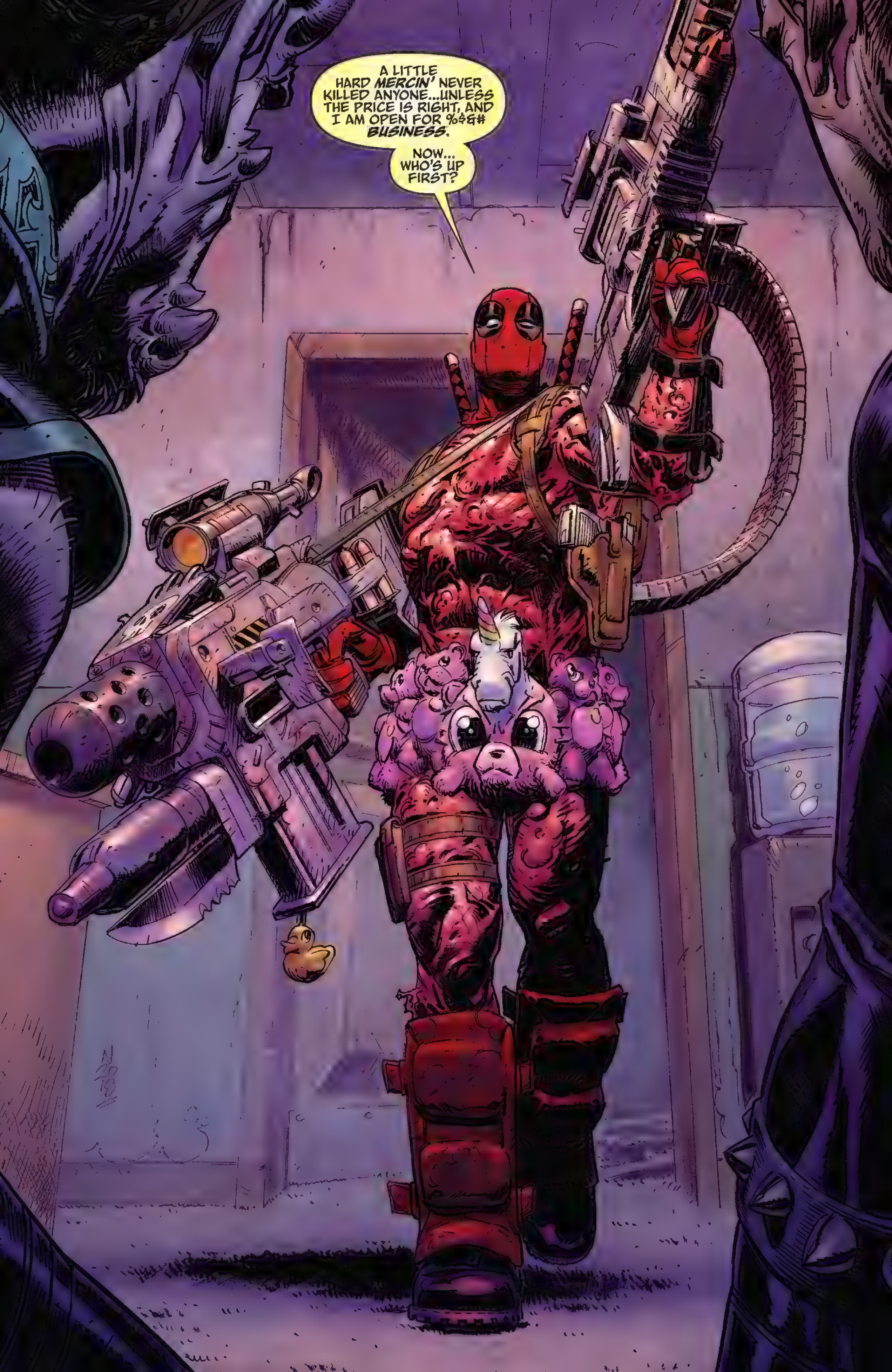

WHAT KIND OF SCAM ARE YOU TWO RUNNING HERE, ANYWAY? I CAME TO HIRE **DEADPOOL** AND I'M TALKING TO... TO...
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
NEGASONIC TEENAGE WARHEAD.
NOW THAT IS COMPLETELY UNNECESSARY. WHERE IS THIS BOZO?
LIKE I SAID BEFORE, HE'S ***NOT HERE AT THE MOMENT.*** I CAN'T DISCLOSE HIS CURRENT LOCATION BECAUSE I'M UNAWARE OF IT. ALL HE LEFT WAS THIS NOTE.
GONE TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A HORSE... OR WHATEVER THAT STUPID SAYING IS. WHATEVER. BYE


SPAAACE!
CHHZZZZZZZ
I SEARCHED FOR FO
AND
<WAKE UP, YOU LIVING CRAP. WE'RE HERE. AND NOW WE'RE EVEN. IF I CATCH YOU ON THIS SIDE OF THE GALAXY AGAIN, I'LL FIND WHATEVER CORPSE GAVE BIRTH TO YOU AND-->*
*Translated from...weird space talk? --Ed.
HEY, I'M HALF ASLEEP AND I DON'T KNOW YOUR LANGUAGE BUT I RECOGNIZE THE "I'M GONNA DO SOME ILL $#%@ TO YOUR MOM" TONE WHEN I HEAR IT.
HOW ABOUT YOU JUST LAND THIS JALOPY BEFORE I CRACK THAT FUGLY MELON OF YOURS?
<YOU ARE THE ONE WHO IS FUGLY, NOT ME.>
RIGHT THIS WAY, HUMAN. YOU HAVE KEPT KING LOKK WAITING.
WELL, MAYBE IF SOMEONE I KNEW WOULD OFFER TO HELP ME CARRY THE GIANT TRUNK FULL OF SPACE BUCKS WE'D MAKE A LITTLE BETTER TIME.
KREEKORE, MAKE SURE YOU COUNT IT...


...IT LOOKS A BIT LIGHT.
WHAT IS IT WITH EVERYONE THINKING I DON'T KNOW HOW TO COUNT MONEY? HAVE YOU BEEN TALKING TO NEGASONIC TEENAGE I'M-ABOUT-TO-FIRE-HER-ASS? DID SHE PUT YOU UP TO THIS?
I DO NOT KNOW OF THIS BEING YOU SPEAK OF, BUT IF SHE IS UNTRUSTING OF YOU, WADE WILSON, THEN I BELIEVE I WOULD FAVOR HER A GREAT DEAL.
NOW, ON TO BUSINESS.
I TRUST YOU WERE SATISFIED WITH GROFFON?
OH YEAH, HE DID THE TRICK. I MEAN, WHEN I TOLD YOU I'D LIKE TO PURCHASE A PLANETARY THREAT THAT ONLY I COULD DEFEAT I WASN'T REALLY EXPECTING THE WHOLE VOMIT THING.
IT IS A DISTURBING CHOICE OF DESTRUCTION HE CHOSE TO USE ON WORLDS. VERY EMBARRASSING. THE COUNCIL WAS EASILY PERSUADED TO SACRIFICE HIM TO YOUR CAUSE.
FOR A $#@% LOAD OF SPACE BUCKS, OF COURSE.
OF COURSE.

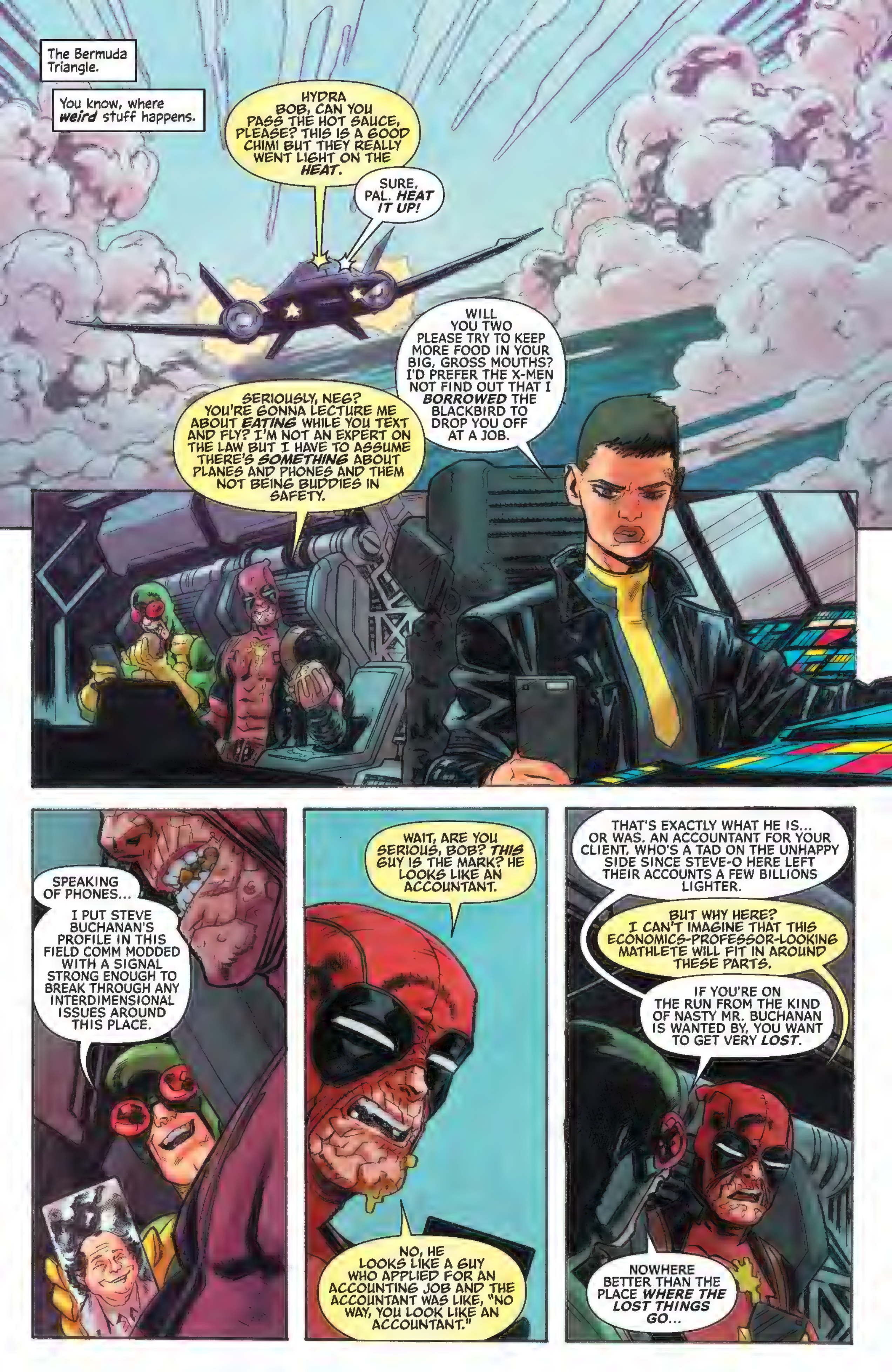

YOU KNOW, WHILE WE'RE ON THIS WHOLE "OPEN AND HONEST" KICK, THERE IS ONE LITTLE THING...A NITPICK, IF YOU WILL.
YOU SENT GROFFON *AND* THE GUN TO KILL HIM WITH. BUT YOU FORGOT TO TELL ME THE LITTLE PART ABOUT *HOW TO USE IT!*
YES. AND...
AND I WAS THINKING YOU COULD CUT ME A LITTLE DISCOUNT. YOU KNOW, LIKE "WE MADE A DEAL BUT THEN WE KIND OF ALMOST GOT YOU KILLED IN THE PROCESS" TYPE OF THING.
YOUR MOUTH ISN'T SAYING WORDS BUT YOUR FACE IS DEFINITELY TELLING ME TO %$&# OFF AND I HEAR YOU *LOUD AND CLEAR.*
I'M GONNA GET...
...GOOOOOOO...

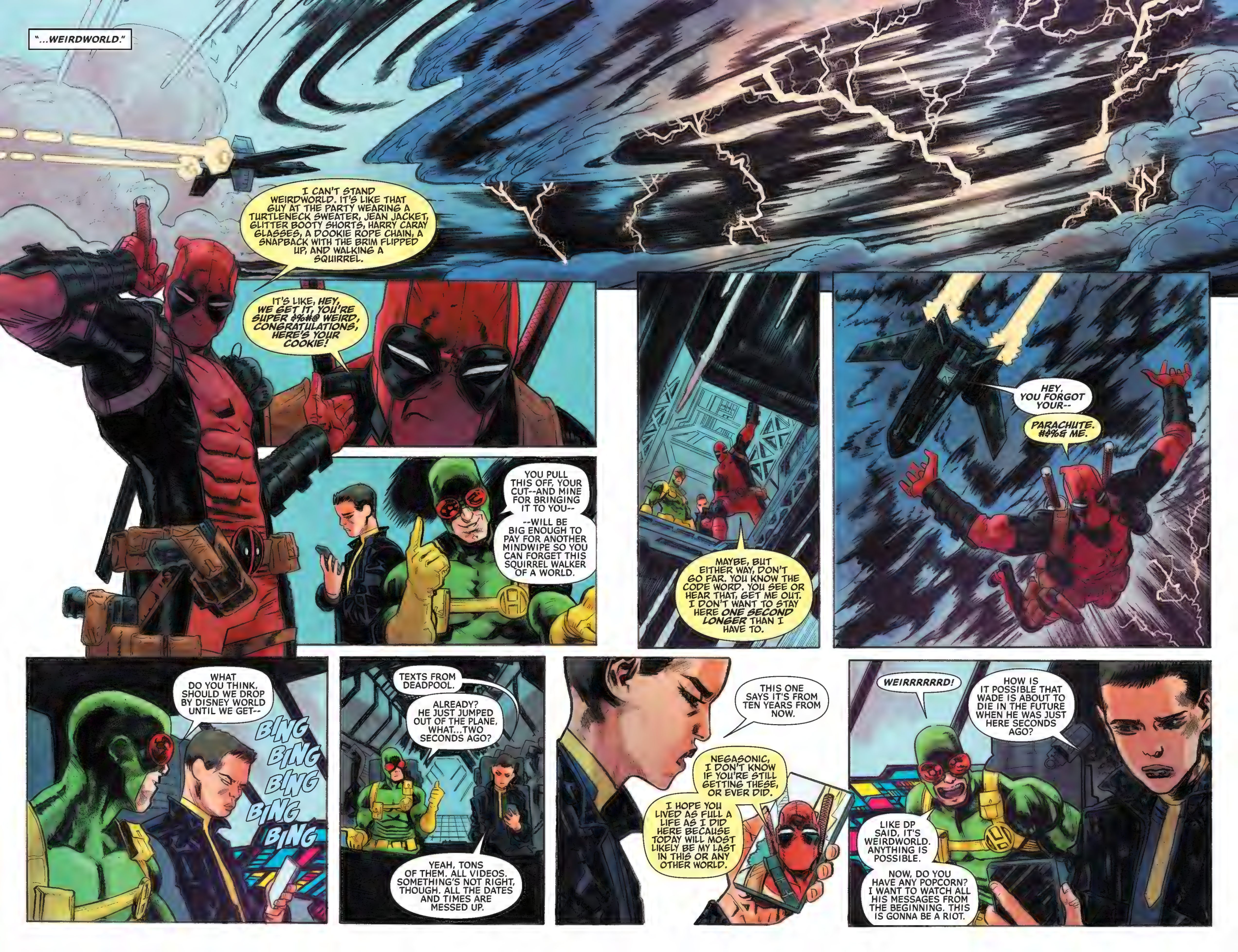

...OOOOOOOO...
...OOOOING!
SERIOUSLY? HOW DID *THAT* FALL TEAR MY CLOTHES *THIS* MUCH?
WHAT IS IT WITH OL' BABY COVERS AND THE NAKED STUFF? I'D LOVE TO SEE THIS WHACK JOB'S THERAPY BILL.
NOW, WHERE DID I PUT THOSE...
AHA! THERE YOU ARE!

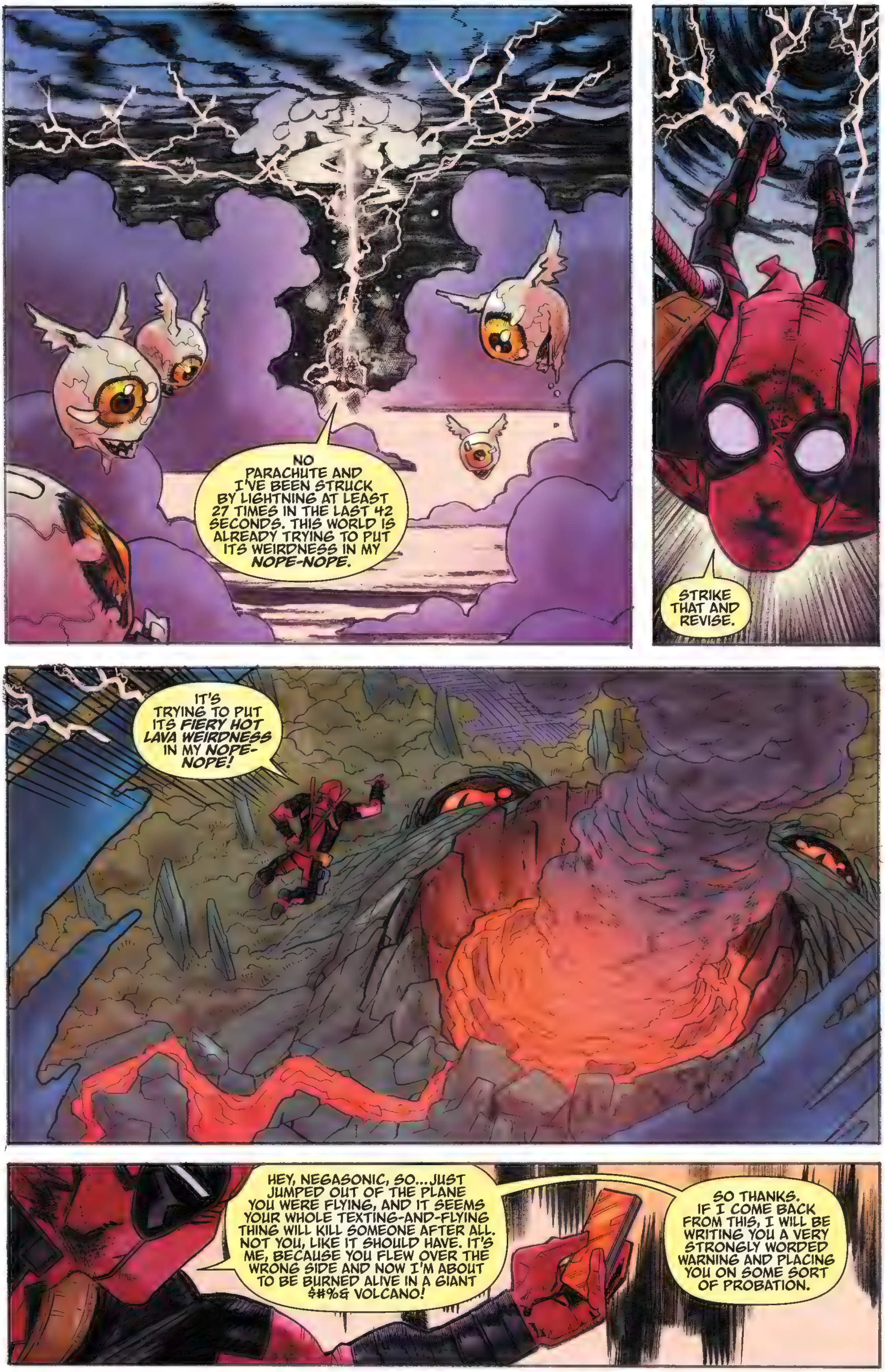

A LITTLE HARD *MERCIN'* NEVER KILLED ANYONE...UNLESS THE PRICE IS RIGHT, AND I AM OPEN FOR %$&# *BUSINESS*.
NOW... WHO'S UP FIRST?

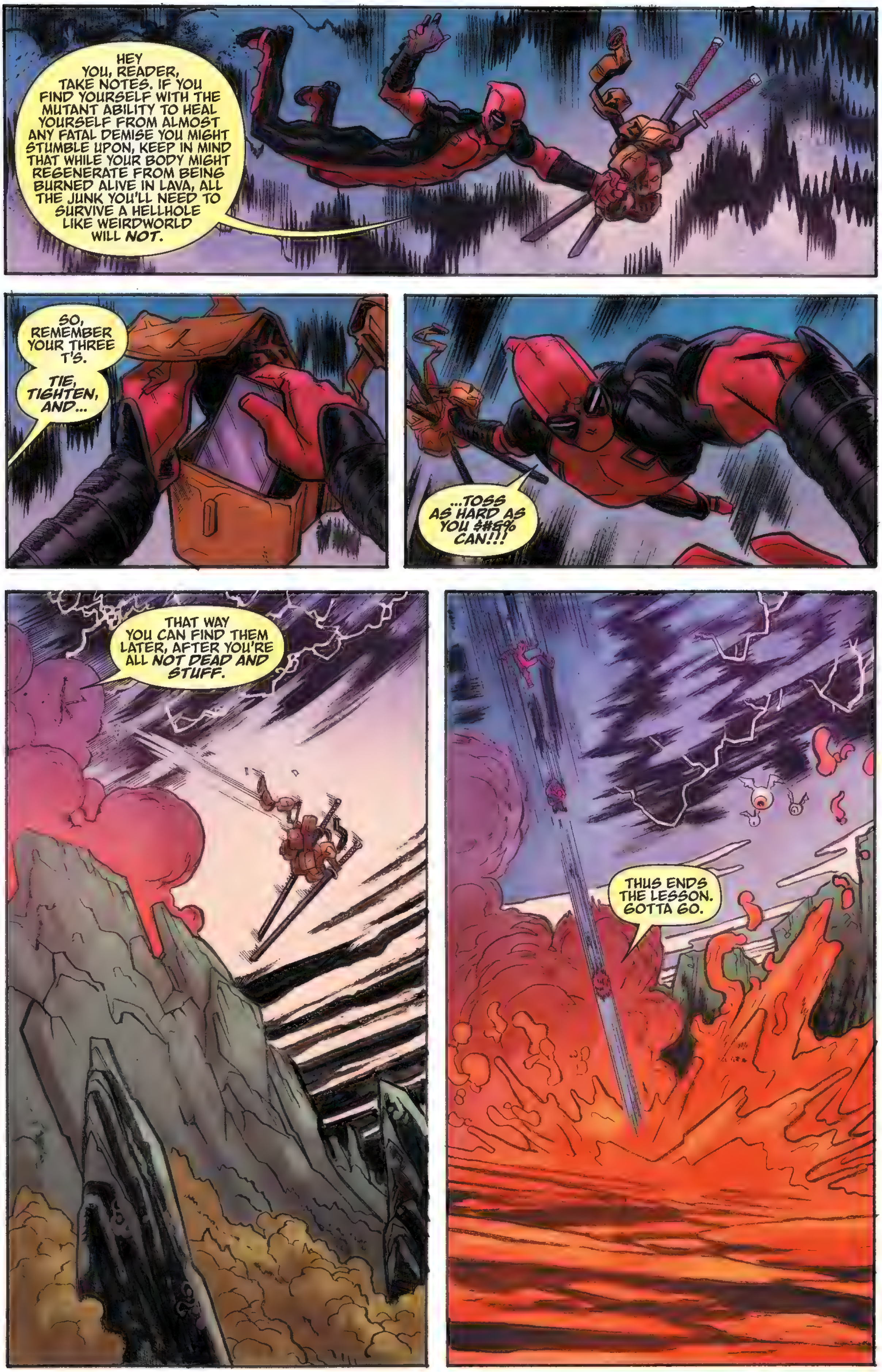
DEADPOOL #1 VARIANT BY JEROME OPEÑA & JASON KEITH

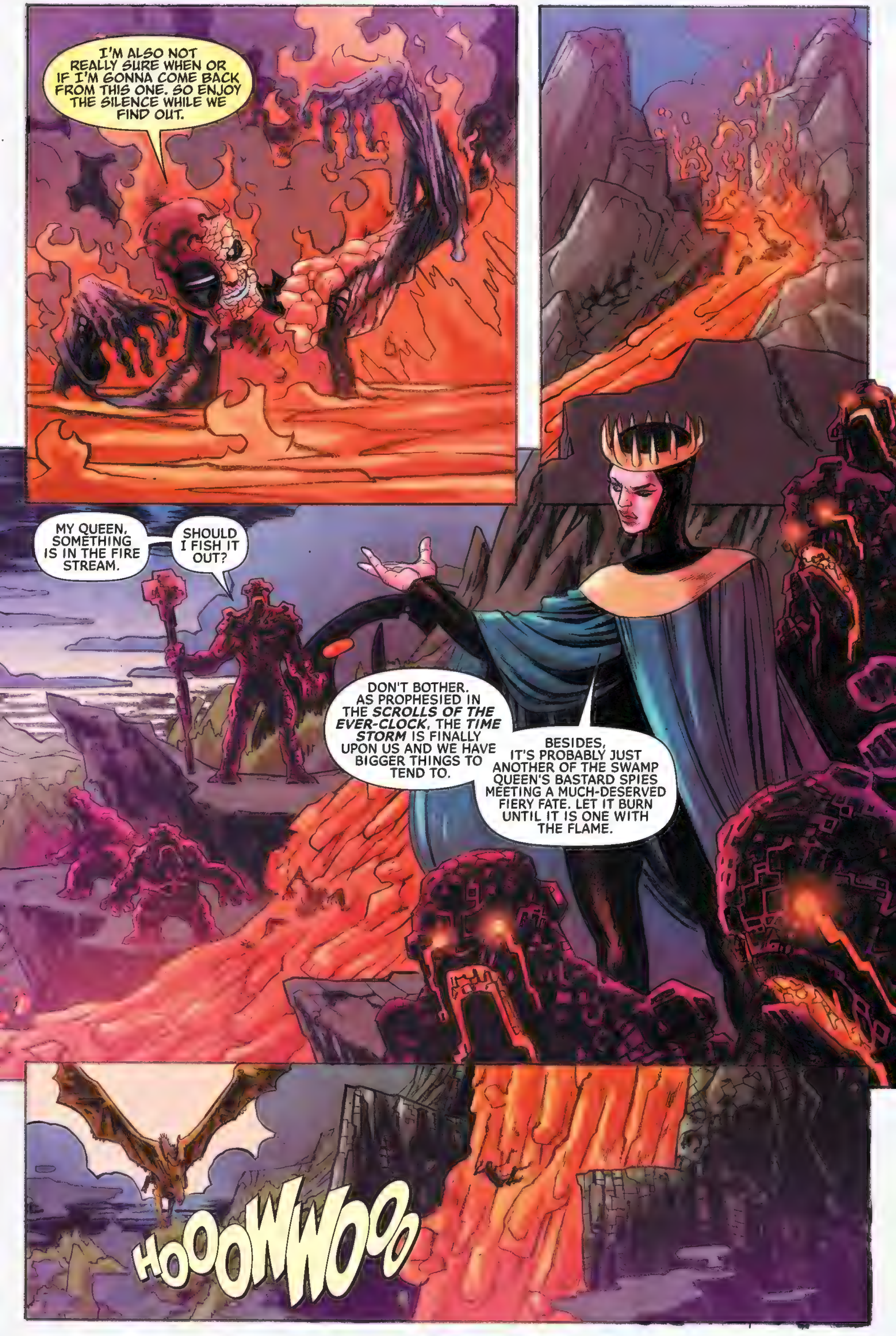
#4

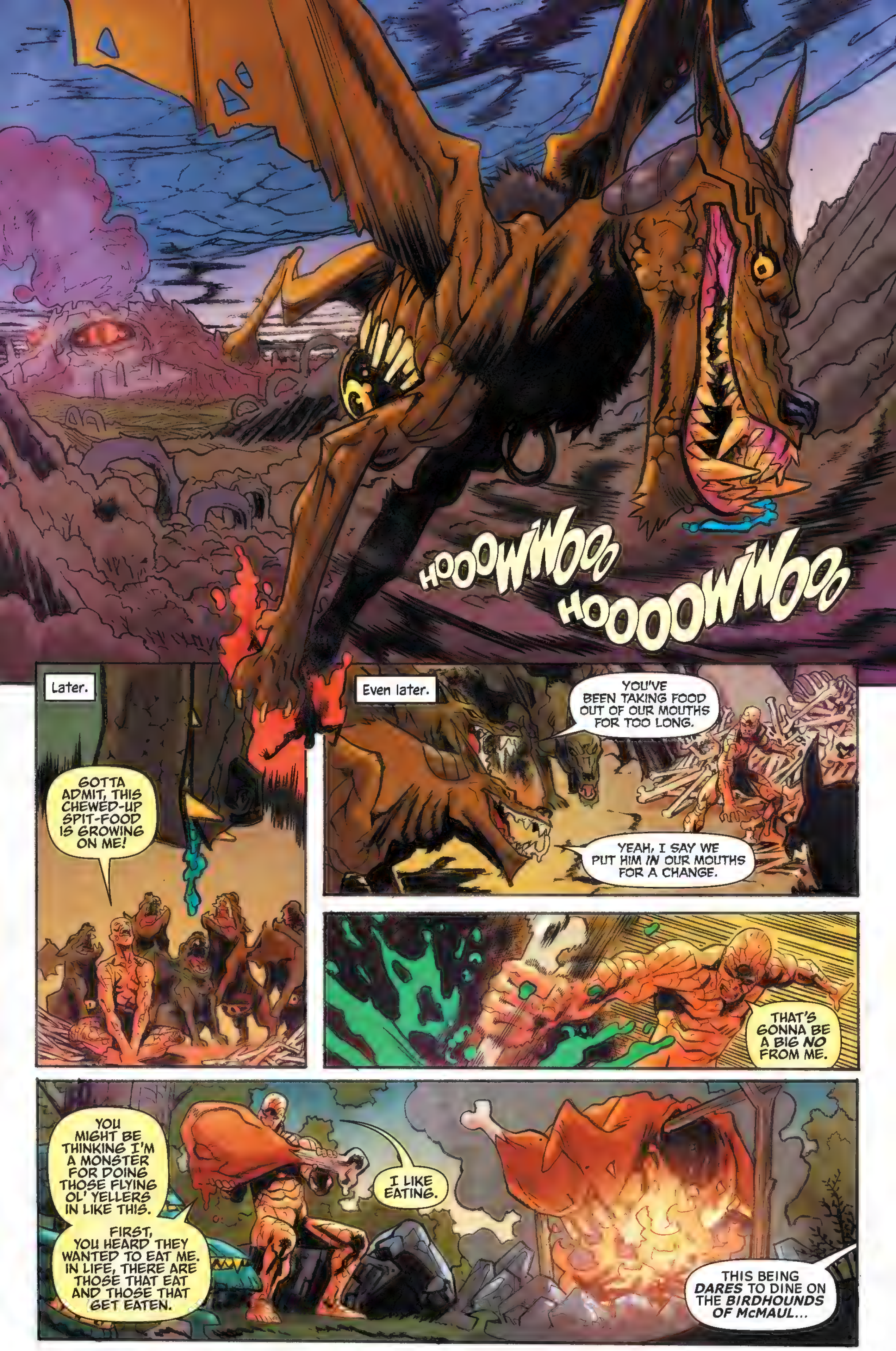

The Bermuda Triangle.
You know, where *weird* stuff happens.
HYDRA BOB, CAN YOU PASS THE HOT SAUCE, PLEASE? THIS IS A *GOOD* CHIMI BUT THEY REALLY WENT LIGHT ON THE *HEAT*.
SURE, PAL. *HEAT IT UP!*
WILL YOU TWO PLEASE TRY TO KEEP MORE FOOD IN YOUR BIG, GROSS MOUTHS? I'D PREFER THE X-MEN NOT FIND OUT THAT I *BORROWED* THE BLACKBIRD TO DROP YOU OFF AT A JOB.
SERIOUSLY, NEG? YOU'RE GONNA LECTURE ME ABOUT *EATING* WHILE YOU TEXT AND FLY? I'M NOT AN EXPERT ON THE LAW BUT I HAVE TO ASSUME THERE'S *SOMETHING* ABOUT PLANES AND PHONES AND THEM NOT BEING BUDDIES IN SAFETY.
SPEAKING OF PHONES...
I PUT STEVE BUCHANAN'S PROFILE IN THIS FIELD COMM MODDED WITH A SIGNAL STRONG ENOUGH TO BREAK THROUGH ANY INTERDIMENSIONAL ISSUES AROUND THIS PLACE.
WAIT, ARE YOU SERIOUS, BOB? *THIS* GUY IS THE MARK? HE LOOKS LIKE AN ACCOUNTANT.
NO, HE LOOKS LIKE A GUY WHO APPLIED FOR AN ACCOUNTING JOB AND THE ACCOUNTANT WAS LIKE, "NO WAY, YOU LOOK LIKE AN ACCOUNTANT."
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HE IS... OR WAS. AN ACCOUNTANT FOR YOUR CLIENT, WHO'S A TAD ON THE UNHAPPY SIDE SINCE STEVE-O HERE LEFT THEIR ACCOUNTS A FEW BILLIONS LIGHTER.
BUT WHY HERE? I CAN'T IMAGINE THAT THIS ECONOMICS-PROFESSOR-LOOKING MATHLETE WILL FIT IN AROUND THESE PARTS.
IF YOU'RE ON THE RUN FROM THE KIND OF NASTY MR. BUCHANAN IS WANTED BY, YOU WANT TO GET VERY *LOST*.
NOWHERE BETTER THAN THE PLACE *WHERE THE LOST THINGS GO*...

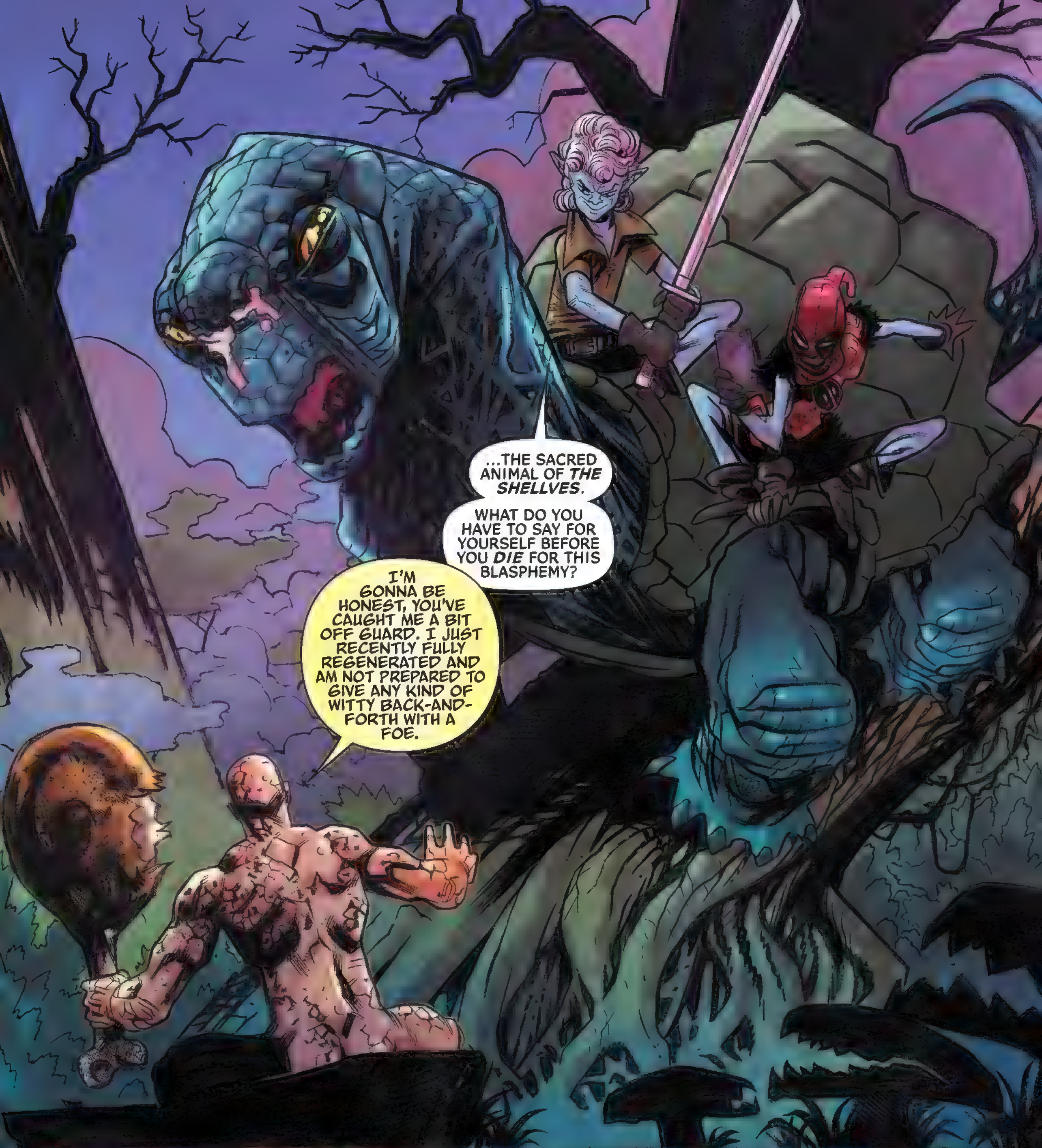

"...WEIRDWORLD."
I CAN'T STAND WEIRDWORLD. IT'S LIKE THAT GUY AT THE PARTY WEARING A TURTLENECK SWEATER, JEAN JACKET, GLITTER BOOTY SHORTS, HARRY CARAY GLASSES, A DOOKIE ROPE CHAIN, A SNAPBACK WITH THE BRIM FLIPPED UP, AND WALKING A SQUIRREL.
IT'S LIKE, *HEY, WE GET IT, YOU'RE SUPER #%@ WEIRD, CONGRATULATIONS, HERE'S YOUR COOKIE!*
YOU PULL THIS OFF, YOUR CUT--AND MINE FOR BRINGING IT TO YOU--
--WILL BE BIG ENOUGH TO PAY FOR ANOTHER MINDWIPE SO YOU CAN FORGET THIS SQUIRREL WALKER OF A WORLD.
MAYBE, BUT EITHER WAY, DON'T GO FAR. YOU KNOW THE CODE WORD. YOU SEE OR HEAR THAT, GET ME OUT. I DON'T WANT TO STAY HERE *ONE SECOND LONGER* THAN I HAVE TO.
HEY, YOU FORGOT YOUR--
PARACHUTE. #%&@ ME.
WHAT DO YOU THINK, SHOULD WE DROP BY DISNEY WORLD UNTIL WE GET--
BING BING BING BING BING
TEXTS FROM DEADPOOL.
ALREADY? HE JUST JUMPED OUT OF THE PLANE, WHAT...TWO SECONDS AGO?
YEAH, TONS OF THEM. ALL VIDEOS. SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT, THOUGH. ALL THE DATES AND TIMES ARE MESSED UP.
THIS ONE SAYS IT'S FROM TEN YEARS FROM NOW.
NEGASONIC, I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE STILL GETTING THESE, OR EVER DID.
I HOPE YOU LIVED AS FULL A LIFE AS I DID HERE BECAUSE TODAY WILL MOST LIKELY BE MY LAST IN THIS OR ANY OTHER WORLD.
WEIRRRRRRD!
HOW IS IT POSSIBLE THAT WADE IS ABOUT TO DIE IN THE FUTURE WHEN HE WAS JUST HERE SECONDS AGO?
LIKE DP SAID, IT'S WEIRDWORLD. ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE.
NOW, DO YOU HAVE ANY POPCORN? I WANT TO WATCH ALL HIS MESSAGES FROM THE BEGINNING. THIS IS GONNA BE A RIOT.

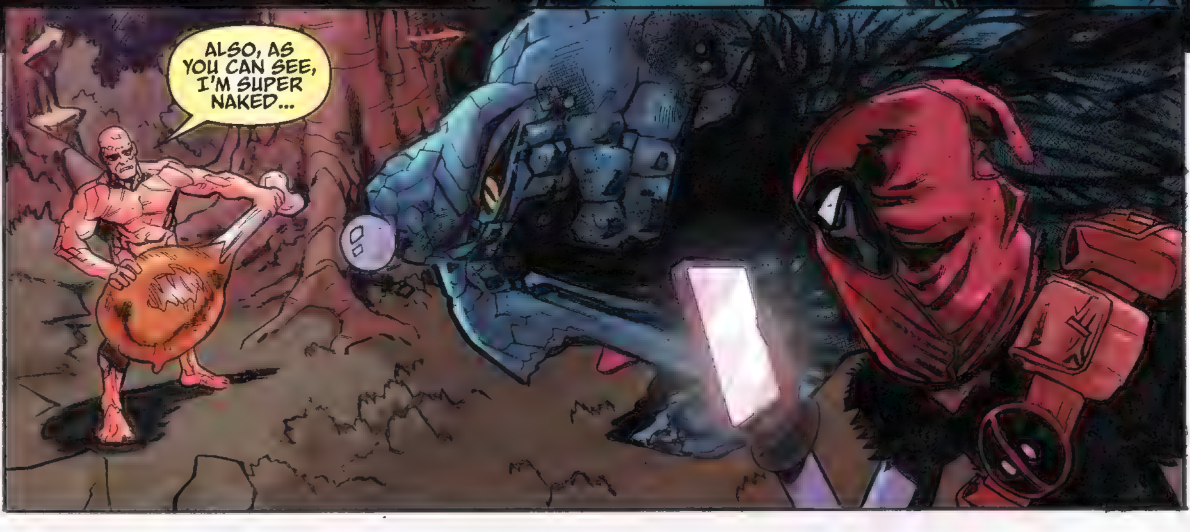

NO PARACHUTE AND I'VE BEEN STRUCK BY LIGHTNING AT LEAST 27 TIMES IN THE LAST 42 SECONDS. THIS WORLD IS ALREADY TRYING TO PUT ITS WEIRDNESS IN MY *NOPE-NOPE.*
STRIKE THAT AND REVISE.
IT'S TRYING TO PUT ITS *FIERY HOT LAVA WEIRDNESS* IN MY *NOPE-NOPE!*
HEY, NEGASONIC, SO... JUST JUMPED OUT OF THE PLANE YOU WERE FLYING, AND IT SEEMS YOUR WHOLE TEXTING-AND-FLYING THING WILL KILL SOMEONE AFTER ALL. NOT YOU, LIKE IT SHOULD HAVE. IT'S ME, BECAUSE YOU FLEW OVER THE WRONG SIDE AND NOW I'M ABOUT TO BE BURNED ALIVE IN A GIANT $#%& VOLCANO!
SO THANKS. IF I COME BACK FROM THIS, I WILL BE WRITING YOU A VERY STRONGLY WORDED WARNING AND PLACING YOU ON SOME SORT OF PROBATION.

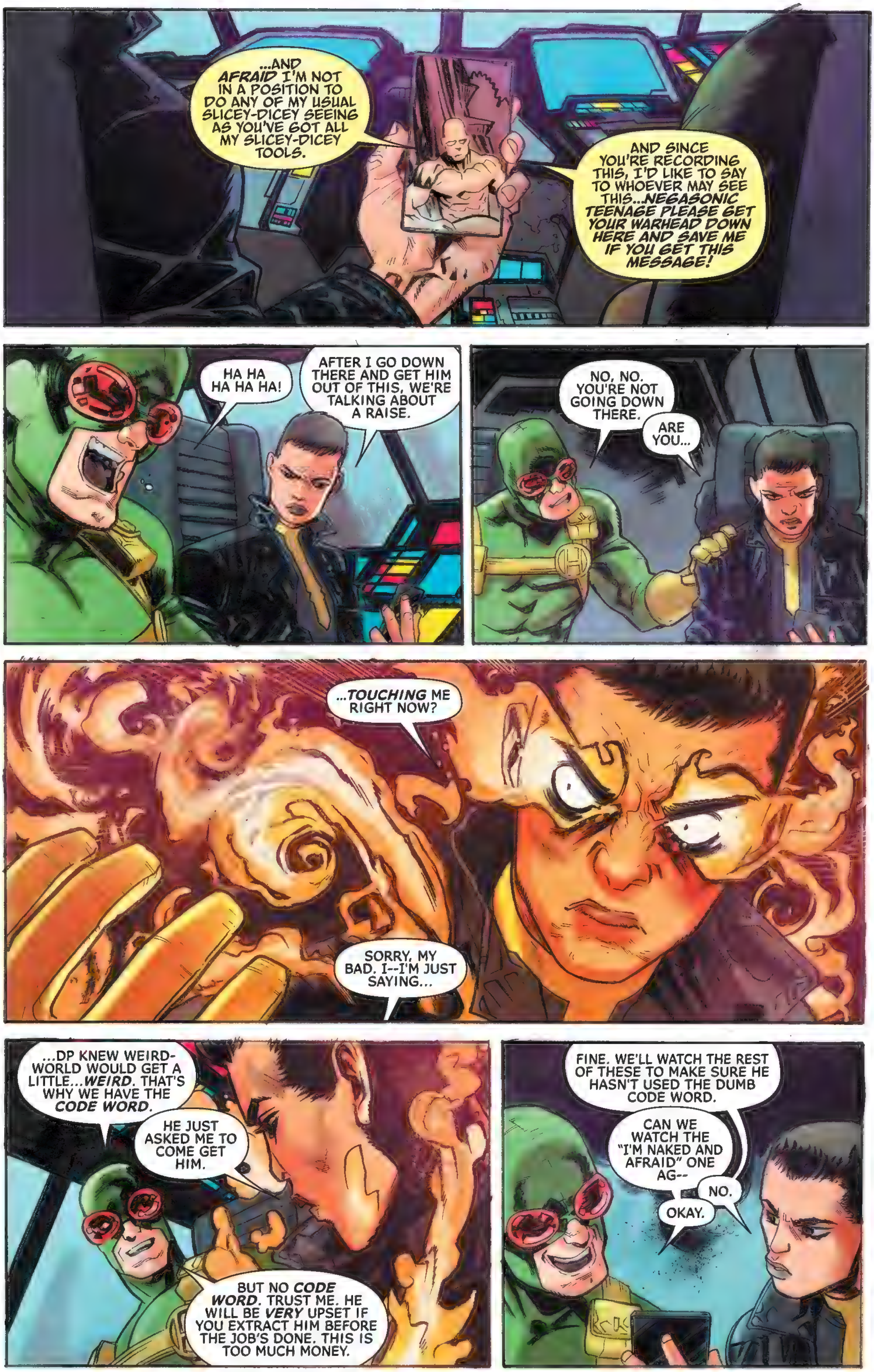

HEY YOU, READER, TAKE NOTES. IF YOU FIND YOURSELF WITH THE MUTANT ABILITY TO HEAL YOURSELF FROM ALMOST ANY FATAL DEMISE YOU MIGHT STUMBLE UPON, KEEP IN MIND THAT WHILE YOUR BODY MIGHT REGENERATE FROM BEING BURNED ALIVE IN LAVA, ALL THE JUNK YOU'LL NEED TO SURVIVE A HELLHOLE LIKE WEIRDWORLD WILL *NOT*.
SO, REMEMBER YOUR THREE T'S.
*TIE, TIGHTEN, AND...*
*...TOSS AS HARD AS YOU $#&% CAN!!!*
THAT WAY YOU CAN FIND THEM LATER, AFTER YOU'RE ALL *NOT DEAD AND STUFF.*
THUS ENDS THE LESSON. GOTTA GO.

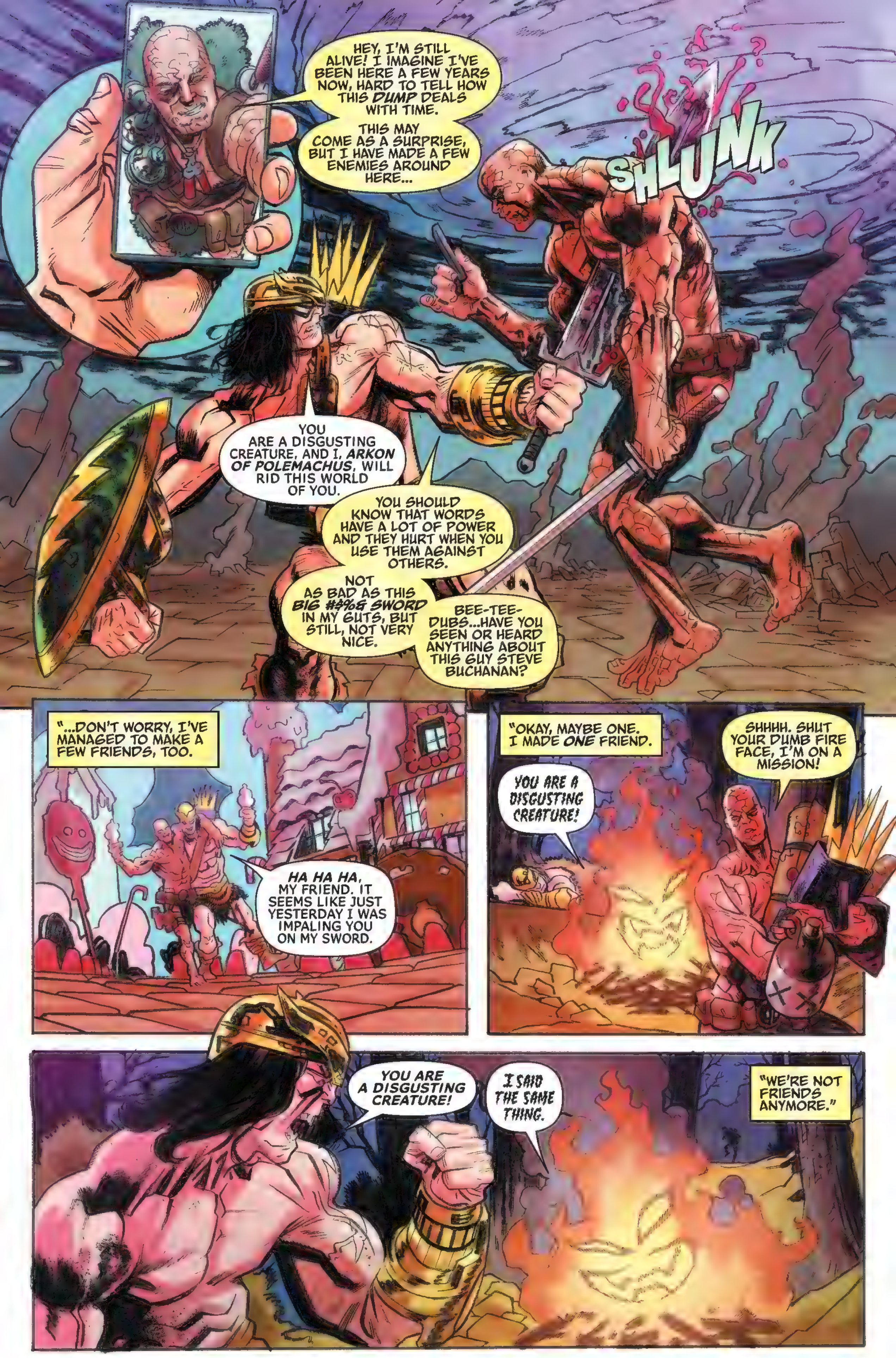

I'M ALSO NOT REALLY SURE WHEN OR IF I'M GONNA COME BACK FROM THIS ONE. SO ENJOY THE SILENCE WHILE WE FIND OUT.
MY QUEEN, SOMETHING IS IN THE FIRE STREAM.
SHOULD I FISH IT OUT?
DON'T BOTHER. AS PROPHESIED IN THE ***SCROLLS OF THE EVER-CLOCK***, THE ***TIME STORM*** IS FINALLY UPON US AND WE HAVE BIGGER THINGS TO TEND TO.
BESIDES, IT'S PROBABLY JUST ANOTHER OF THE SWAMP QUEEN'S BASTARD SPIES MEETING A MUCH-DESERVED FIERY FATE. LET IT BURN UNTIL IT IS ONE WITH THE FLAME.
HOOOWWOOO

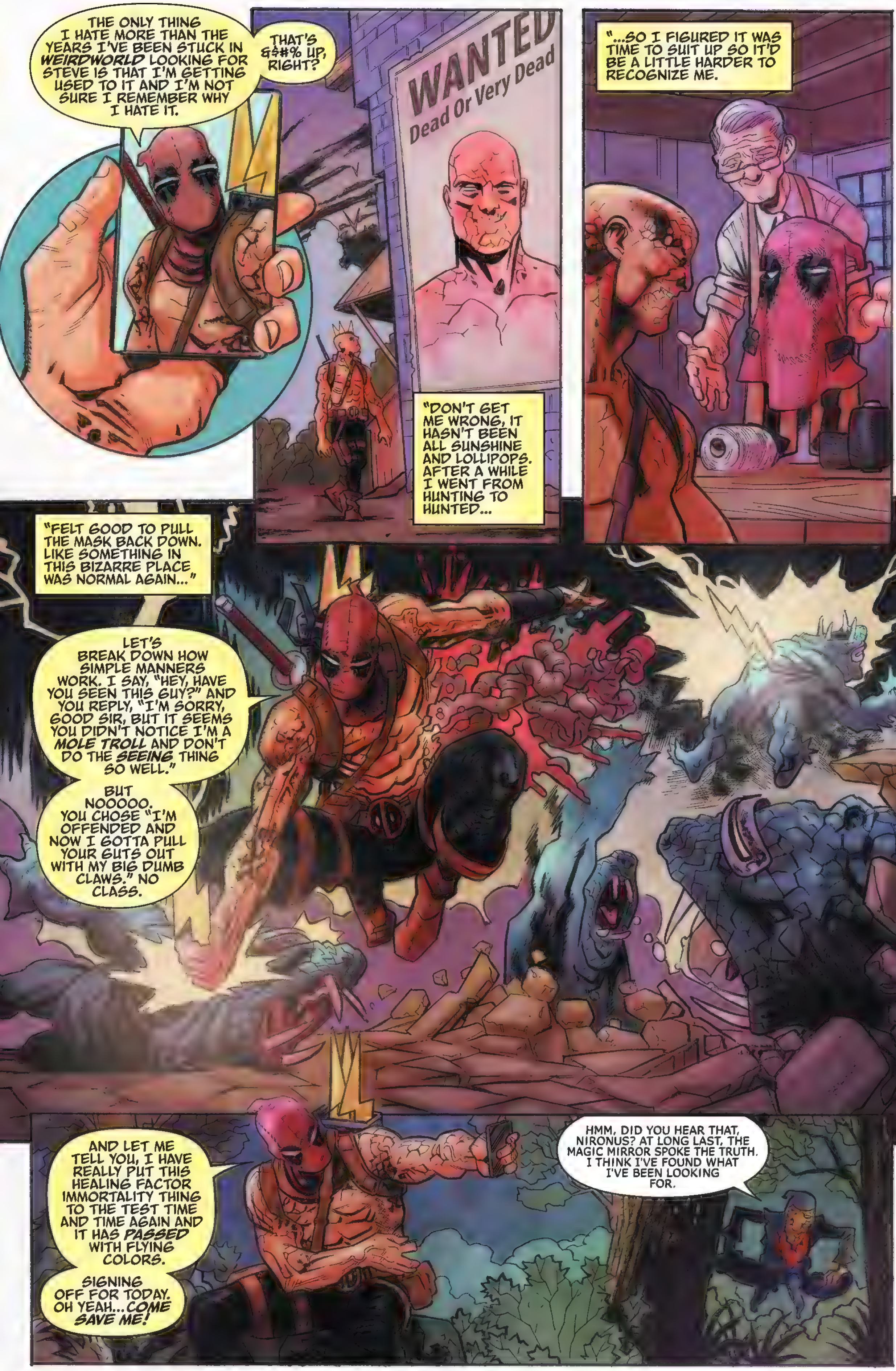

HOOOWWOOO
HOOOOOWWOOO
Later.
GOTTA ADMIT, THIS CHEWED-UP SPIT-FOOD IS GROWING ON ME!
Even later.
YOU'VE BEEN TAKING FOOD OUT OF OUR MOUTHS FOR TOO LONG.
YEAH, I SAY WE PUT HIM *IN* OUR MOUTHS FOR A CHANGE.
THAT'S GONNA BE A BIG *NO* FROM ME.
YOU MIGHT BE THINKING I'M A MONSTER FOR DOING THOSE FLYING OL' YELLERS IN LIKE THIS.
FIRST, YOU HEARD THEY WANTED TO EAT ME. IN LIFE, THERE ARE THOSE THAT EAT AND THOSE THAT GET EATEN.
I LIKE EATING.
THIS BEING *DARES* TO DINE ON THE *BIRDHOUNDS* OF McMAUL...

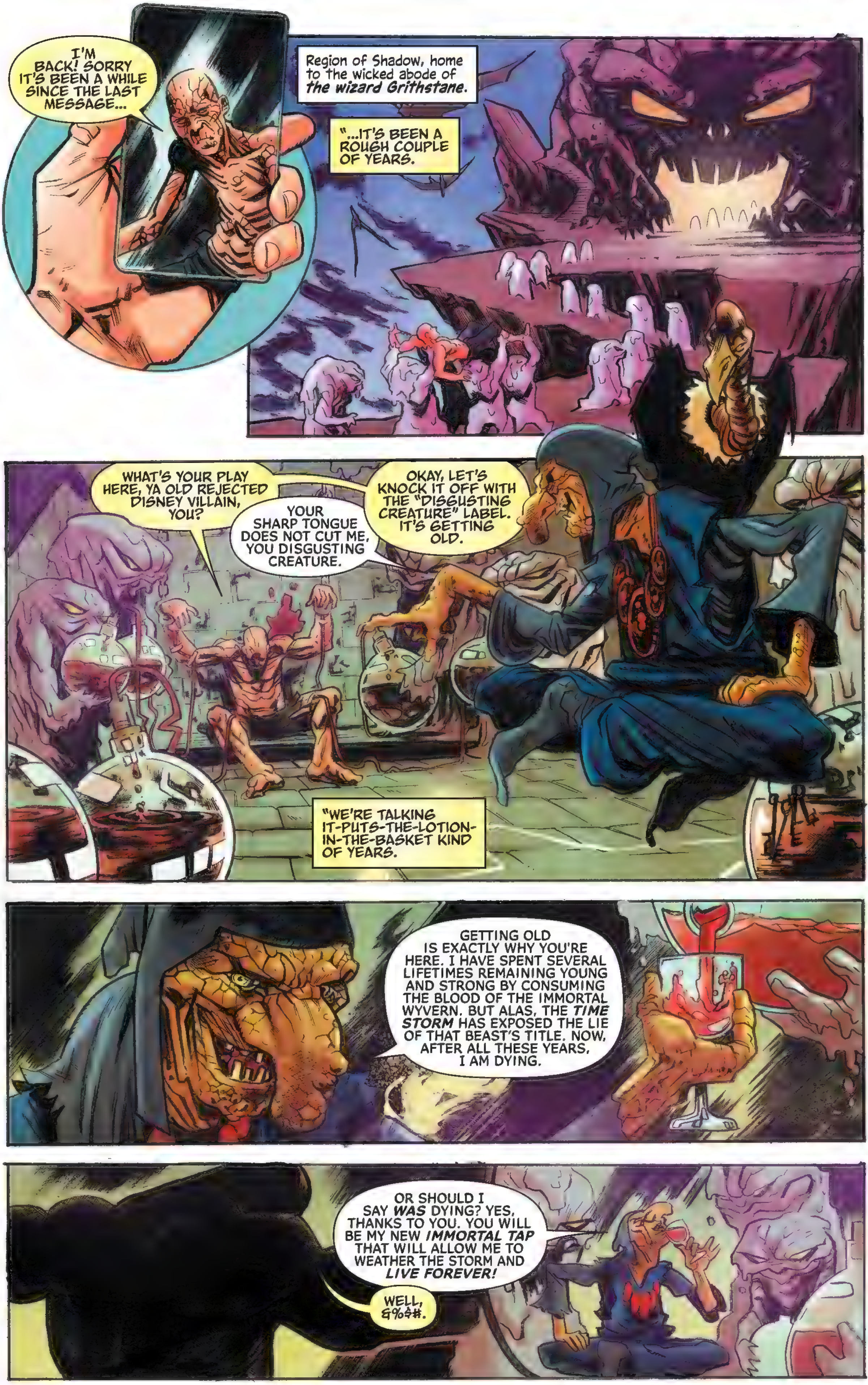

...THE SACRED ANIMAL OF *THE SHELLVES*.
WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF BEFORE YOU *DIE* FOR THIS BLASPHEMY?
I'M GONNA BE HONEST, YOU'VE CAUGHT ME A BIT OFF GUARD. I JUST RECENTLY FULLY REGENERATED AND AM NOT PREPARED TO GIVE ANY KIND OF WITTY BACK-AND-FORTH WITH A FOE.

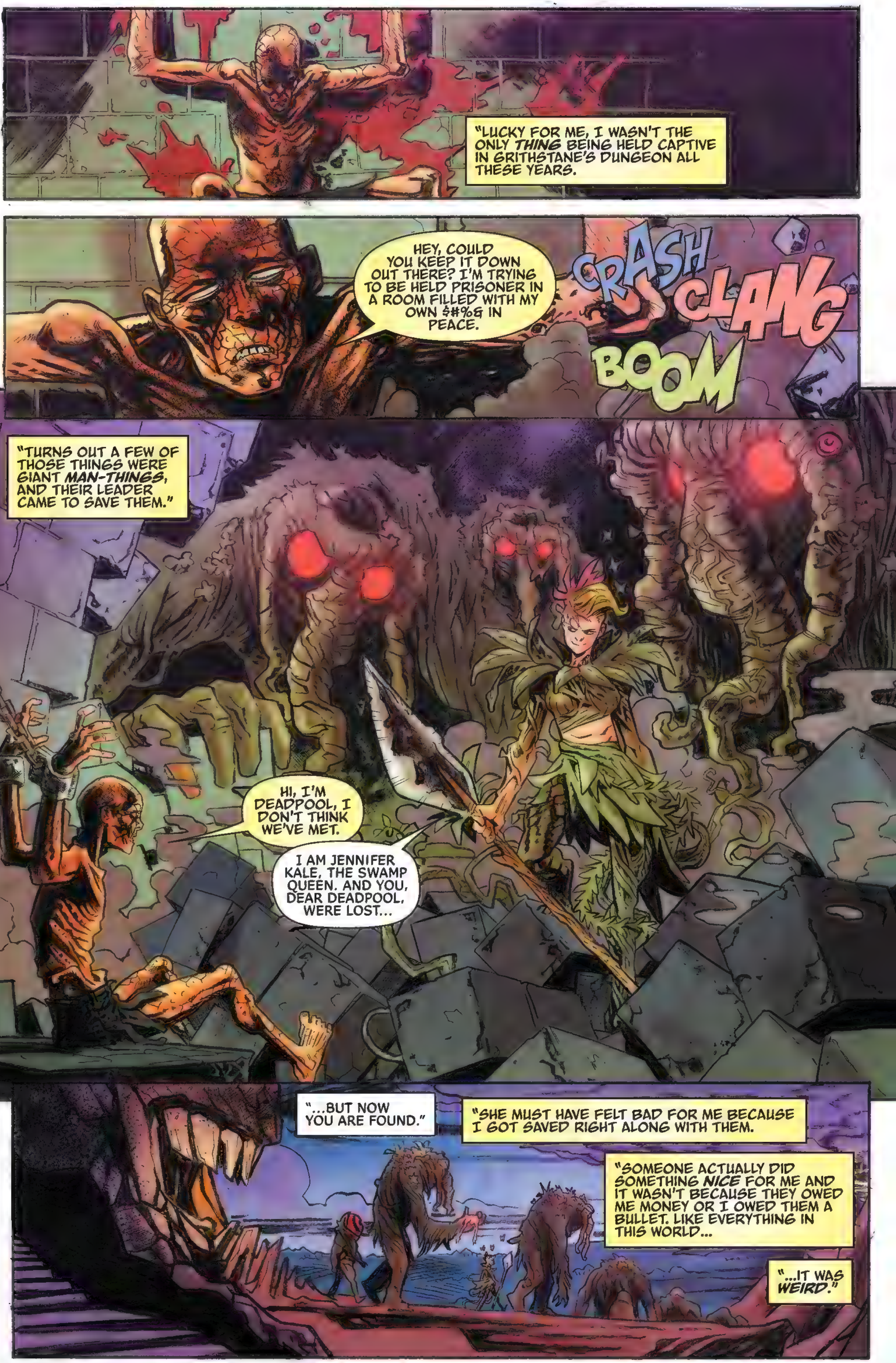

ALSO, AS YOU CAN SEE, I'M SUPER NAKED...

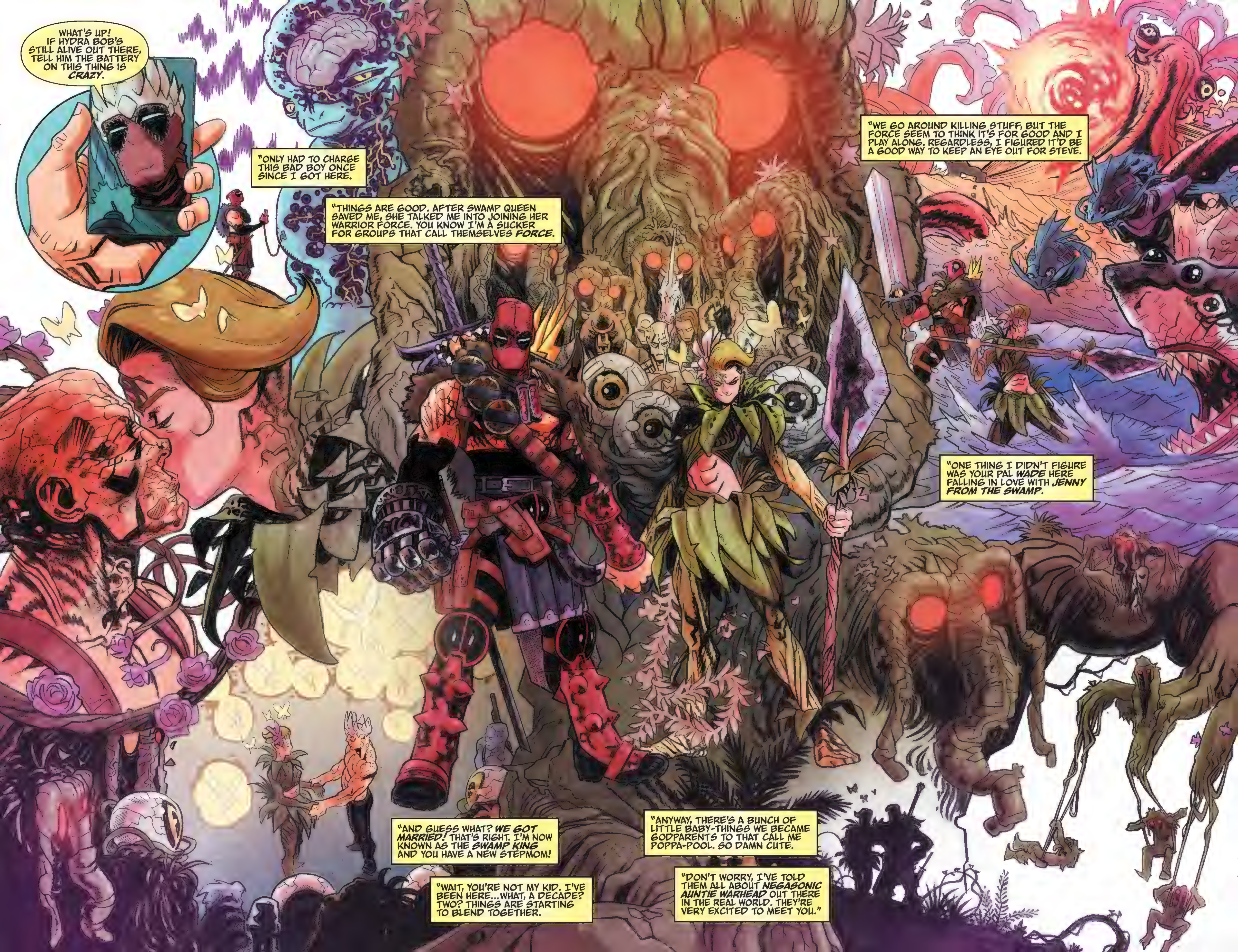

...AND *AFRAID* I'M NOT IN A POSITION TO DO ANY OF MY USUAL SLICEY-DICEY SEEING AS YOU'VE GOT ALL MY SLICEY-DICEY TOOLS.
AND SINCE YOU'RE RECORDING THIS, I'D LIKE TO SAY TO WHOEVER MAY SEE THIS...*NEGASONIC TEENAGE PLEASE GET YOUR WARHEAD DOWN HERE AND SAVE ME IF YOU GET THIS MESSAGE!*
HA HA HA HA HA!
AFTER I GO DOWN THERE AND GET HIM OUT OF THIS, WE'RE TALKING ABOUT A RAISE.
NO, NO. YOU'RE NOT GOING DOWN THERE.
ARE YOU...
...*TOUCHING* ME RIGHT NOW?
SORRY, MY BAD. I--I'M JUST SAYING...
...DP KNEW WEIRD-WORLD WOULD GET A LITTLE...*WEIRD*. THAT'S WHY WE HAVE THE *CODE WORD*.
HE JUST ASKED ME TO COME GET HIM.
BUT NO *CODE WORD*. TRUST ME. HE WILL BE *VERY* UPSET IF YOU EXTRACT HIM BEFORE THE JOB'S DONE. THIS IS TOO MUCH MONEY.
FINE. WE'LL WATCH THE REST OF THESE TO MAKE SURE HE HASN'T USED THE DUMB CODE WORD.
CAN WE WATCH THE "I'M NAKED AND AFRAID" ONE AG--
NO.
OKAY.

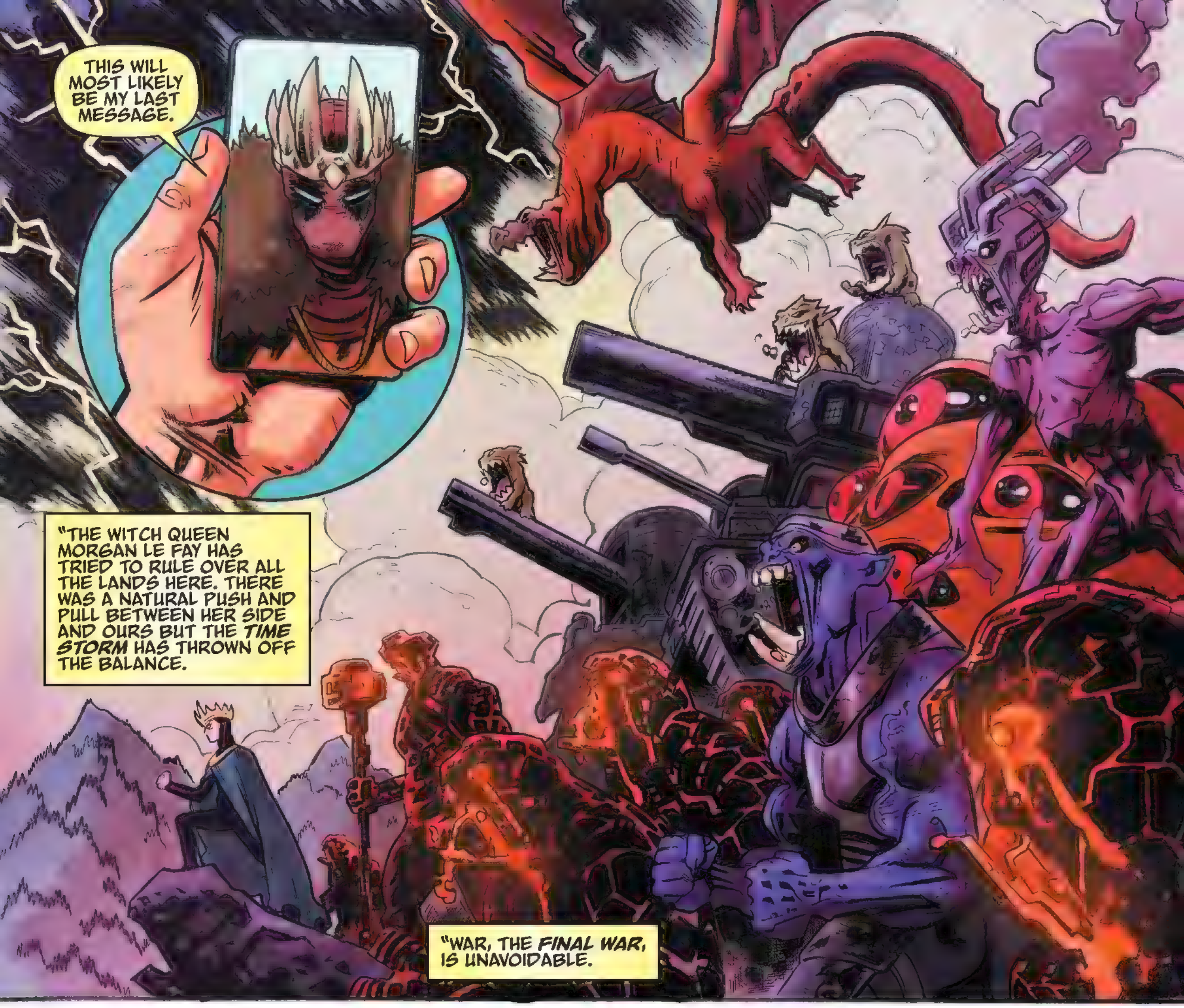

HEY, I'M STILL ALIVE! I IMAGINE I'VE BEEN HERE A FEW YEARS NOW, HARD TO TELL HOW THIS *DUMP* DEALS WITH TIME.
THIS MAY COME AS A SURPRISE, BUT I HAVE MADE A FEW ENEMIES AROUND HERE...
SHLUNK
YOU ARE A DISGUSTING CREATURE, AND I, *ARKON OF POLEMACHUS*, WILL RID THIS WORLD OF YOU.
YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT WORDS HAVE A LOT OF POWER AND THEY HURT WHEN YOU USE THEM AGAINST OTHERS.
NOT AS BAD AS THIS *BIG #$%& SWORD* IN MY GUTS, BUT STILL, NOT VERY NICE.
BEE-TEE-DUBS...HAVE YOU SEEN OR HEARD ANYTHING ABOUT THIS GUY STEVE BUCHANAN?
"...DON'T WORRY, I'VE MANAGED TO MAKE A FEW FRIENDS, TOO.
*HA HA HA*, MY FRIEND. IT SEEMS LIKE JUST YESTERDAY I WAS IMPALING YOU ON MY SWORD.
"OKAY, MAYBE ONE. I MADE *ONE* FRIEND.
YOU ARE A DISGUSTING CREATURE!
SHHHH. SHUT YOUR DUMB FIRE FACE, I'M ON A MISSION!
*YOU ARE A DISGUSTING CREATURE!*
I SAID THE SAME THING.
"WE'RE NOT FRIENDS ANYMORE."

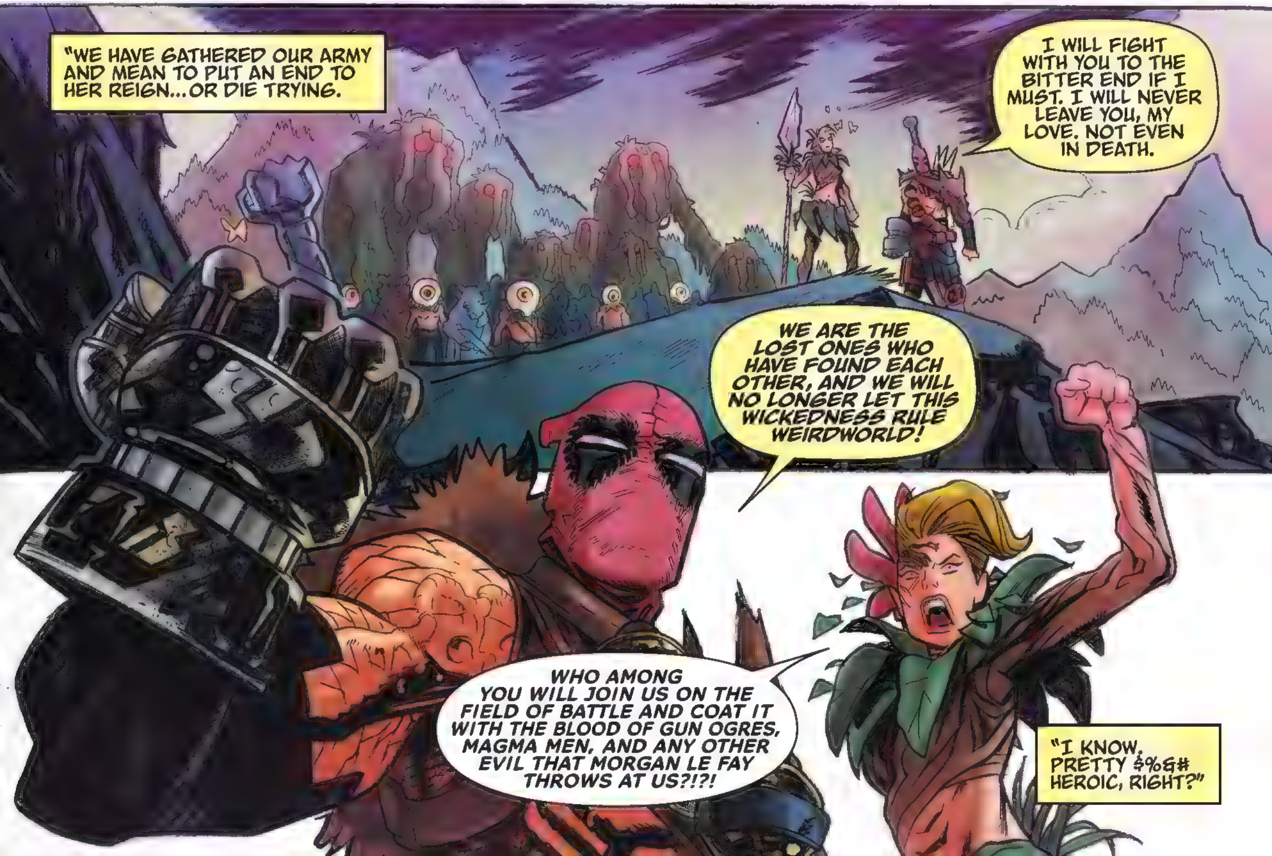

THE ONLY THING I HATE MORE THAN THE YEARS I'VE BEEN STUCK IN *WEIRDWORLD* LOOKING FOR STEVE IS THAT I'M GETTING USED TO IT AND I'M NOT SURE I REMEMBER WHY I HATE IT.
THAT'S &$#% UP, RIGHT?
WANTED
Dead Or Very Dead
"DON'T GET ME WRONG, IT HASN'T BEEN ALL SUNSHINE AND LOLLIPOPS. AFTER A WHILE I WENT FROM HUNTING TO HUNTED...
"...SO I FIGURED IT WAS TIME TO SUIT UP SO IT'D BE A LITTLE HARDER TO RECOGNIZE ME.
"FELT GOOD TO PULL THE MASK BACK DOWN. LIKE SOMETHING IN THIS BIZARRE PLACE WAS NORMAL AGAIN..."
LET'S BREAK DOWN HOW SIMPLE MANNERS WORK. I SAY, "HEY, HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GUY?" AND YOU REPLY, "I'M SORRY, GOOD SIR, BUT IT SEEMS YOU DIDN'T NOTICE I'M A *MOLE TROLL* AND DON'T DO THE *SEEING* THING SO WELL."
BUT NOOOOO. YOU CHOSE "I'M OFFENDED AND NOW I GOTTA PULL YOUR GUTS OUT WITH MY BIG DUMB CLAWS." NO CLASS.
AND LET ME TELL YOU, I HAVE REALLY PUT THIS HEALING FACTOR IMMORTALITY THING TO THE TEST TIME AND TIME AGAIN AND IT HAS *PASSED* WITH FLYING COLORS.
SIGNING OFF FOR TODAY. OH YEAH... *COME SAVE ME!*
HMM, DID YOU HEAR THAT, NIRONUS? AT LONG LAST, THE MAGIC MIRROR SPOKE THE TRUTH. I THINK I'VE FOUND WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR.

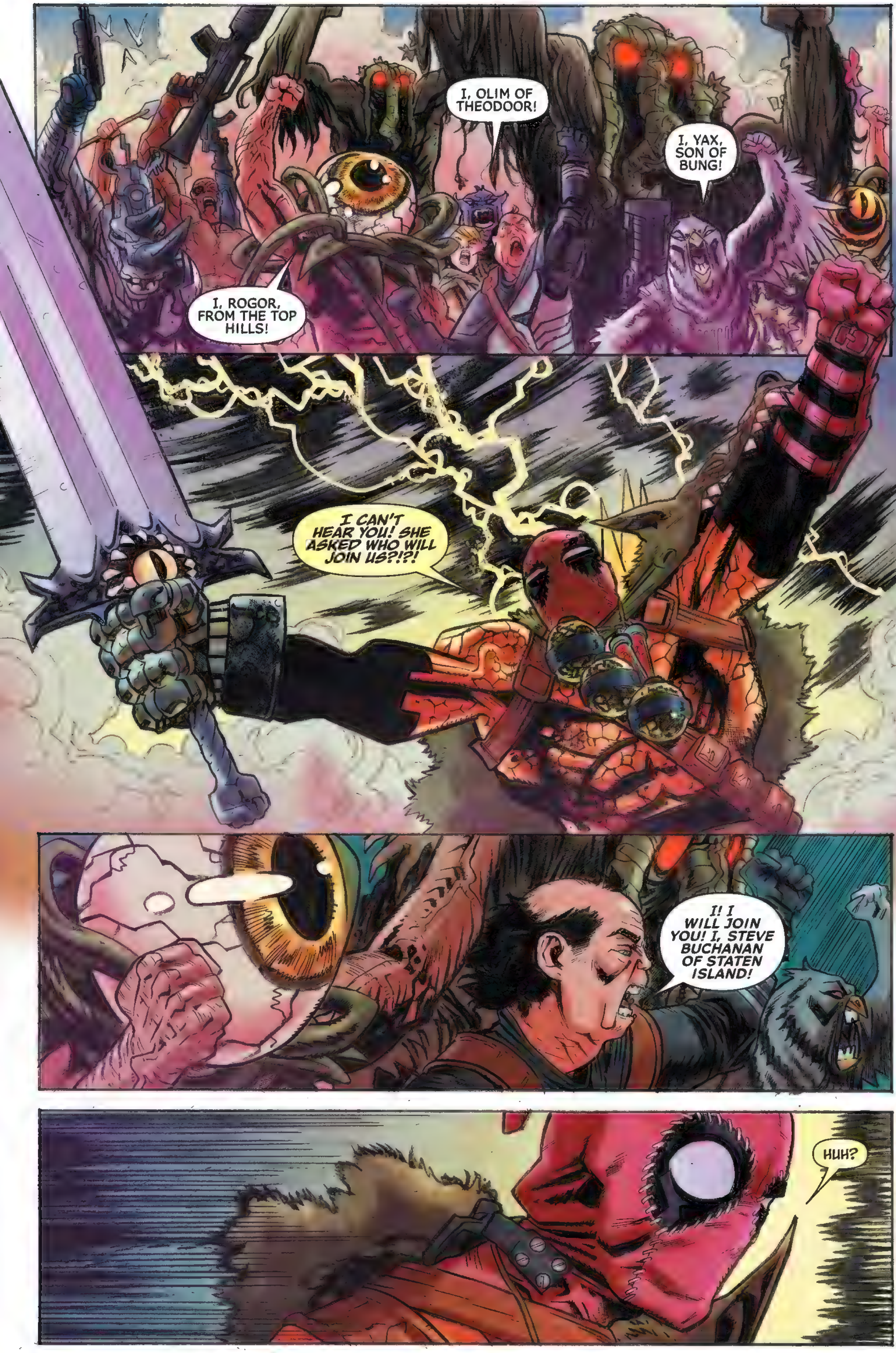

I'M BACK! SORRY IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE THE LAST MESSAGE...
Region of Shadow, home to the wicked abode of ***the wizard Grithstane.***
"...IT'S BEEN A ROUGH COUPLE OF YEARS.
WHAT'S YOUR PLAY HERE, YA OLD REJECTED DISNEY VILLAIN, YOU?
YOUR SHARP TONGUE DOES NOT CUT ME, YOU DISGUSTING CREATURE.
OKAY, LET'S KNOCK IT OFF WITH THE "DISGUSTING CREATURE" LABEL. IT'S GETTING OLD.
"WE'RE TALKING IT-PUTS-THE-LOTION-IN-THE-BASKET KIND OF YEARS.
GETTING OLD IS EXACTLY WHY YOU'RE HERE. I HAVE SPENT SEVERAL LIFETIMES REMAINING YOUNG AND STRONG BY CONSUMING THE BLOOD OF THE IMMORTAL WYVERN. BUT ALAS, THE *TIME STORM* HAS EXPOSED THE LIE OF THAT BEAST'S TITLE. NOW, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, I AM DYING.
OR SHOULD I SAY *WAS* DYING? YES, THANKS TO YOU. YOU WILL BE MY NEW *IMMORTAL TAP* THAT WILL ALLOW ME TO WEATHER THE STORM AND *LIVE FOREVER!*
WELL, &%$#.

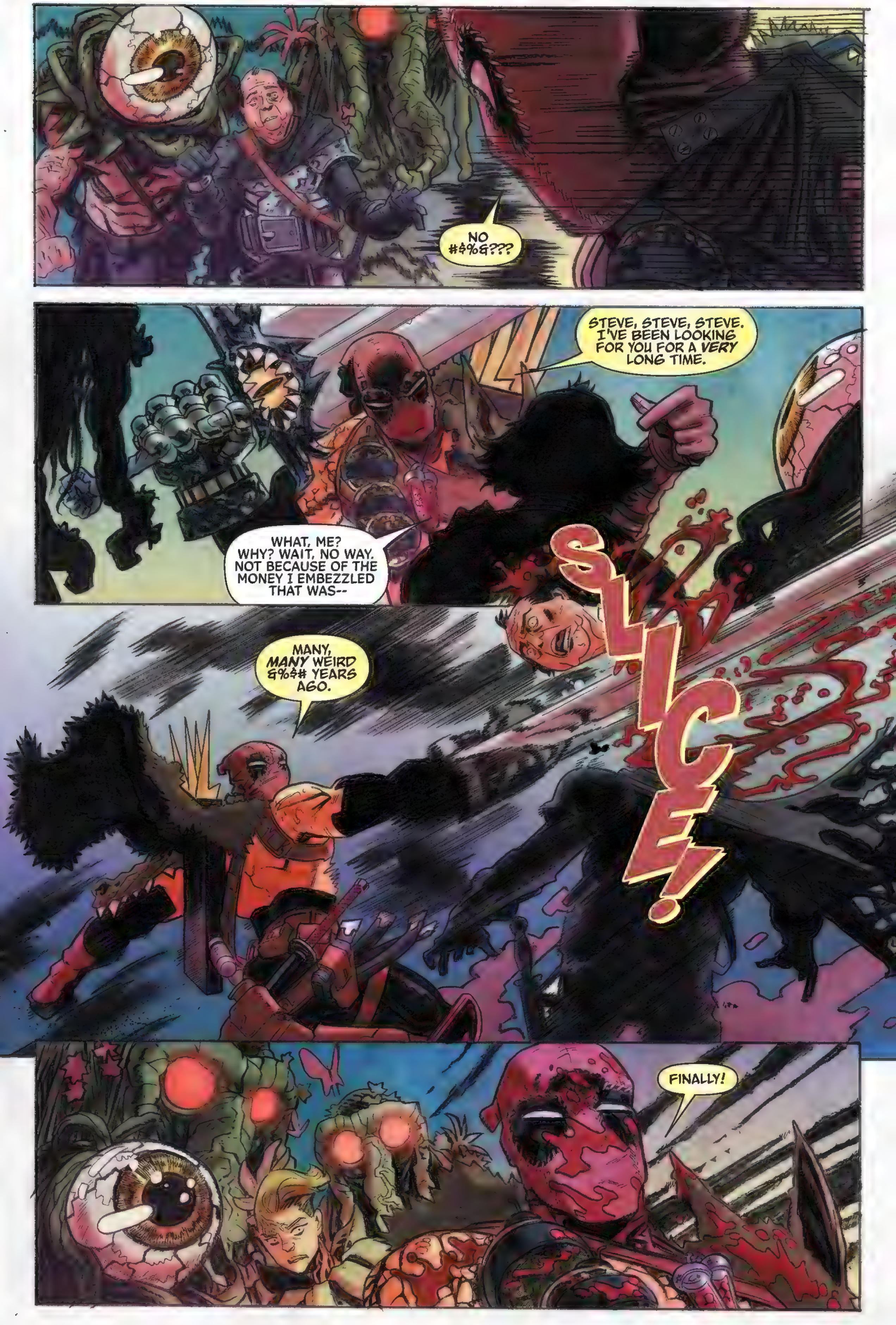

"LUCKY FOR ME, I WASN'T THE ONLY *THING* BEING HELD CAPTIVE IN GRITHSTANE'S DUNGEON ALL THESE YEARS.
HEY, COULD YOU KEEP IT DOWN OUT THERE? I'M TRYING TO BE HELD PRISONER IN A ROOM FILLED WITH MY OWN $#%& IN PEACE.
CRASH
CLANG
BOOM
"TURNS OUT A FEW OF THOSE THINGS WERE GIANT *MAN-THINGS*, AND THEIR LEADER CAME TO SAVE THEM."
HI, I'M DEADPOOL, I DON'T THINK WE'VE MET.
I AM JENNIFER KALE, THE SWAMP QUEEN. AND YOU, DEAR DEADPOOL, WERE LOST...
"...BUT NOW YOU ARE FOUND."
"SHE MUST HAVE FELT BAD FOR ME BECAUSE I GOT SAVED RIGHT ALONG WITH THEM.
"SOMEONE ACTUALLY DID SOMETHING *NICE* FOR ME AND IT WASN'T BECAUSE THEY OWED ME MONEY OR I OWED THEM A BULLET. LIKE EVERYTHING IN THIS WORLD...
"...IT WAS *WEIRD*."

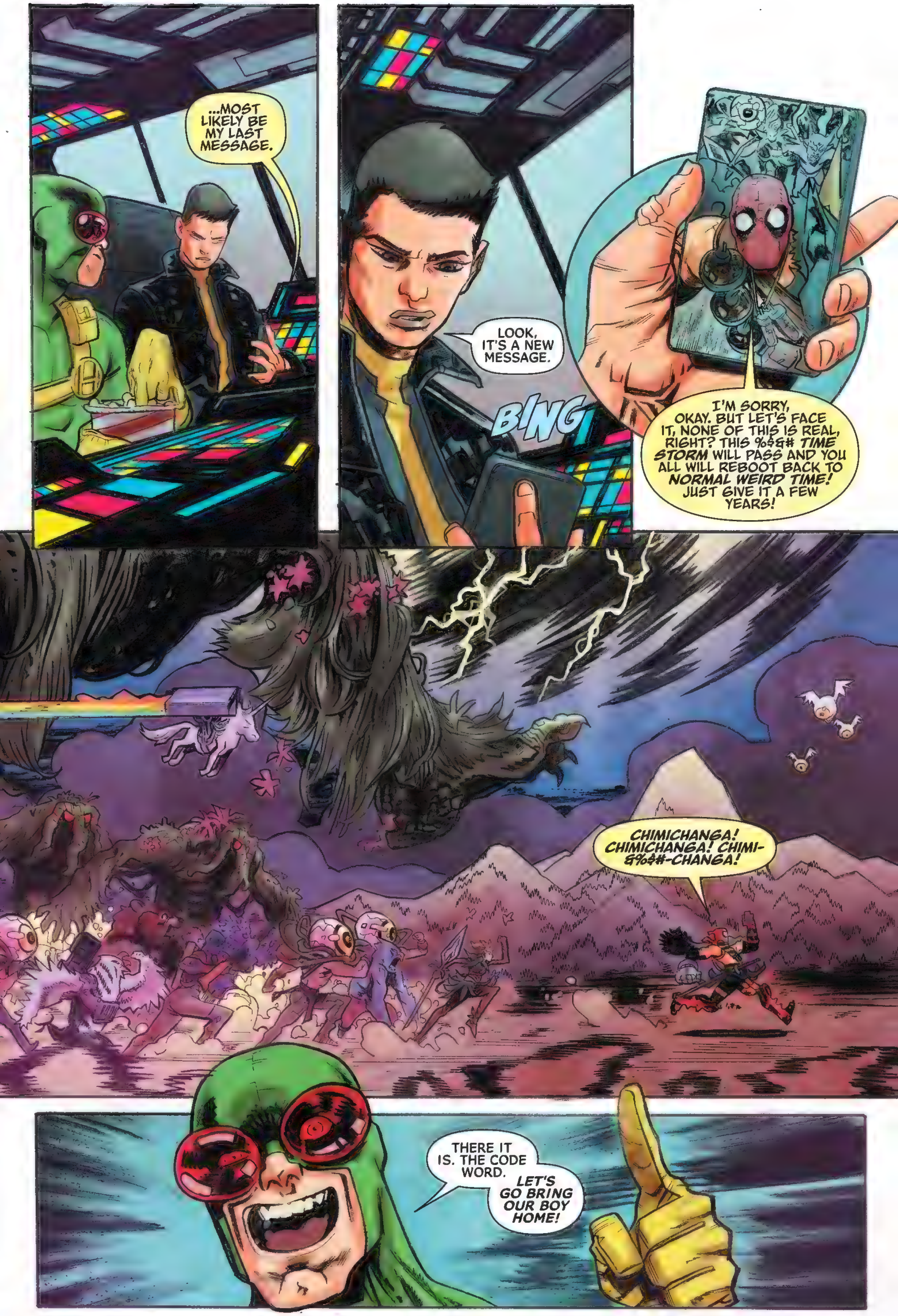

WHAT'S UP! IF HYDRA BOB'S STILL ALIVE OUT THERE, TELL HIM THE BATTERY ON THIS THING IS *CRAZY*.
"ONLY HAD TO CHARGE THIS BAD BOY ONCE SINCE I GOT HERE.
"THINGS ARE GOOD. AFTER SWAMP QUEEN SAVED ME, SHE TALKED ME INTO JOINING HER WARRIOR FORCE. YOU KNOW I'M A SUCKER FOR GROUPS THAT CALL THEMSELVES ***FORCE***.
"WE GO AROUND KILLING STUFF, BUT THE FORCE SEEM TO THINK IT'S FOR GOOD AND I PLAY ALONG. REGARDLESS, I FIGURED IT'D BE A GOOD WAY TO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR STEVE.
"ONE THING I DIDN'T FIGURE WAS YOUR PAL ***WADE*** HERE FALLING IN LOVE WITH ***JENNY FROM THE SWAMP***.
"AND GUESS WHAT? ***WE GOT MARRIED!*** THAT'S RIGHT. I'M NOW KNOWN AS THE ***SWAMP KING*** AND YOU HAVE A NEW STEPMOM!
"WAIT, YOU'RE NOT MY KID. I'VE BEEN HERE...WHAT, A DECADE? TWO? THINGS ARE STARTING TO BLEND TOGETHER.
"ANYWAY, THERE'S A BUNCH OF LITTLE BABY-THINGS WE BECAME GODPARENTS TO THAT CALL ME POPPA-POOL. SO DAMN CUTE.
"DON'T WORRY, I'VE TOLD THEM ALL ABOUT ***NEGASONIC AUNTIE WARHEAD*** OUT THERE IN THE REAL WORLD. THEY'RE VERY EXCITED TO MEET YOU."

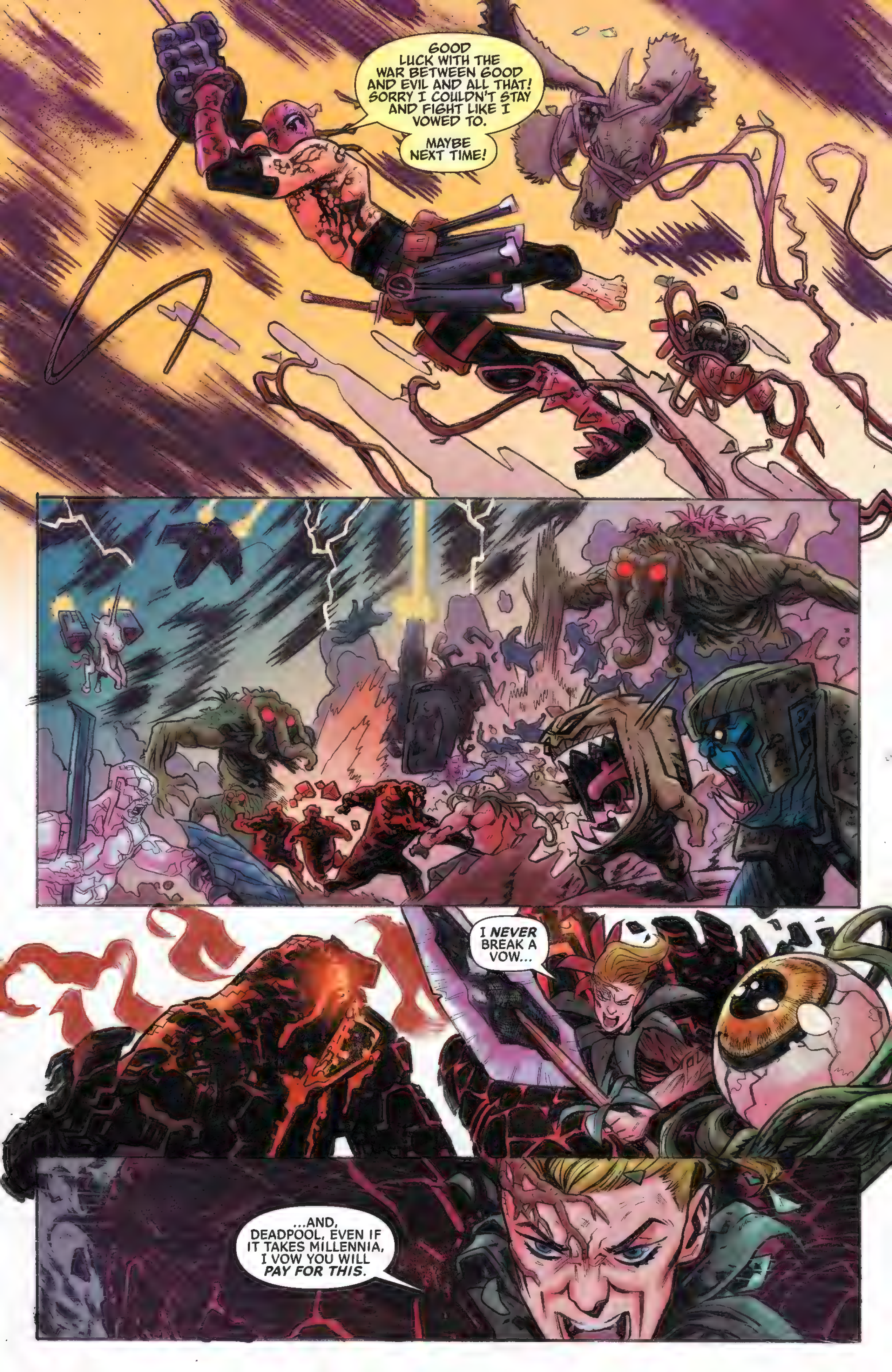

THIS WILL MOST LIKELY BE MY LAST MESSAGE.
"THE WITCH QUEEN MORGAN LE FAY HAS TRIED TO RULE OVER ALL THE LANDS HERE. THERE WAS A NATURAL PUSH AND PULL BETWEEN HER SIDE AND OURS BUT THE *TIME STORM* HAS THROWN OFF THE BALANCE.
"WAR, THE *FINAL WAR*, IS UNAVOIDABLE.

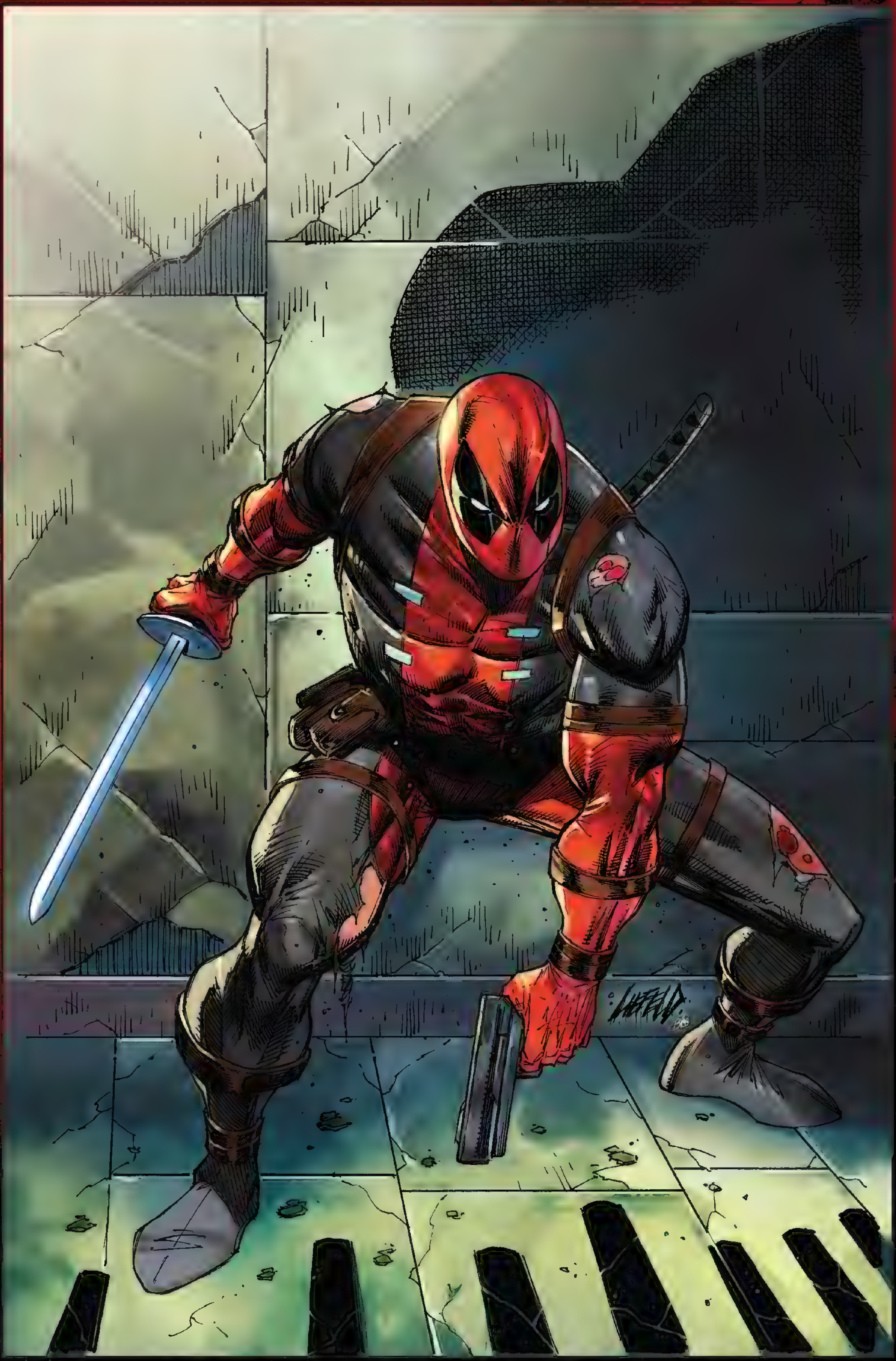

"WE HAVE GATHERED OUR ARMY AND MEAN TO PUT AN END TO HER REIGN...OR DIE TRYING.
I WILL FIGHT WITH YOU TO THE BITTER END IF I MUST. I WILL NEVER LEAVE YOU, MY LOVE. NOT EVEN IN DEATH.
*WE ARE THE LOST ONES WHO HAVE FOUND EACH OTHER, AND WE WILL NO LONGER LET THIS WICKEDNESS RULE WEIRDWORLD!*
*WHO AMONG YOU WILL JOIN US ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE AND COAT IT WITH THE BLOOD OF GUN OGRES, MAGMA MEN, AND ANY OTHER EVIL THAT MORGAN LE FAY THROWS AT US?!?!*
"I KNOW. PRETTY $%&# HEROIC, RIGHT?"


I, OLIM OF THEODOOR!
I, YAX, SON OF BUNG!
I, ROGOR, FROM THE TOP HILLS!
I CAN'T HEAR YOU! SHE ASKED WHO WILL JOIN US?!?!
I! I WILL JOIN YOU! I, STEVE BUCHANAN OF STATEN ISLAND!
HUH?


NO #$%&???
STEVE, STEVE, STEVE. I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU FOR A *VERY* LONG TIME.
WHAT, ME? WHY? WAIT, NO WAY. NOT BECAUSE OF THE MONEY I EMBEZZLED THAT WAS--
SLICE!
MANY, *MANY* WEIRD &%$# YEARS AGO.
FINALLY!


...MOST LIKELY BE MY LAST MESSAGE.
LOOK, IT'S A NEW MESSAGE.
BING
I'M SORRY, OKAY. BUT LET'S FACE IT, NONE OF THIS IS REAL, RIGHT? THIS %$&# *TIME STORM* WILL PASS AND YOU ALL WILL REBOOT BACK TO *NORMAL WEIRD TIME!* JUST GIVE IT A FEW YEARS!
*CHIMICHANGA! CHIMICHANGA! CHIMI-&%$#-CHANGA!*
THERE IT IS. THE CODE WORD.
*LET'S GO BRING OUR BOY HOME!*

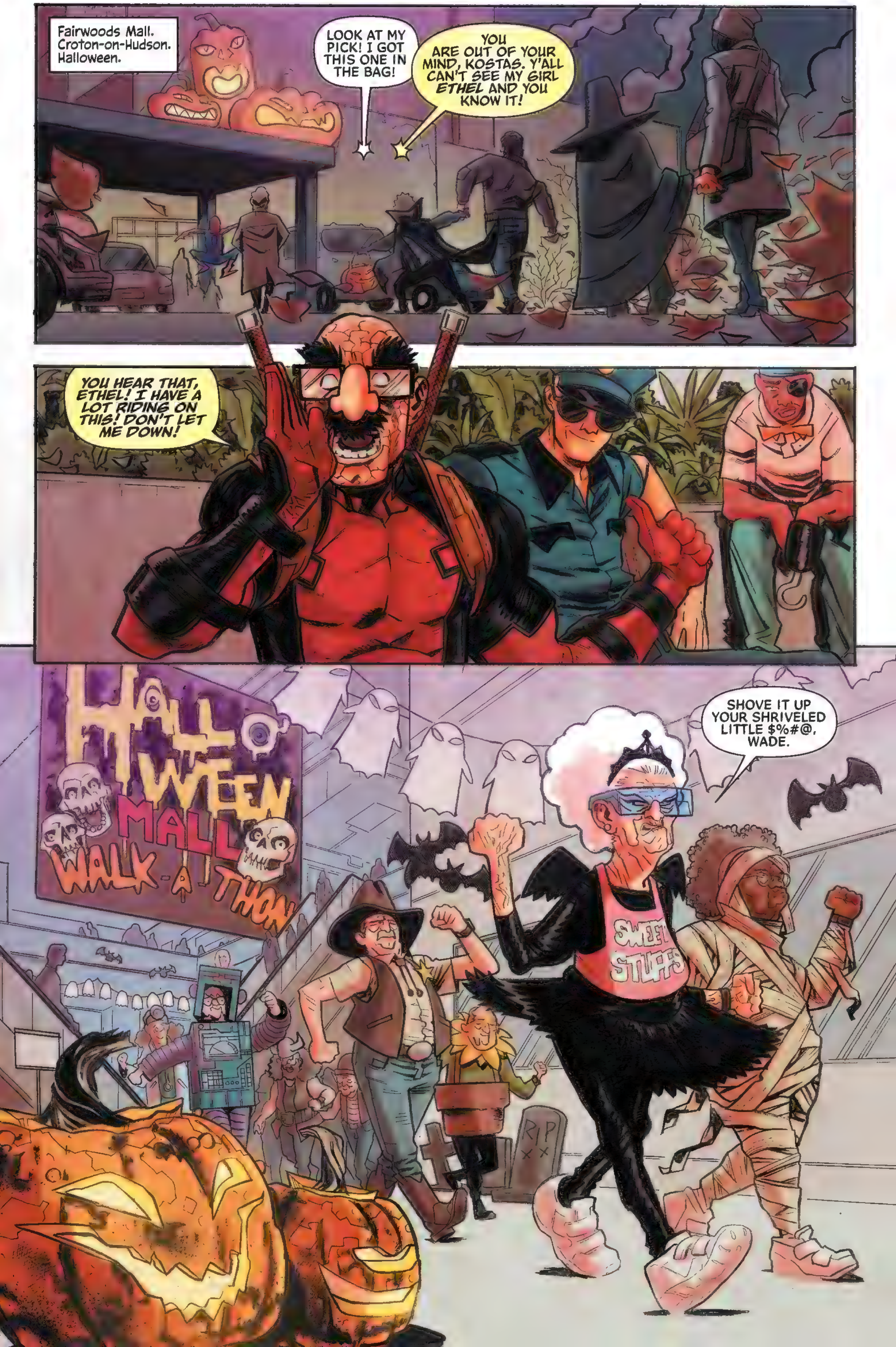

GOOD LUCK WITH THE WAR BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL AND ALL THAT! SORRY I COULDN'T STAY AND FIGHT LIKE I VOWED TO.
MAYBE NEXT TIME!
I *NEVER* BREAK A VOW...
...AND, DEADPOOL, EVEN IF IT TAKES MILLENNIA, I VOW YOU WILL *PAY FOR THIS*.

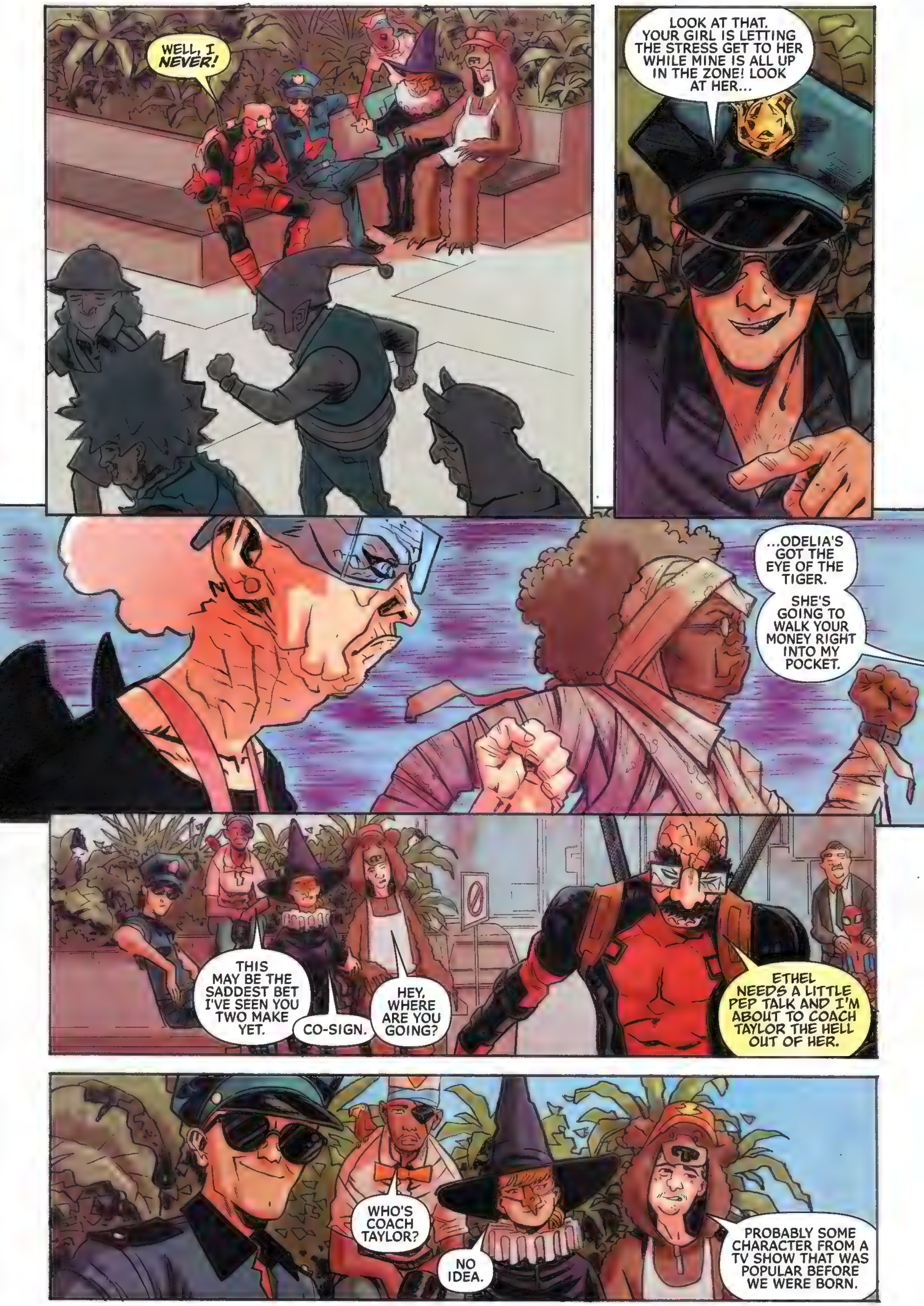


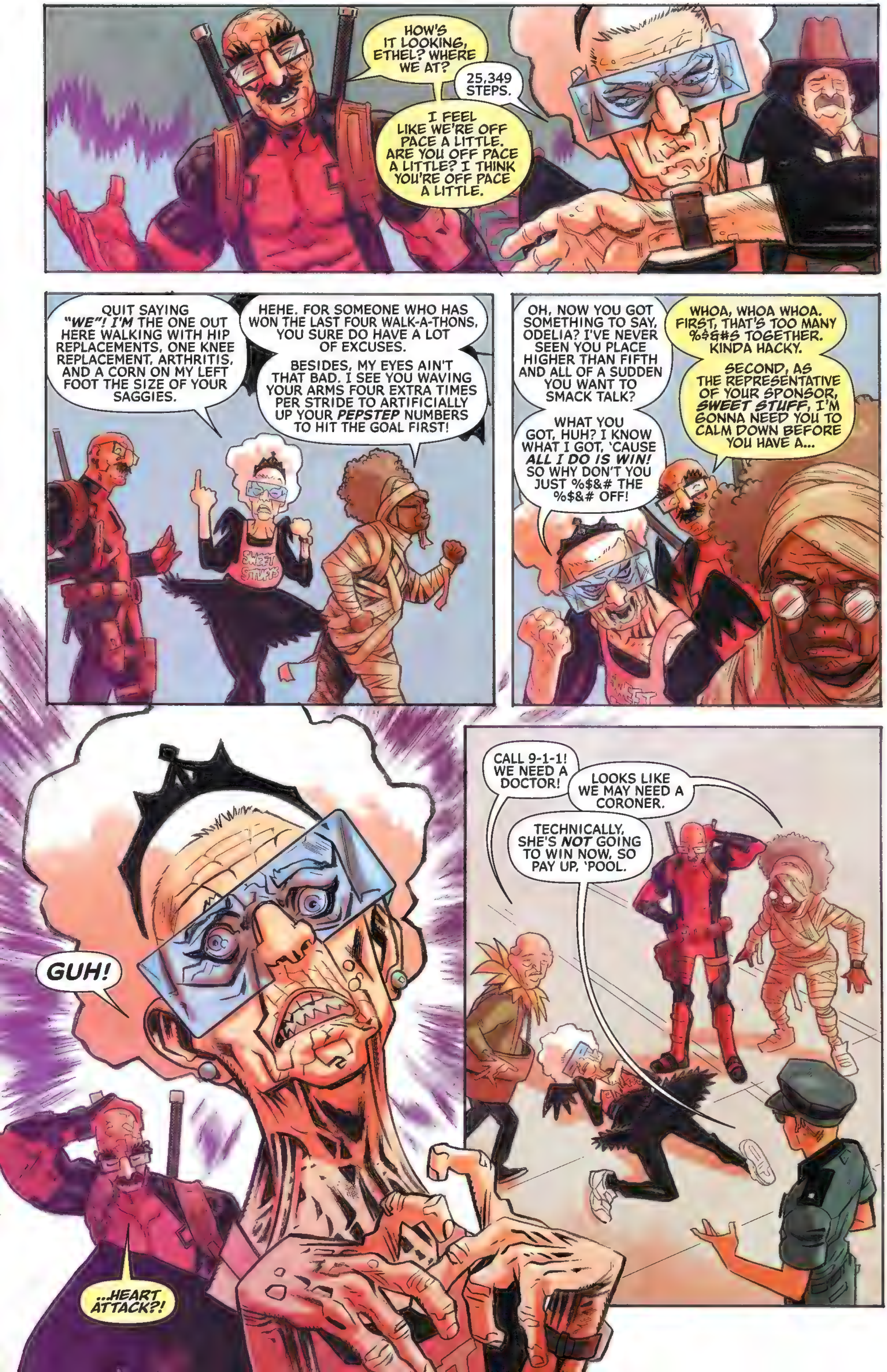
DEADPOOL #1 VARIANT BY ROB LIEFELD & FEDERICO BLEE

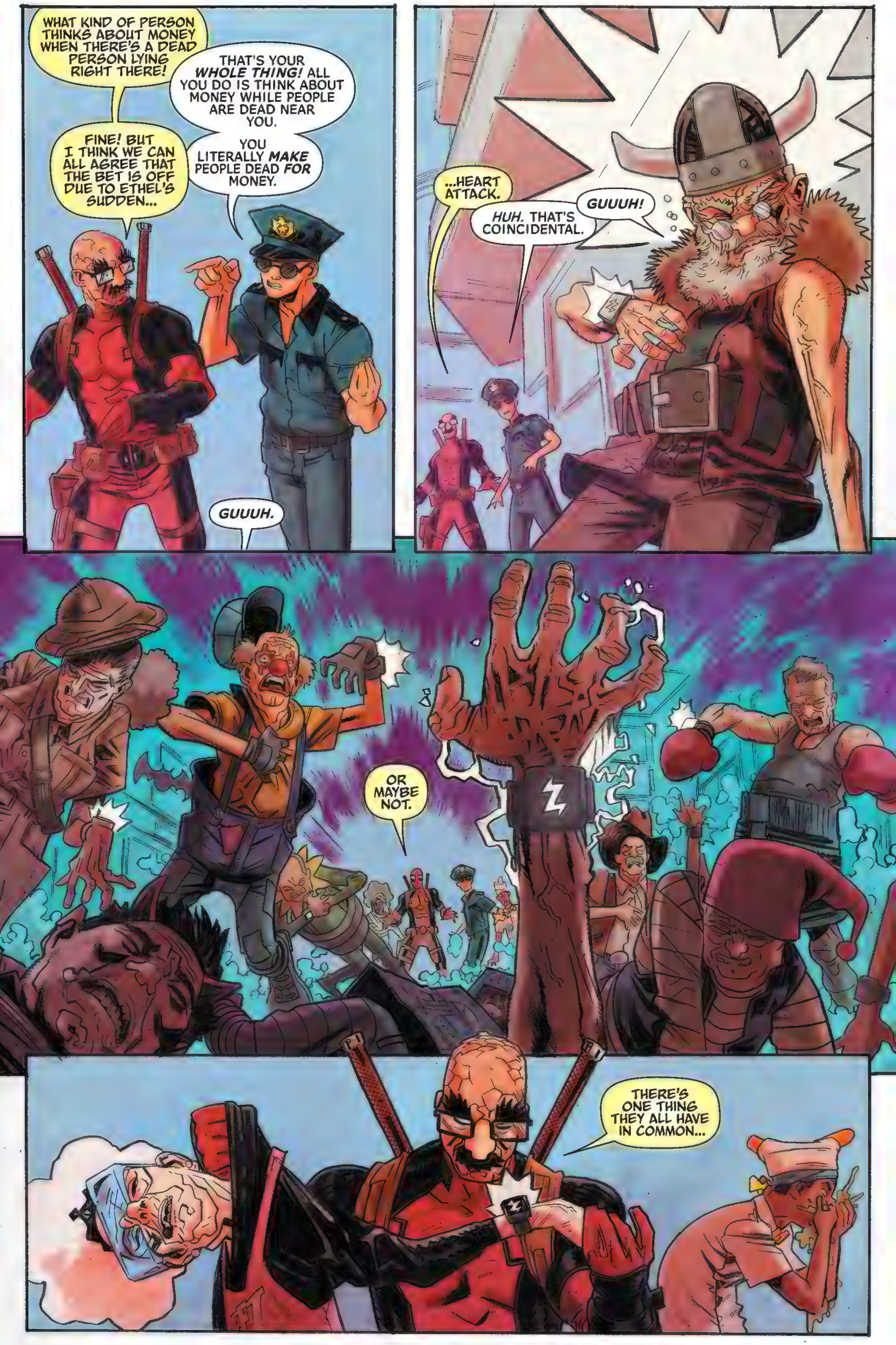
PEEL HERE
DEADPOOL™
TRICK OR TREAT
N 2018
WRECKLESS WADE

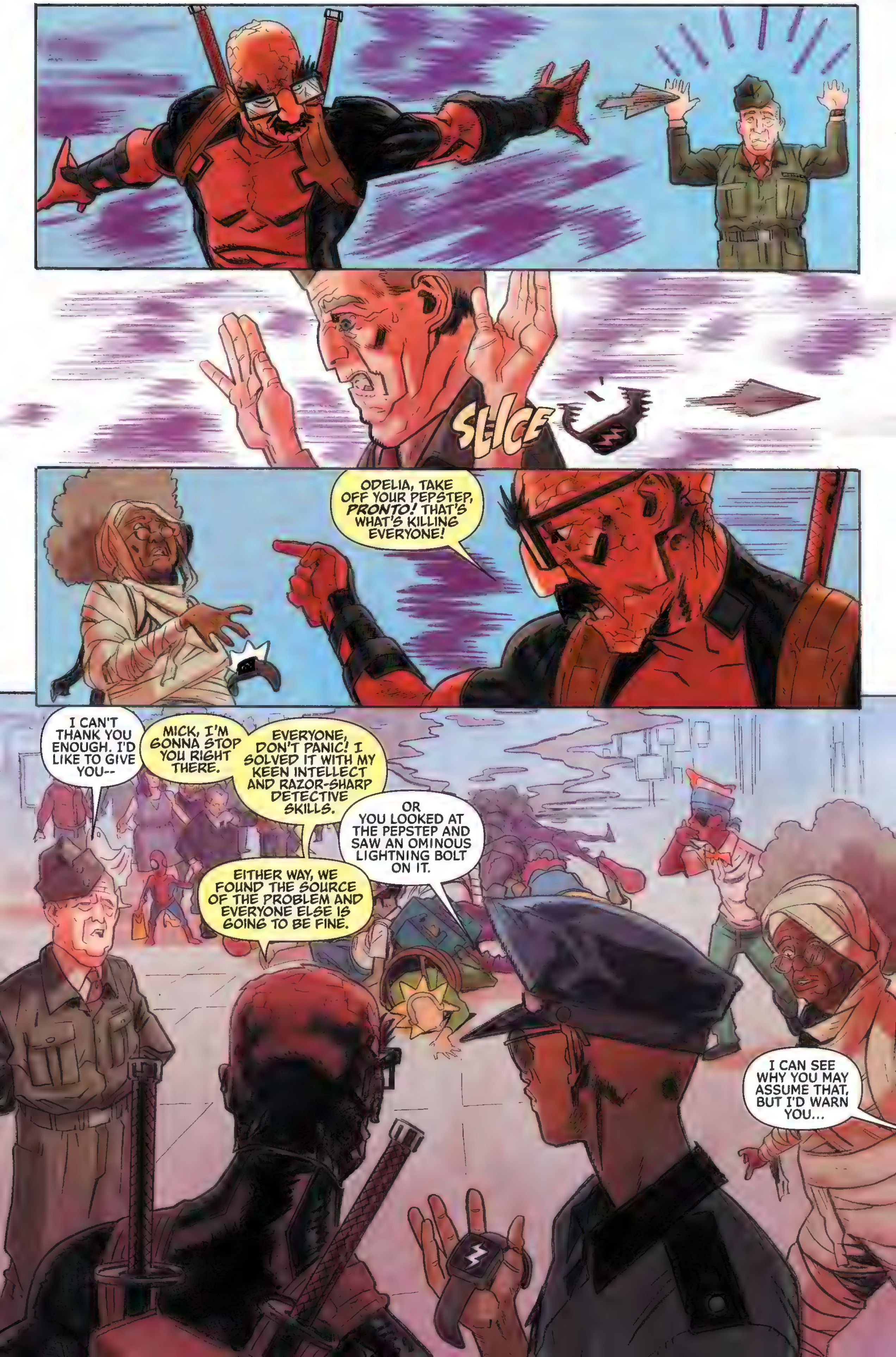
#5

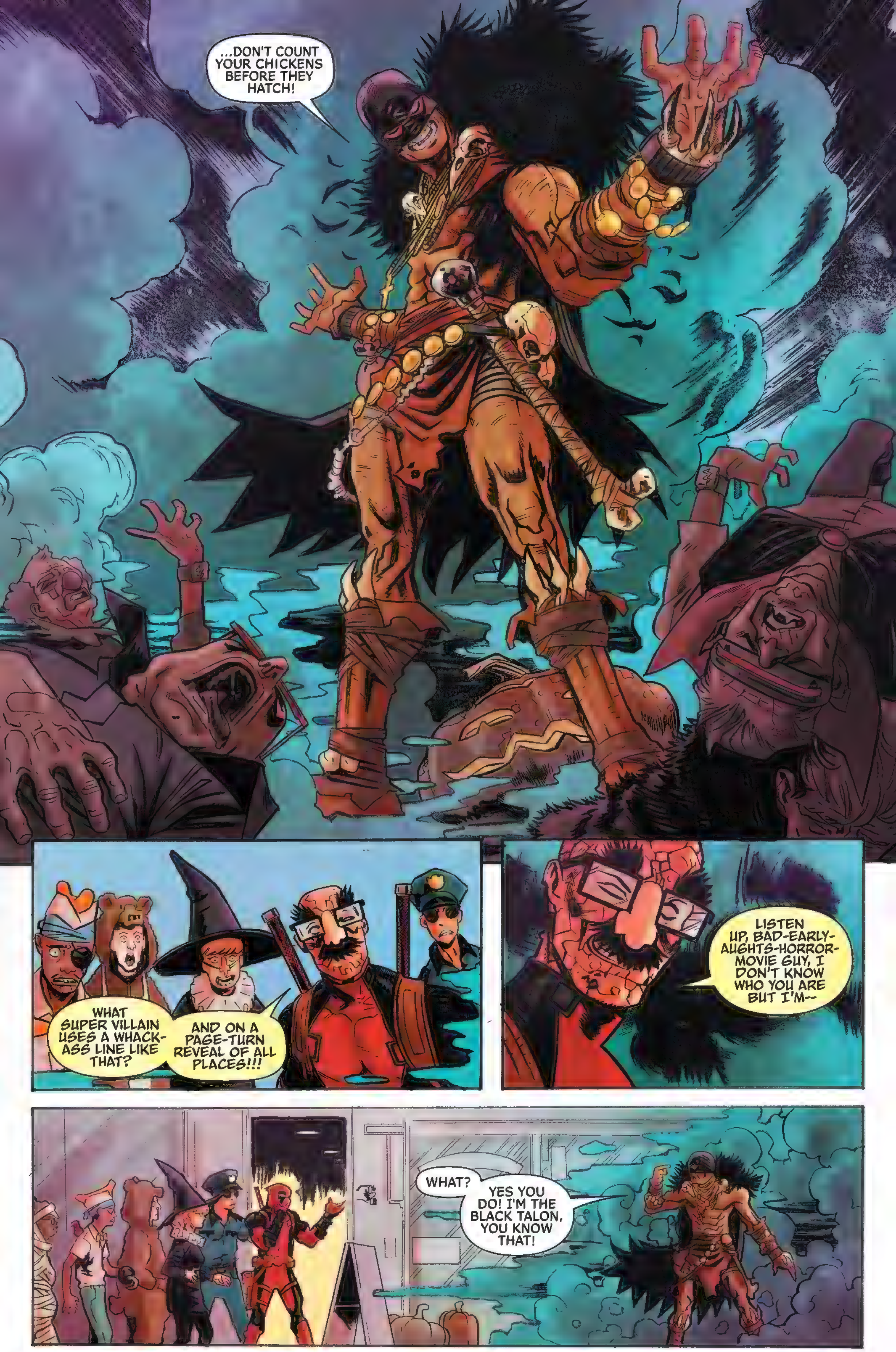

Fairwoods Mall. Croton-on-Hudson. Halloween.
LOOK AT MY PICK! I GOT THIS ONE IN THE BAG!
YOU ARE OUT OF YOUR MIND, KOSTAS. Y'ALL CAN'T SEE MY GIRL *ETHEL* AND YOU KNOW IT!
*YOU HEAR THAT, ETHEL! I HAVE A LOT RIDING ON THIS! DON'T LET ME DOWN!*
HALLOWEEN MALL WALK-A-THON
SHOVE IT UP YOUR SHRIVELED LITTLE $%#@, WADE.
SWEET STUFFS
RIP

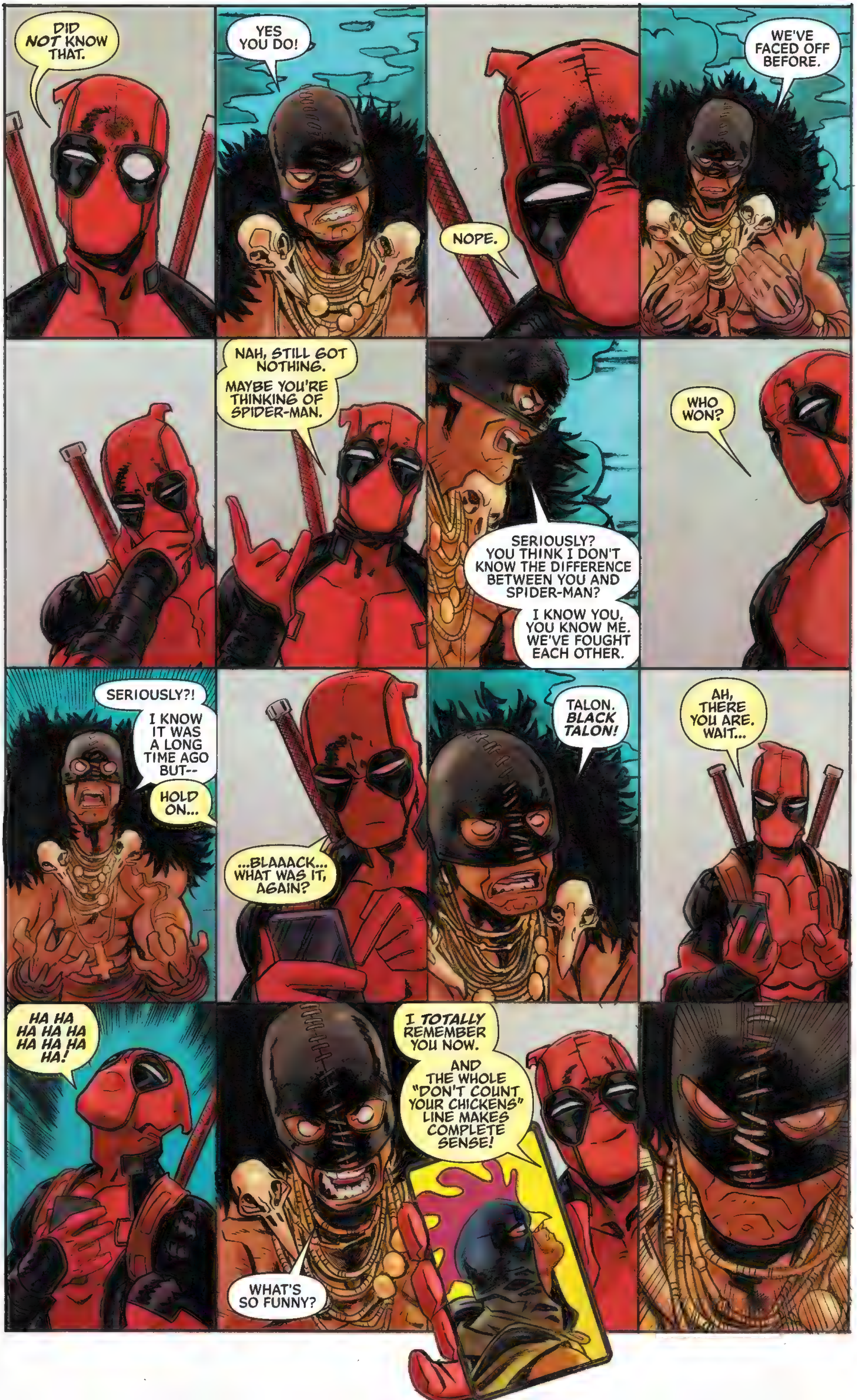

WELL, I *NEVER!*
LOOK AT THAT. YOUR GIRL IS LETTING THE STRESS GET TO HER WHILE MINE IS ALL UP IN THE ZONE! LOOK AT HER...
...ODELIA'S GOT THE EYE OF THE TIGER.
SHE'S GOING TO WALK YOUR MONEY RIGHT INTO MY POCKET.
THIS MAY BE THE SADDEST BET I'VE SEEN YOU TWO MAKE YET.
CO-SIGN.
HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
ETHEL NEEDS A LITTLE PEP TALK AND I'M ABOUT TO COACH TAYLOR THE HELL OUT OF HER.
WHO'S COACH TAYLOR?
NO IDEA.
PROBABLY SOME CHARACTER FROM A TV SHOW THAT WAS POPULAR BEFORE WE WERE BORN.

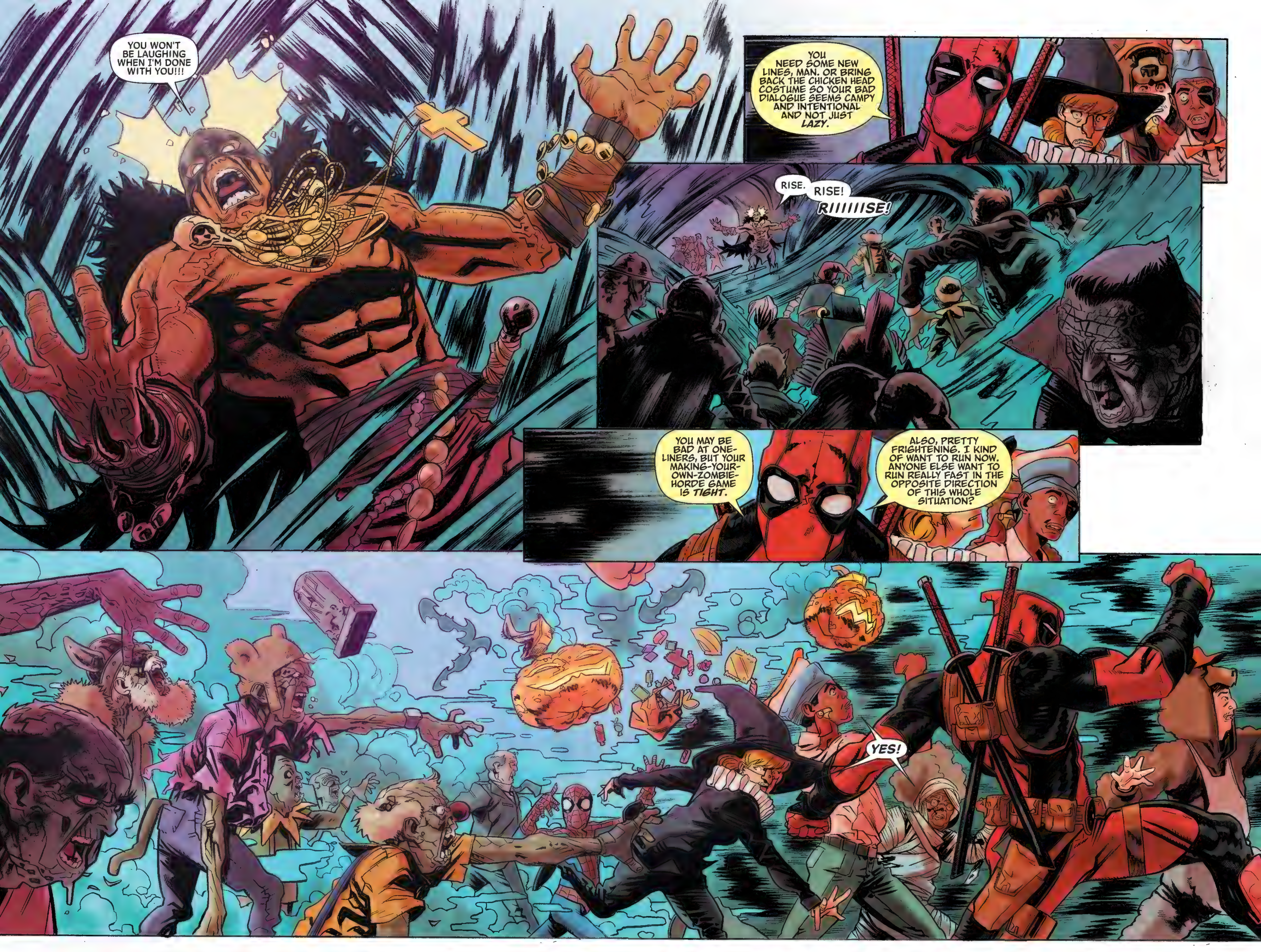

HOW'S IT LOOKING, ETHEL? WHERE WE AT?
25,349 STEPS.
I FEEL LIKE WE'RE OFF PACE A LITTLE. ARE YOU OFF PACE A LITTLE? I THINK YOU'RE OFF PACE A LITTLE.
QUIT SAYING *"WE"! I'M* THE ONE OUT HERE WALKING WITH HIP REPLACEMENTS, ONE KNEE REPLACEMENT, ARTHRITIS, AND A CORN ON MY LEFT FOOT THE SIZE OF YOUR SAGGIES.
HEHE. FOR SOMEONE WHO HAS WON THE LAST FOUR WALK-A-THONS, YOU SURE DO HAVE A LOT OF EXCUSES.
BESIDES, MY EYES AIN'T THAT BAD. I SEE YOU WAVING YOUR ARMS FOUR EXTRA TIMES PER STRIDE TO ARTIFICIALLY UP YOUR *PEPSTEP* NUMBERS TO HIT THE GOAL FIRST!
SWEET STUFFS
OH, NOW YOU GOT SOMETHING TO SAY, ODELIA? I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU PLACE HIGHER THAN FIFTH AND ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU WANT TO SMACK TALK?
WHAT YOU GOT, HUH? I KNOW WHAT I GOT, 'CAUSE ***ALL I DO IS WIN!*** SO WHY DON'T YOU JUST %$&# THE %$&# OFF!
WHOA, WHOA WHOA. FIRST, THAT'S TOO MANY %$&#S TOGETHER. KINDA HACKY.
SECOND, AS THE REPRESENTATIVE OF YOUR SPONSOR, ***SWEET STUFF***, I'M GONNA NEED YOU TO CALM DOWN BEFORE YOU HAVE A...
***GUH!***
***...HEART ATTACK?!***
CALL 9-1-1! WE NEED A DOCTOR!
LOOKS LIKE WE MAY NEED A CORONER.
TECHNICALLY, SHE'S ***NOT*** GOING TO WIN NOW, SO PAY UP, 'POOL.

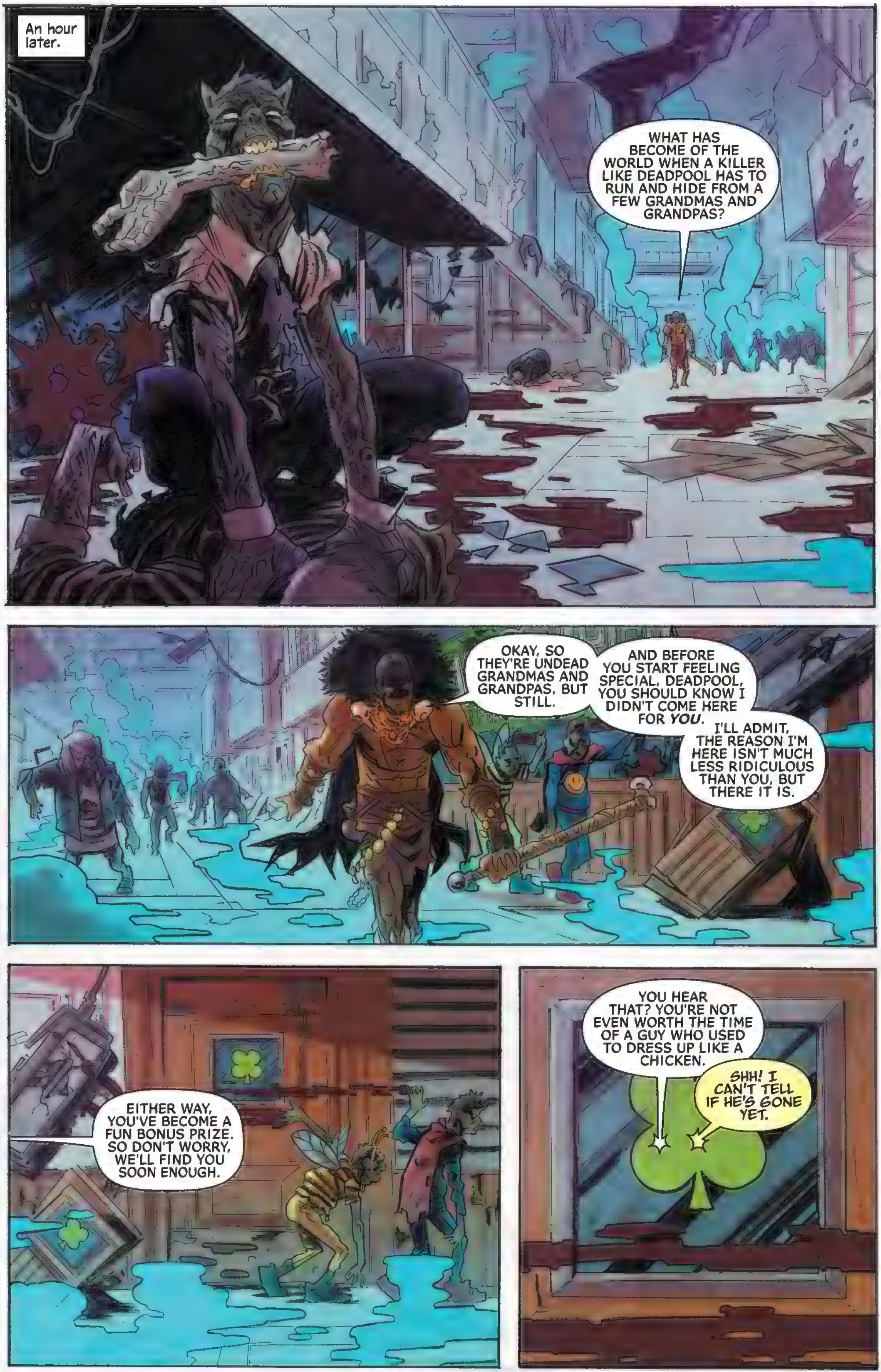

WHAT KIND OF PERSON THINKS ABOUT MONEY WHEN THERE'S A DEAD PERSON LYING RIGHT THERE!
THAT'S YOUR *WHOLE THING!* ALL YOU DO IS THINK ABOUT MONEY WHILE PEOPLE ARE DEAD NEAR YOU.
FINE! BUT I THINK WE CAN ALL AGREE THAT THE BET IS OFF DUE TO ETHEL'S SUDDEN...
YOU LITERALLY *MAKE* PEOPLE DEAD *FOR* MONEY.
*GUUUH.*
...HEART ATTACK.
*HUH.* THAT'S COINCIDENTAL.
*GUUUH!*
OR MAYBE NOT.
THERE'S ONE THING THEY ALL HAVE IN COMMON...

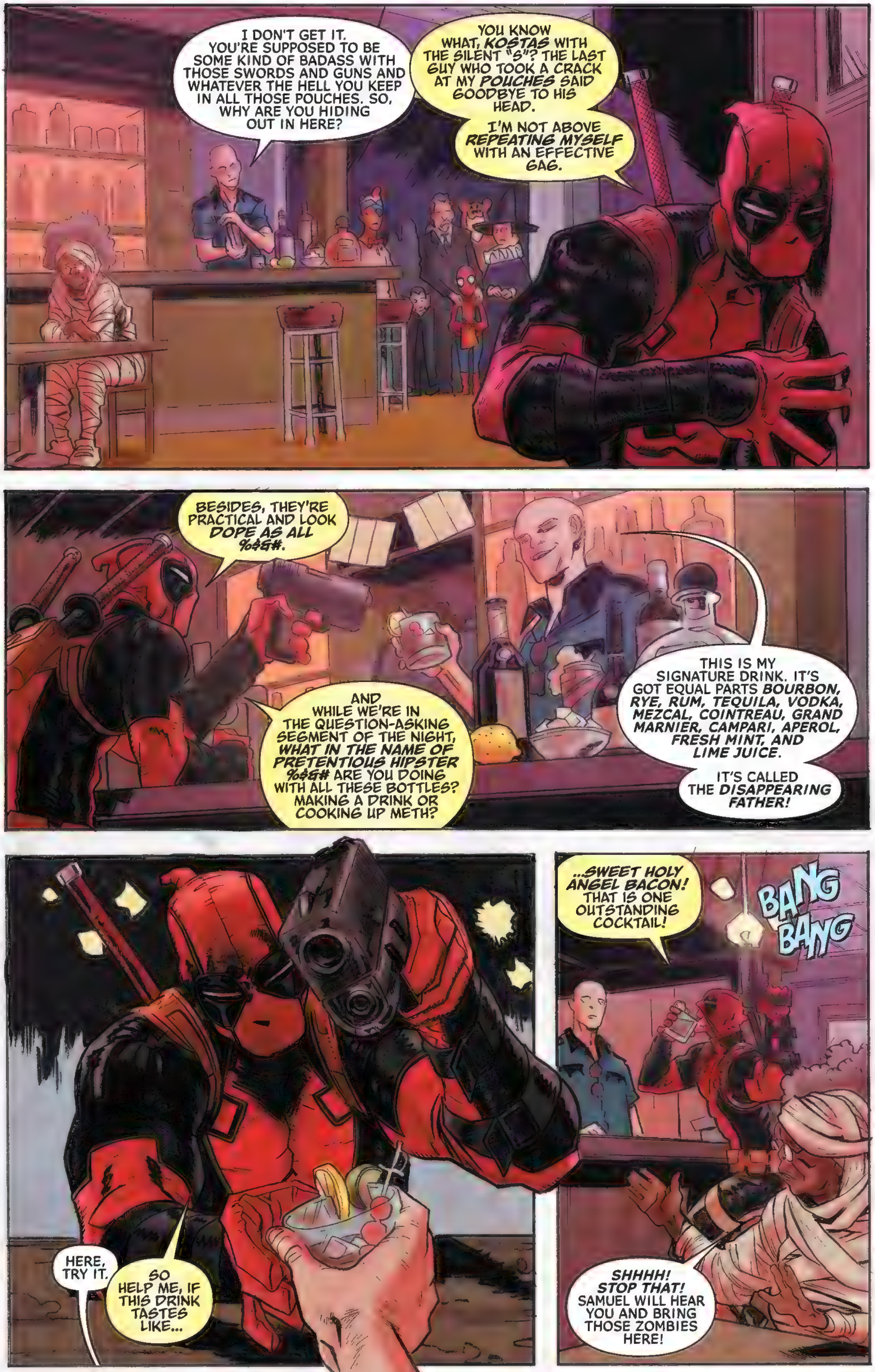

SLICE
ODELIA, TAKE OFF YOUR PEPSTEP, *PRONTO!* THAT'S WHAT'S KILLING EVERYONE!
I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH. I'D LIKE TO GIVE YOU--
MICK, I'M GONNA STOP YOU RIGHT THERE.
EVERYONE, DON'T PANIC! I SOLVED IT WITH MY KEEN INTELLECT AND RAZOR-SHARP DETECTIVE SKILLS.
OR YOU LOOKED AT THE PEPSTEP AND SAW AN OMINOUS LIGHTNING BOLT ON IT.
EITHER WAY, WE FOUND THE SOURCE OF THE PROBLEM AND EVERYONE ELSE IS GOING TO BE FINE.
I CAN SEE WHY YOU MAY ASSUME THAT, BUT I'D WARN YOU...

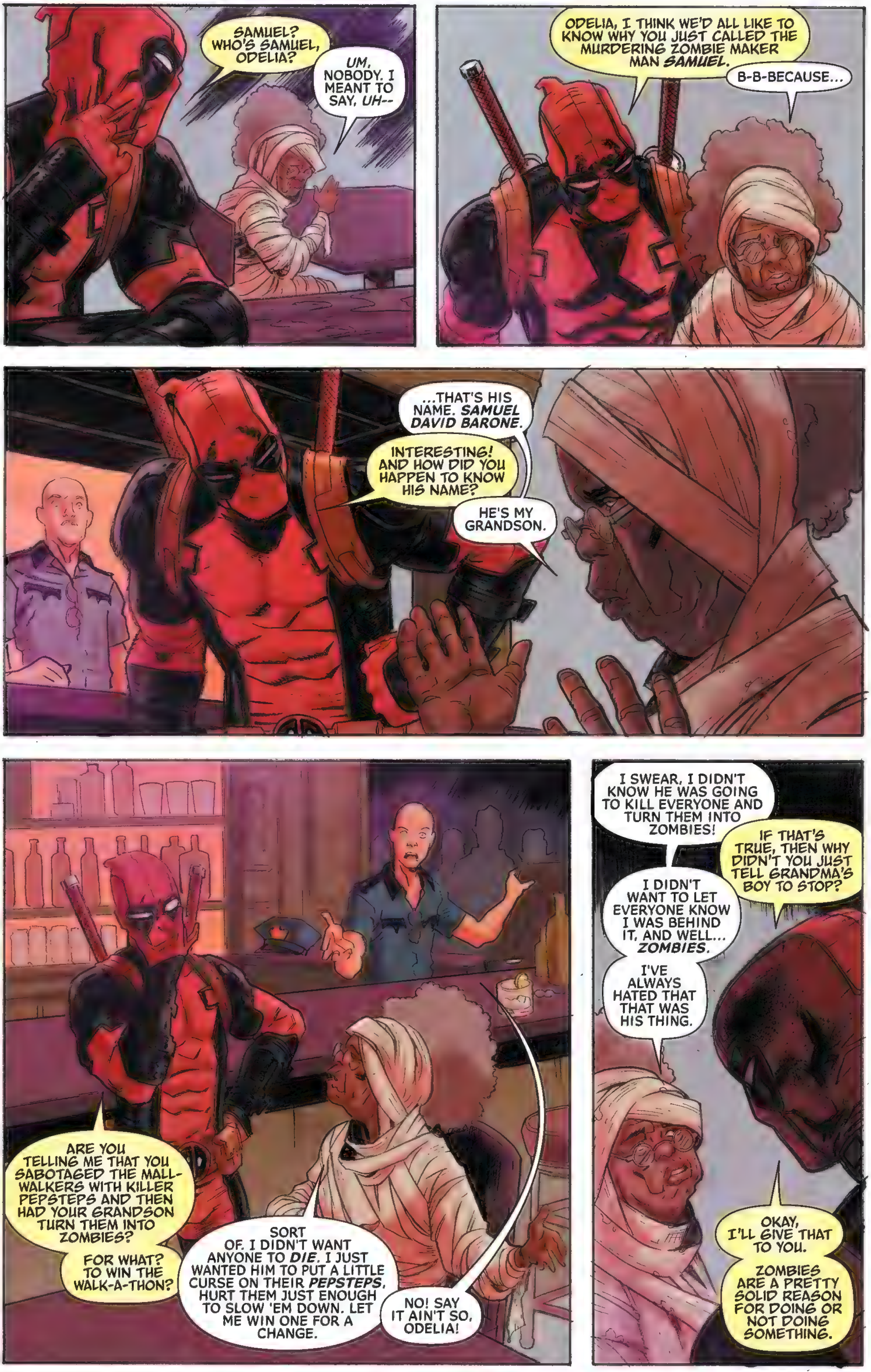

...DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS BEFORE THEY HATCH!
WHAT SUPER VILLAIN USES A WHACK-ASS LINE LIKE THAT?
AND ON A PAGE-TURN REVEAL OF ALL PLACES!!!
LISTEN UP, BAD-EARLY-AUGHTS-HORROR-MOVIE GUY, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE BUT I'M--
WHAT?
YES YOU DO! I'M THE BLACK TALON, YOU KNOW THAT!

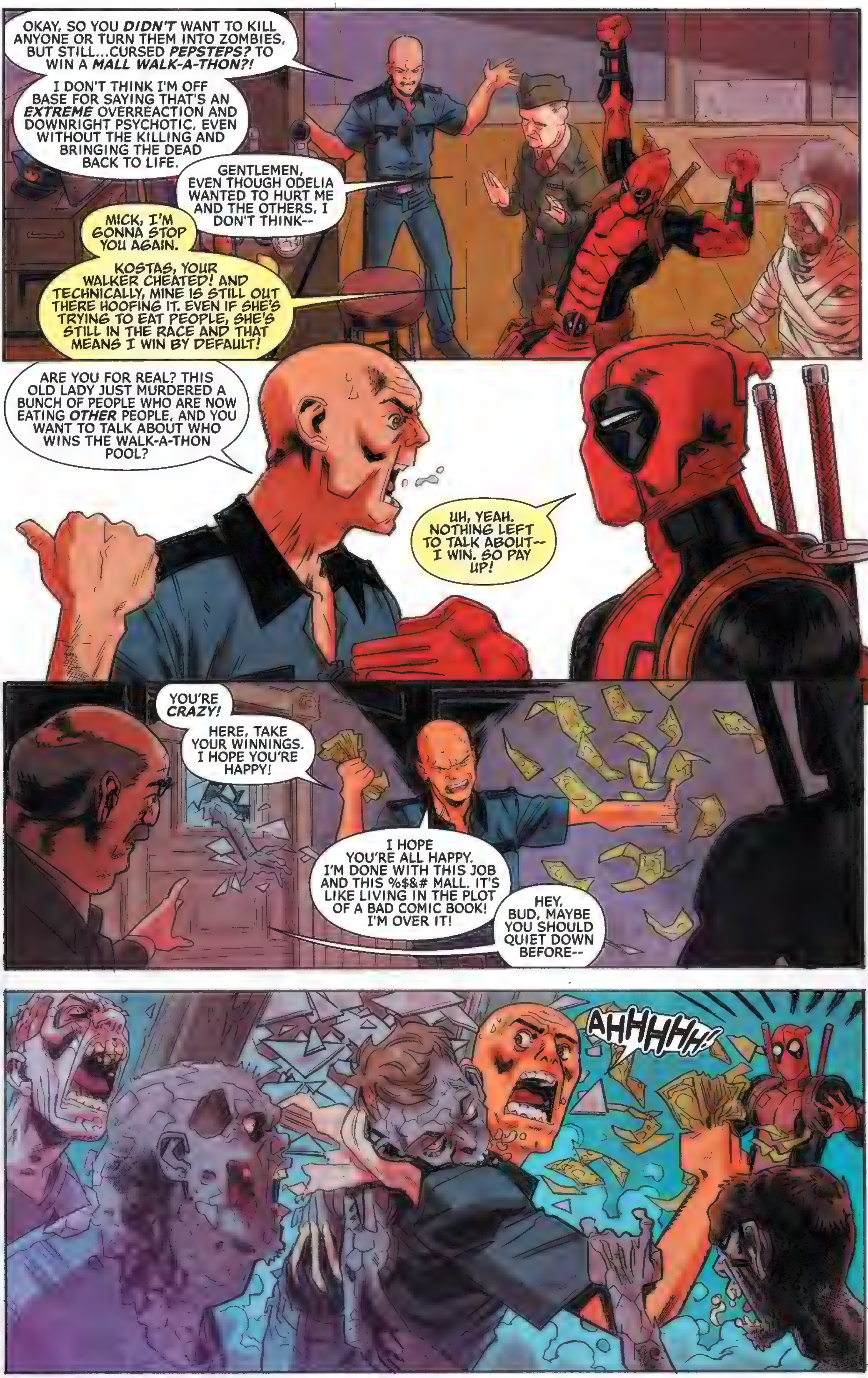

DID NOT KNOW THAT.
YES YOU DO!
NOPE.
WE'VE FACED OFF BEFORE.
NAH, STILL GOT NOTHING.
MAYBE YOU'RE THINKING OF SPIDER-MAN.
SERIOUSLY? YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU AND SPIDER-MAN?
I KNOW YOU, YOU KNOW ME. WE'VE FOUGHT EACH OTHER.
WHO WON?
SERIOUSLY?!
I KNOW IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO BUT--
HOLD ON...
...BLAAACK... WHAT WAS IT, AGAIN?
TALON. BLACK TALON!
AH, THERE YOU ARE. WAIT...
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
I TOTALLY REMEMBER YOU NOW.
AND THE WHOLE "DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS" LINE MAKES COMPLETE SENSE!

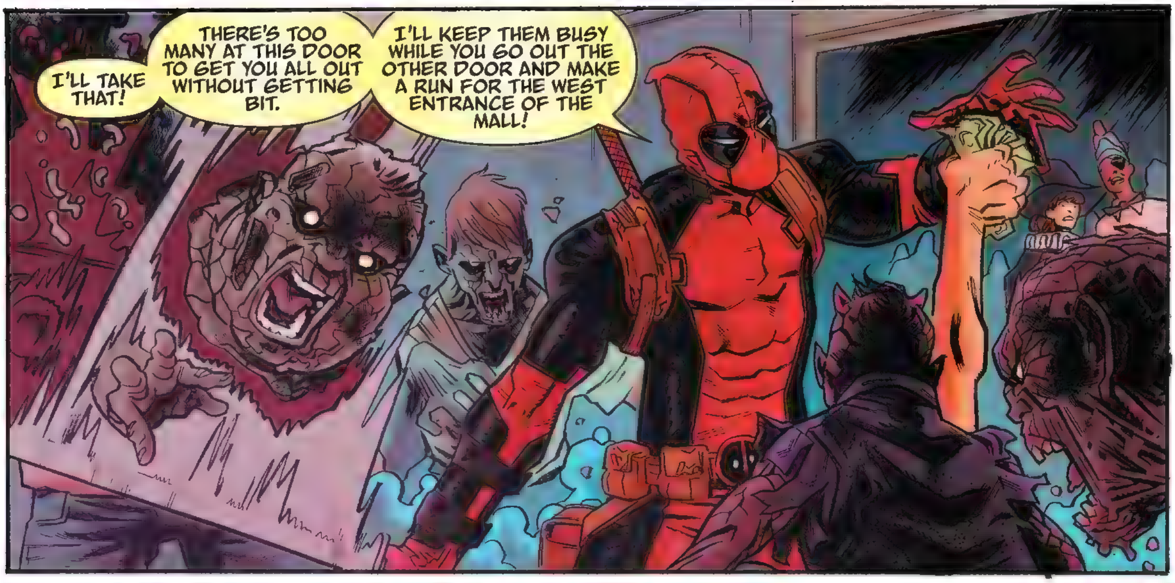

YOU WON'T BE LAUGHING WHEN I'M DONE WITH YOU!!!
YOU NEED SOME NEW LINES, MAN. OR BRING BACK THE CHICKEN HEAD COSTUME SO YOUR BAD DIALOGUE SEEMS CAMPY AND INTENTIONAL AND NOT JUST *LAZY*.
RISE.
RISE!
RIIIIIISE!
YOU MAY BE BAD AT ONE-LINERS, BUT YOUR MAKING-YOUR-OWN-ZOMBIE-HORDE GAME IS *TIGHT*.
ALSO, PRETTY FRIGHTENING. I KIND OF WANT TO RUN NOW. ANYONE ELSE WANT TO RUN REALLY FAST IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION OF THIS WHOLE SITUATION?
YES!

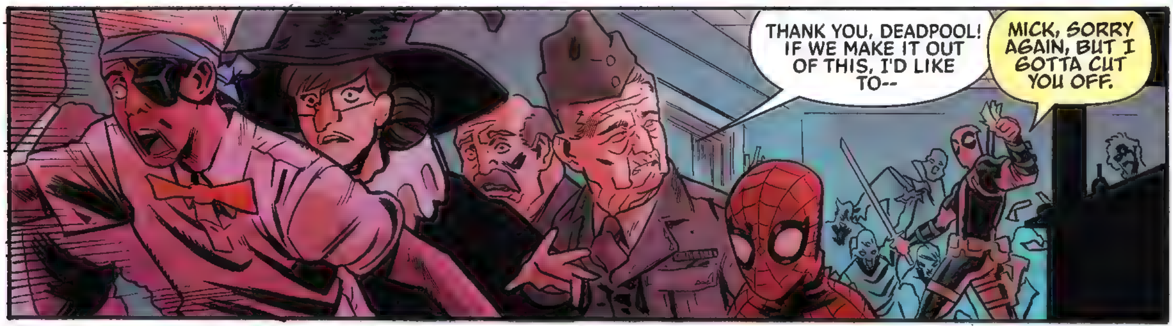

An hour later.
WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE WORLD WHEN A KILLER LIKE DEADPOOL HAS TO RUN AND HIDE FROM A FEW GRANDMAS AND GRANDPAS?
OKAY, SO THEY'RE UNDEAD GRANDMAS AND GRANDPAS, BUT STILL.
AND BEFORE YOU START FEELING SPECIAL, DEADPOOL, YOU SHOULD KNOW I DIDN'T COME HERE FOR *YOU*.
I'LL ADMIT, THE REASON I'M HERE ISN'T MUCH LESS RIDICULOUS THAN YOU, BUT THERE IT IS.
EITHER WAY, YOU'VE BECOME A FUN BONUS PRIZE. SO DON'T WORRY, WE'LL FIND YOU SOON ENOUGH.
YOU HEAR THAT? YOU'RE NOT EVEN WORTH THE TIME OF A GUY WHO USED TO DRESS UP LIKE A CHICKEN.
SHH! I CAN'T TELL IF HE'S GONE YET.

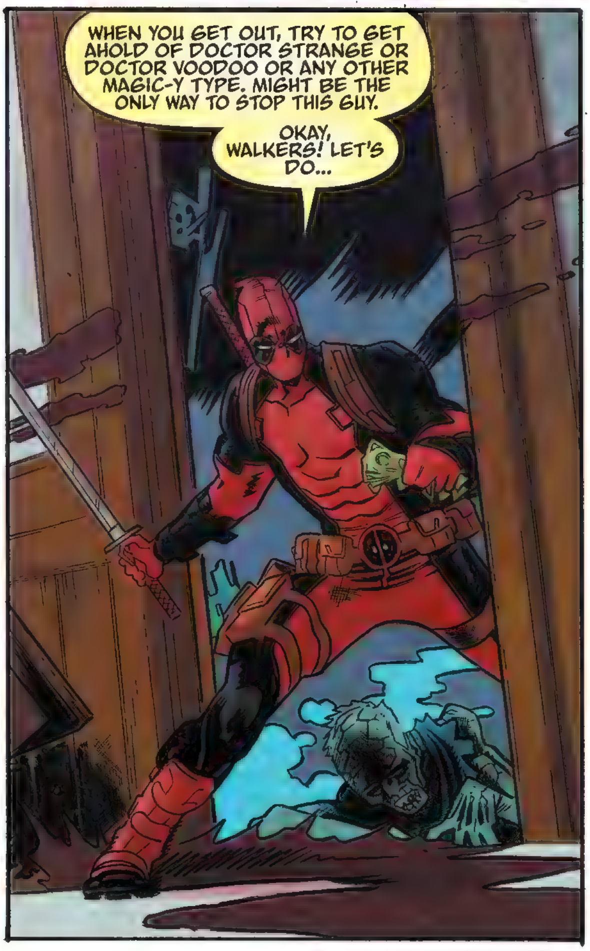

I DON'T GET IT. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SOME KIND OF BADASS WITH THOSE SWORDS AND GUNS AND WHATEVER THE HELL YOU KEEP IN ALL THOSE POUCHES. SO, WHY ARE YOU HIDING OUT IN HERE?
YOU KNOW WHAT, *KOSTAS* WITH THE SILENT "S"? THE LAST GUY WHO TOOK A CRACK AT MY *POUCHES* SAID GOODBYE TO HIS HEAD.
I'M NOT ABOVE *REPEATING MYSELF* WITH AN EFFECTIVE GAG.
BESIDES, THEY'RE PRACTICAL AND LOOK *DOPE AS ALL %$&#.*
AND WHILE WE'RE IN THE QUESTION-ASKING SEGMENT OF THE NIGHT, *WHAT IN THE NAME OF PRETENTIOUS HIPSTER %$&#* ARE YOU DOING WITH ALL THESE BOTTLES? MAKING A DRINK OR COOKING UP METH?
THIS IS MY SIGNATURE DRINK. IT'S GOT EQUAL PARTS *BOURBON, RYE, RUM, TEQUILA, VODKA, MEZCAL, COINTREAU, GRAND MARNIER, CAMPARI, APEROL, FRESH MINT, AND LIME JUICE.*
IT'S CALLED THE *DISAPPEARING FATHER!*
HERE, TRY IT.
SO HELP ME, IF THIS DRINK TASTES LIKE...
*...SWEET HOLY ANGEL BACON!* THAT IS ONE OUTSTANDING COCKTAIL!
BANG BANG
*SHHHH! STOP THAT!* SAMUEL WILL HEAR YOU AND BRING THOSE ZOMBIES HERE!

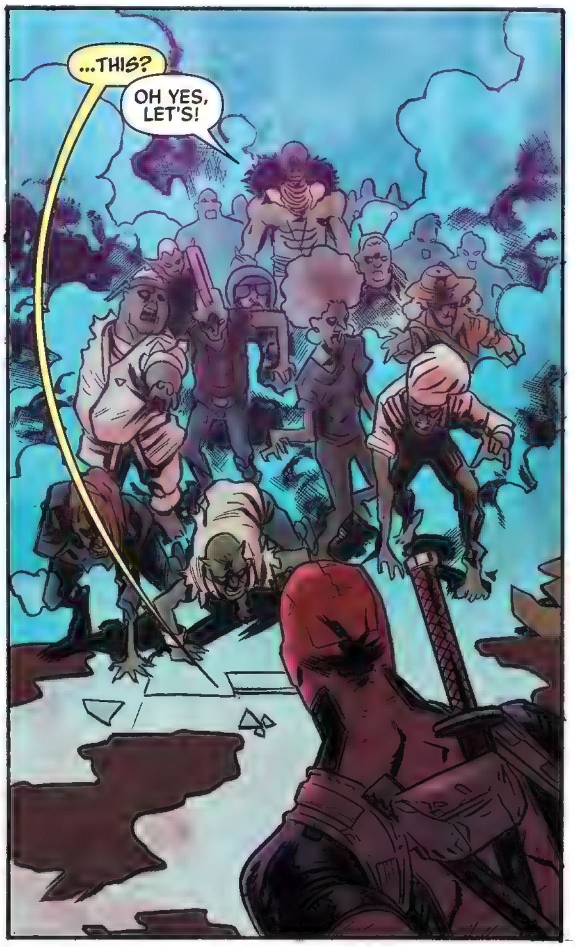

SAMUEL? WHO'S SAMUEL, ODELIA?
*UM,* NOBODY. I MEANT TO SAY, *UH--*
ODELIA, I THINK WE'D ALL LIKE TO KNOW WHY YOU JUST CALLED THE MURDERING ZOMBIE MAKER MAN ***SAMUEL***.
B-B-BECAUSE...
...THAT'S HIS NAME. ***SAMUEL DAVID BARONE***.
INTERESTING! AND HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW HIS NAME?
HE'S MY GRANDSON.
ARE YOU TELLING ME THAT YOU SABOTAGED THE MALL-WALKERS WITH KILLER PEPSTEPS AND THEN HAD YOUR GRANDSON TURN THEM INTO ZOMBIES?
FOR WHAT? TO WIN THE WALK-A-THON?
SORT OF. I DIDN'T WANT ANYONE TO ***DIE***. I JUST WANTED HIM TO PUT A LITTLE CURSE ON THEIR ***PEPSTEPS***, HURT THEM JUST ENOUGH TO SLOW 'EM DOWN. LET ME WIN ONE FOR A CHANGE.
NO! SAY IT AIN'T SO, ODELIA!
I SWEAR, I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS GOING TO KILL EVERYONE AND TURN THEM INTO ZOMBIES!
IF THAT'S TRUE, THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST TELL GRANDMA'S BOY TO STOP?
I DIDN'T WANT TO LET EVERYONE KNOW I WAS BEHIND IT, AND WELL... ***ZOMBIES***.
I'VE ALWAYS HATED THAT THAT WAS HIS THING.
OKAY, I'LL GIVE THAT TO YOU.
ZOMBIES ARE A PRETTY SOLID REASON FOR DOING OR NOT DOING SOMETHING.

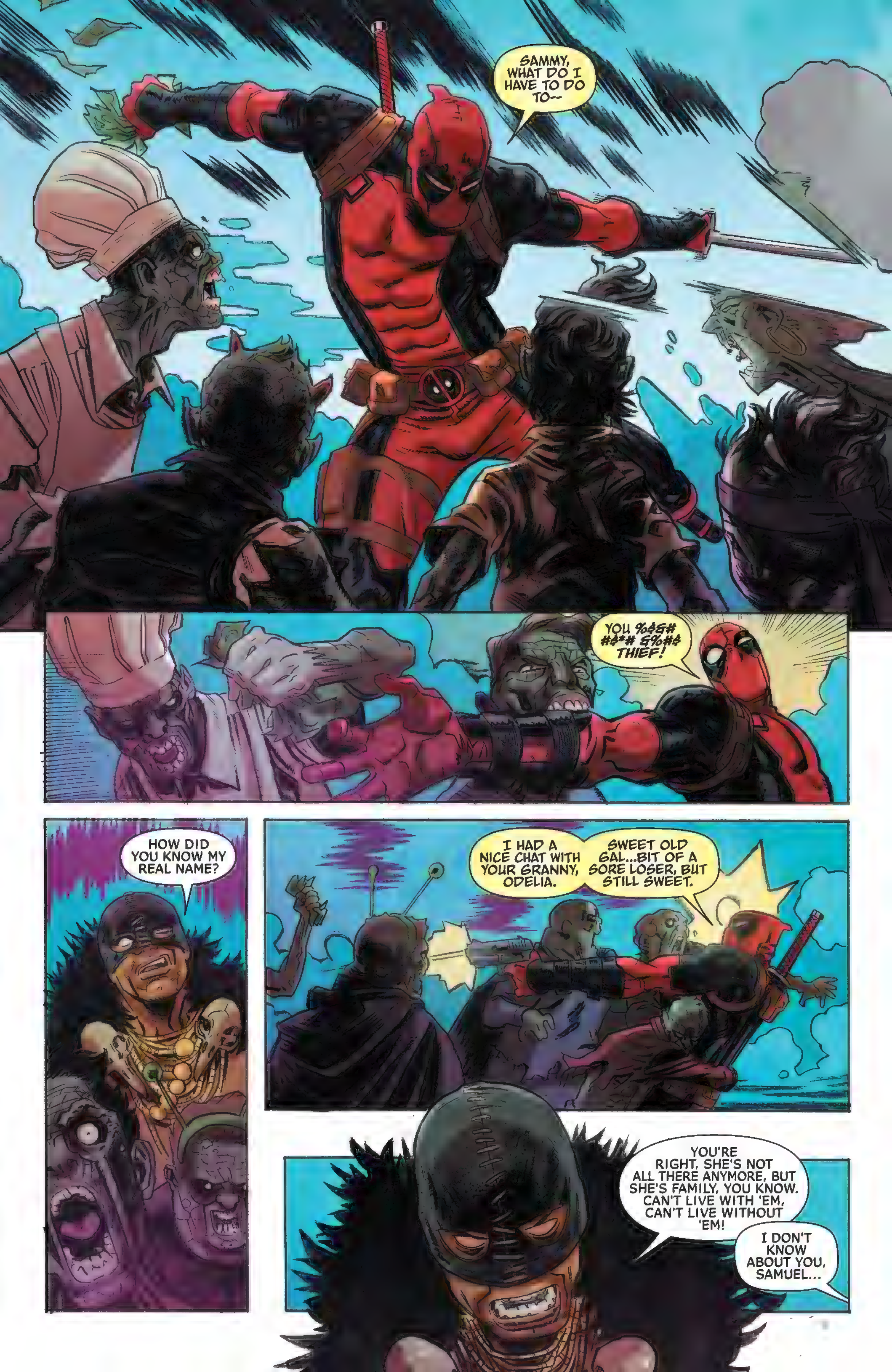

OKAY, SO YOU *DIDN'T* WANT TO KILL ANYONE OR TURN THEM INTO ZOMBIES, BUT STILL...CURSED *PEPSTEPS?* TO WIN A *MALL WALK-A-THON?!*
I DON'T THINK I'M OFF BASE FOR SAYING THAT'S AN *EXTREME* OVERREACTION AND DOWNRIGHT PSYCHOTIC, EVEN WITHOUT THE KILLING AND BRINGING THE DEAD BACK TO LIFE.
GENTLEMEN, EVEN THOUGH ODELIA WANTED TO HURT ME AND THE OTHERS, I DON'T THINK--
MICK, I'M GONNA STOP YOU AGAIN.
KOSTAS, YOUR WALKER *CHEATED!* AND TECHNICALLY, MINE IS STILL OUT THERE HOOFING IT. EVEN IF *SHE'S* TRYING TO EAT PEOPLE, *SHE'S* STILL IN THE RACE AND THAT MEANS I WIN BY DEFAULT!
ARE YOU FOR REAL? THIS OLD LADY JUST MURDERED A BUNCH OF PEOPLE WHO ARE NOW EATING *OTHER* PEOPLE, AND YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT WHO WINS THE WALK-A-THON POOL?
UH, YEAH. NOTHING LEFT TO TALK ABOUT-- I WIN. SO PAY UP!
YOU'RE *CRAZY!*
HERE, TAKE YOUR WINNINGS. I HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY!
I HOPE YOU'RE ALL HAPPY. I'M DONE WITH THIS JOB AND THIS %$&# MALL. IT'S LIKE LIVING IN THE PLOT OF A BAD COMIC BOOK! I'M OVER IT!
HEY, BUD, MAYBE YOU SHOULD QUIET DOWN BEFORE--
AHHHHH!

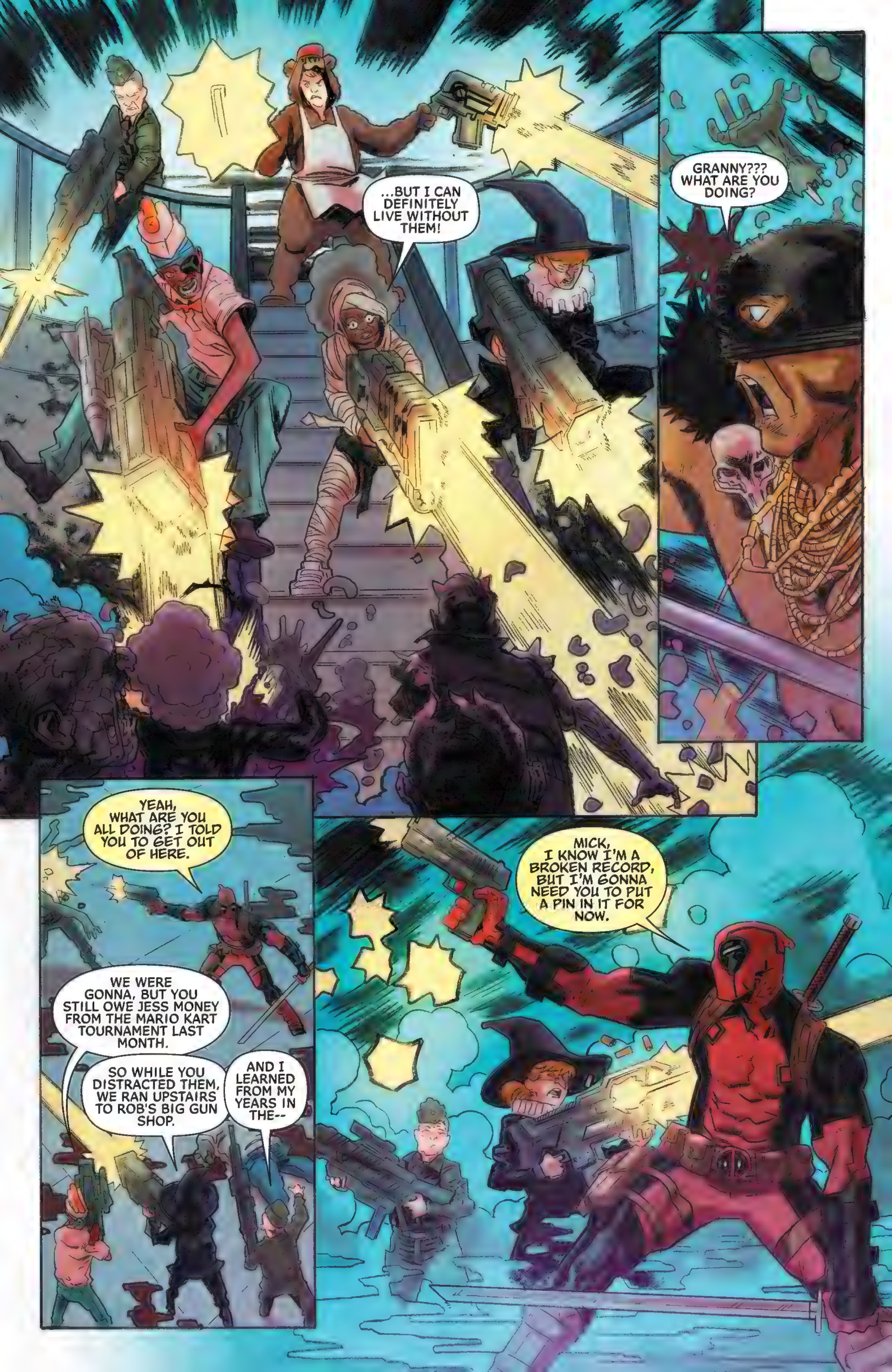

I'LL TAKE THAT!
THERE'S TOO MANY AT THIS DOOR TO GET YOU ALL OUT WITHOUT GETTING BIT.
I'LL KEEP THEM BUSY WHILE YOU GO OUT THE OTHER DOOR AND MAKE A RUN FOR THE WEST ENTRANCE OF THE MALL!

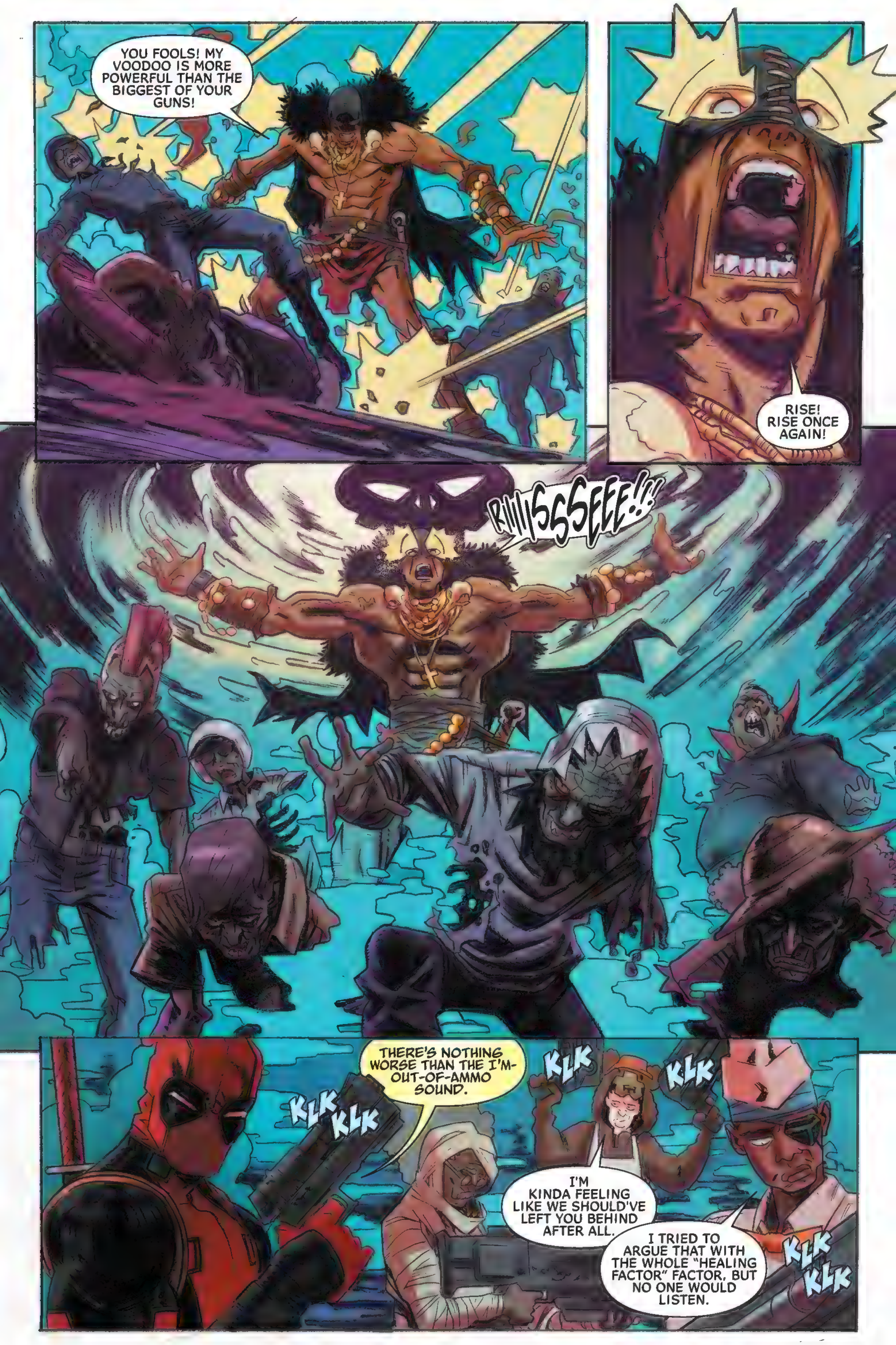

THANK YOU, DEADPOOL! IF WE MAKE IT OUT OF THIS, I'D LIKE TO--
MICK, SORRY AGAIN, BUT I GOTTA CUT YOU OFF.

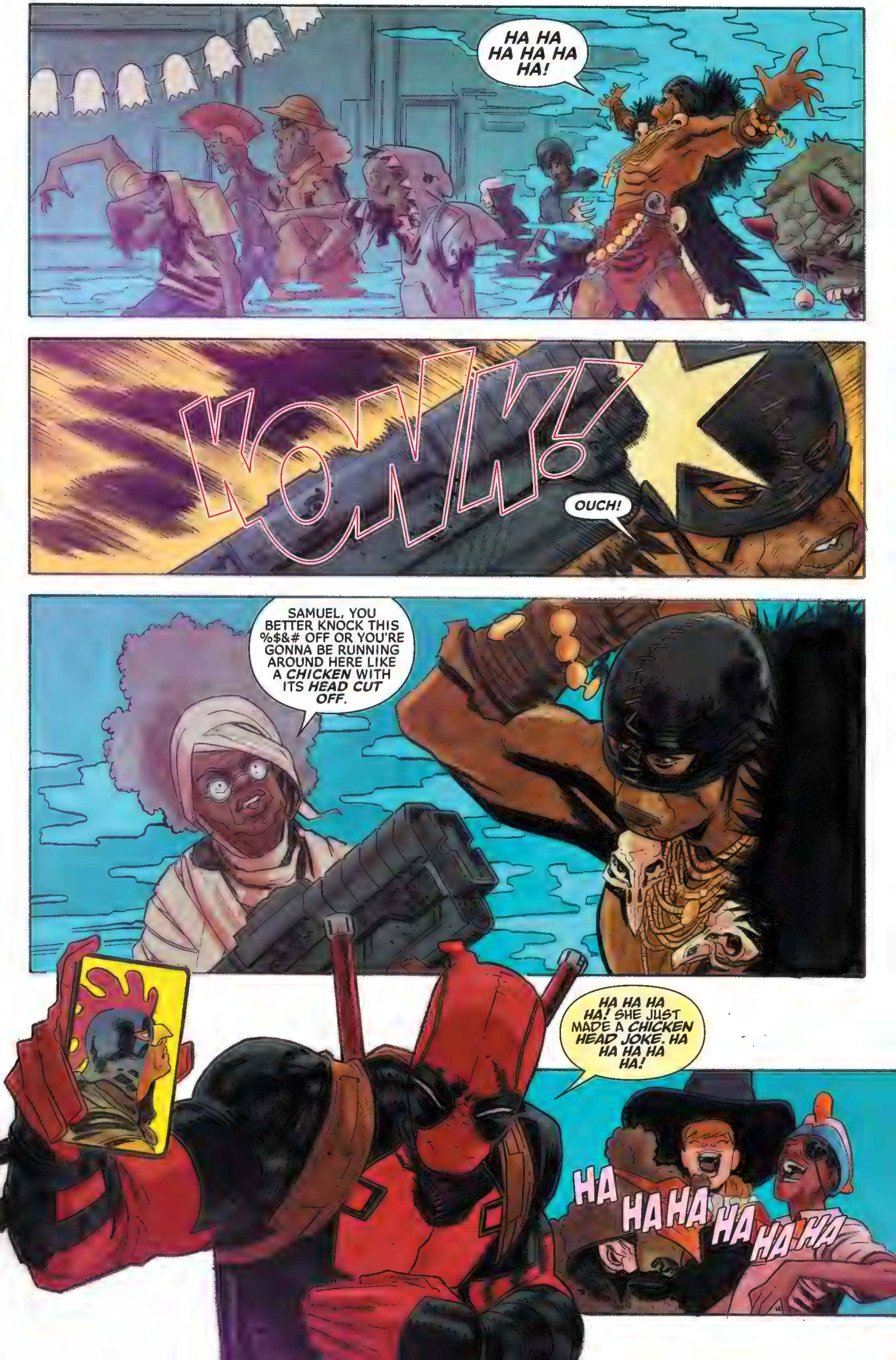

WHEN YOU GET OUT, TRY TO GET AHOLD OF DOCTOR STRANGE OR DOCTOR VOODOO OR ANY OTHER MAGIC-Y TYPE. MIGHT BE THE ONLY WAY TO STOP THIS GUY.
OKAY, WALKERS! LET'S DO...

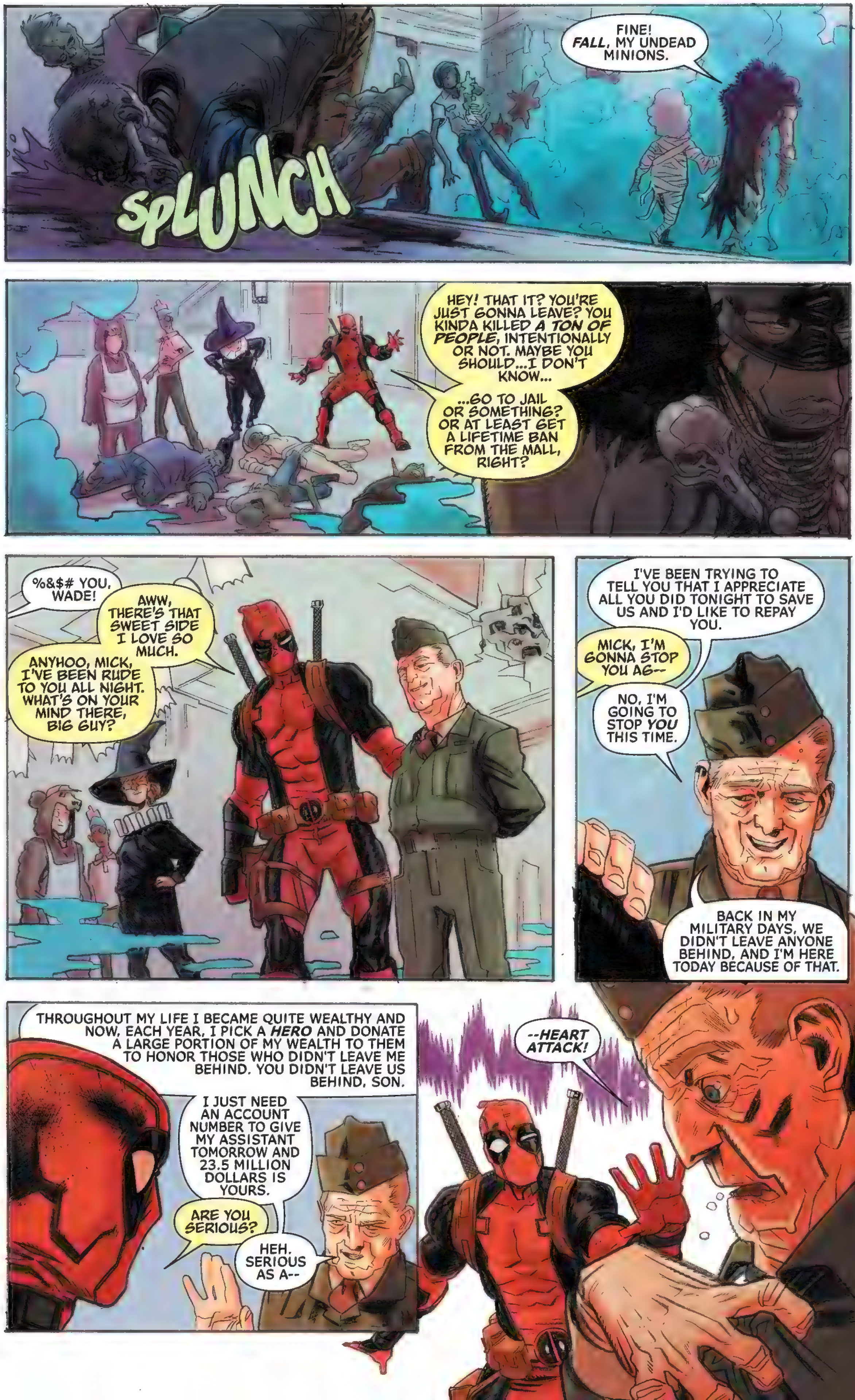

...THIS?
OH YES, LET'S!

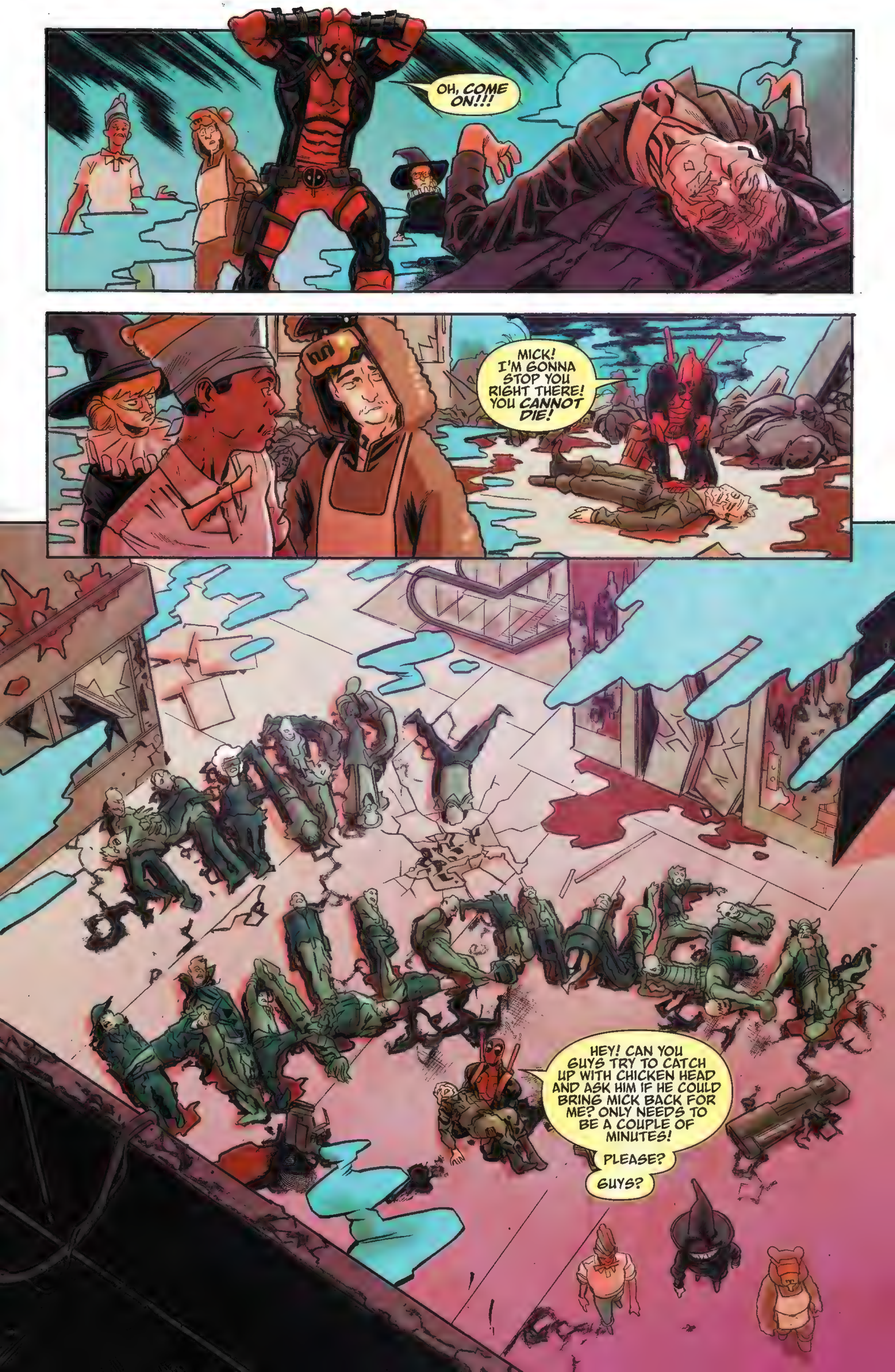

SAMMY, WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO TO--
YOU %$&# #$*# &%#$ THIEF!
HOW DID YOU KNOW MY REAL NAME?
I HAD A NICE CHAT WITH YOUR GRANNY, ODELIA.
SWEET OLD GAL...BIT OF A SORE LOSER, BUT STILL SWEET.
YOU'RE RIGHT, SHE'S NOT ALL THERE ANYMORE, BUT SHE'S FAMILY, YOU KNOW. CAN'T LIVE WITH 'EM, CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT 'EM!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, SAMUEL...

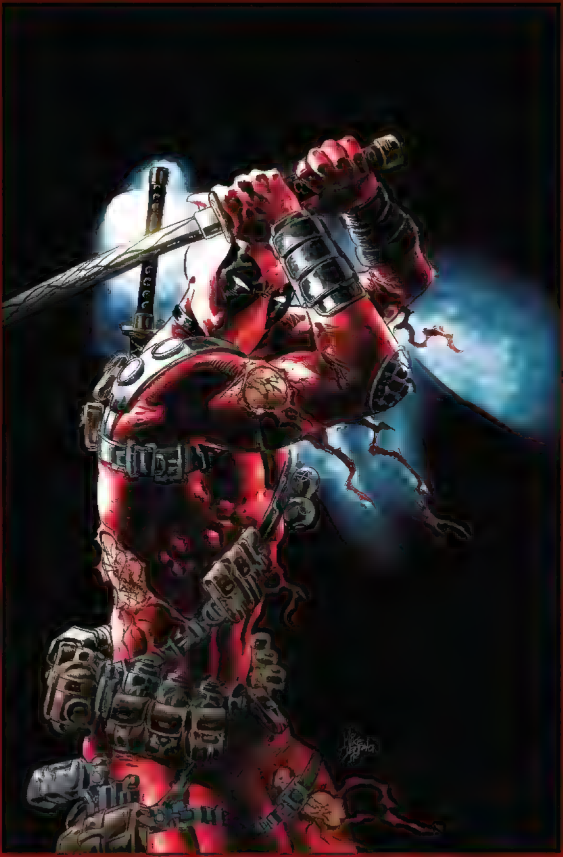

...BUT I CAN DEFINITELY LIVE WITHOUT THEM!
GRANNY??? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
YEAH, WHAT ARE YOU ALL DOING? I TOLD YOU TO GET OUT OF HERE.
WE WERE GONNA, BUT YOU STILL OWE JESS MONEY FROM THE MARIO KART TOURNAMENT LAST MONTH.
SO WHILE YOU DISTRACTED THEM, WE RAN UPSTAIRS TO ROB'S BIG GUN SHOP.
AND I LEARNED FROM MY YEARS IN THE--
MICK, I KNOW I'M A BROKEN RECORD, BUT I'M GONNA NEED YOU TO PUT A PIN IN IT FOR NOW.


YOU FOOLS! MY VOODOO IS MORE POWERFUL THAN THE BIGGEST OF YOUR GUNS!
RISE! RISE ONCE AGAIN!
RIIIISSSEEE!!!
THERE'S NOTHING WORSE THAN THE I'M-OUT-OF-AMMO SOUND.
KLK KLK
KLK
KLK
I'M KINDA FEELING LIKE WE SHOULD'VE LEFT YOU BEHIND AFTER ALL.
I TRIED TO ARGUE THAT WITH THE WHOLE "HEALING FACTOR" FACTOR, BUT NO ONE WOULD LISTEN.
KLK KLK

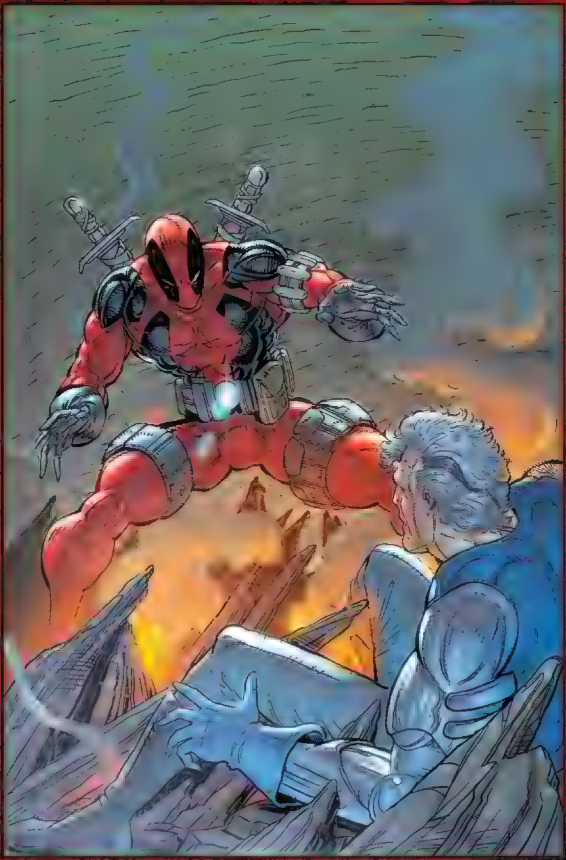

HA HA HA HA HA HA!
KONK!
OUCH!
SAMUEL, YOU BETTER KNOCK THIS %$&# OFF OR YOU'RE GONNA BE RUNNING AROUND HERE LIKE A *CHICKEN* WITH ITS *HEAD CUT OFF.*
HA HA HA HA! SHE JUST MADE A *CHICKEN HEAD JOKE.* HA HA HA HA HA!
HA HAHAHA HAHAHA


FINE! *FALL*, MY UNDEAD MINIONS.
SPLUNCH
HEY! THAT IT? YOU'RE JUST GONNA LEAVE? YOU KINDA KILLED *A TON OF PEOPLE*, INTENTIONALLY OR NOT. MAYBE YOU SHOULD...I DON'T KNOW...
...GO TO JAIL OR SOMETHING? OR AT LEAST GET A LIFETIME BAN FROM THE MALL, RIGHT?
%&$# YOU, WADE!
AWW, THERE'S THAT SWEET SIDE I LOVE SO MUCH.
ANYHOO, MICK, I'VE BEEN RUDE TO YOU ALL NIGHT. WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND THERE, BIG GUY?
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU THAT I APPRECIATE ALL YOU DID TONIGHT TO SAVE US AND I'D LIKE TO REPAY YOU.
MICK, I'M GONNA STOP YOU AG--
NO, I'M GOING TO STOP *YOU* THIS TIME.
BACK IN MY MILITARY DAYS, WE DIDN'T LEAVE ANYONE BEHIND, AND I'M HERE TODAY BECAUSE OF THAT.
THROUGHOUT MY LIFE I BECAME QUITE WEALTHY AND NOW, EACH YEAR, I PICK A *HERO* AND DONATE A LARGE PORTION OF MY WEALTH TO THEM TO HONOR THOSE WHO DIDN'T LEAVE ME BEHIND. YOU DIDN'T LEAVE US BEHIND, SON.
I JUST NEED AN ACCOUNT NUMBER TO GIVE MY ASSISTANT TOMORROW AND 23.5 MILLION DOLLARS IS YOURS.
ARE YOU SERIOUS?
HEH. SERIOUS AS A--
--*HEART ATTACK!*

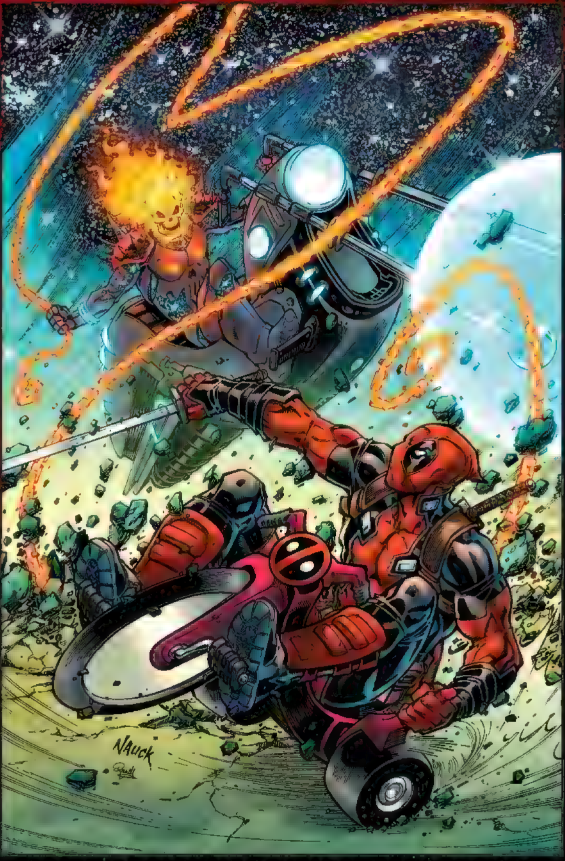

OH, COME ON!!!
MICK! I'M GONNA STOP YOU RIGHT THERE! YOU *CANNOT DIE!*
HEY! CAN YOU GUYS TRY TO CATCH UP WITH CHICKEN HEAD AND ASK HIM IF HE COULD BRING MICK BACK FOR ME? ONLY NEEDS TO BE A COUPLE OF MINUTES!
PLEASE?
GUYS?



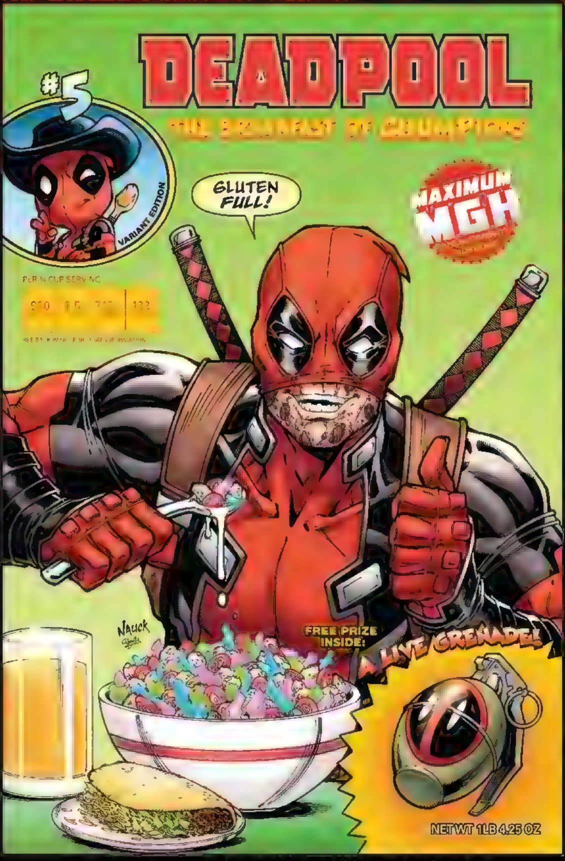
DEADPOOL #1 VARIANT
BY MIKE DEODATO JR. & RAIN BEREDO



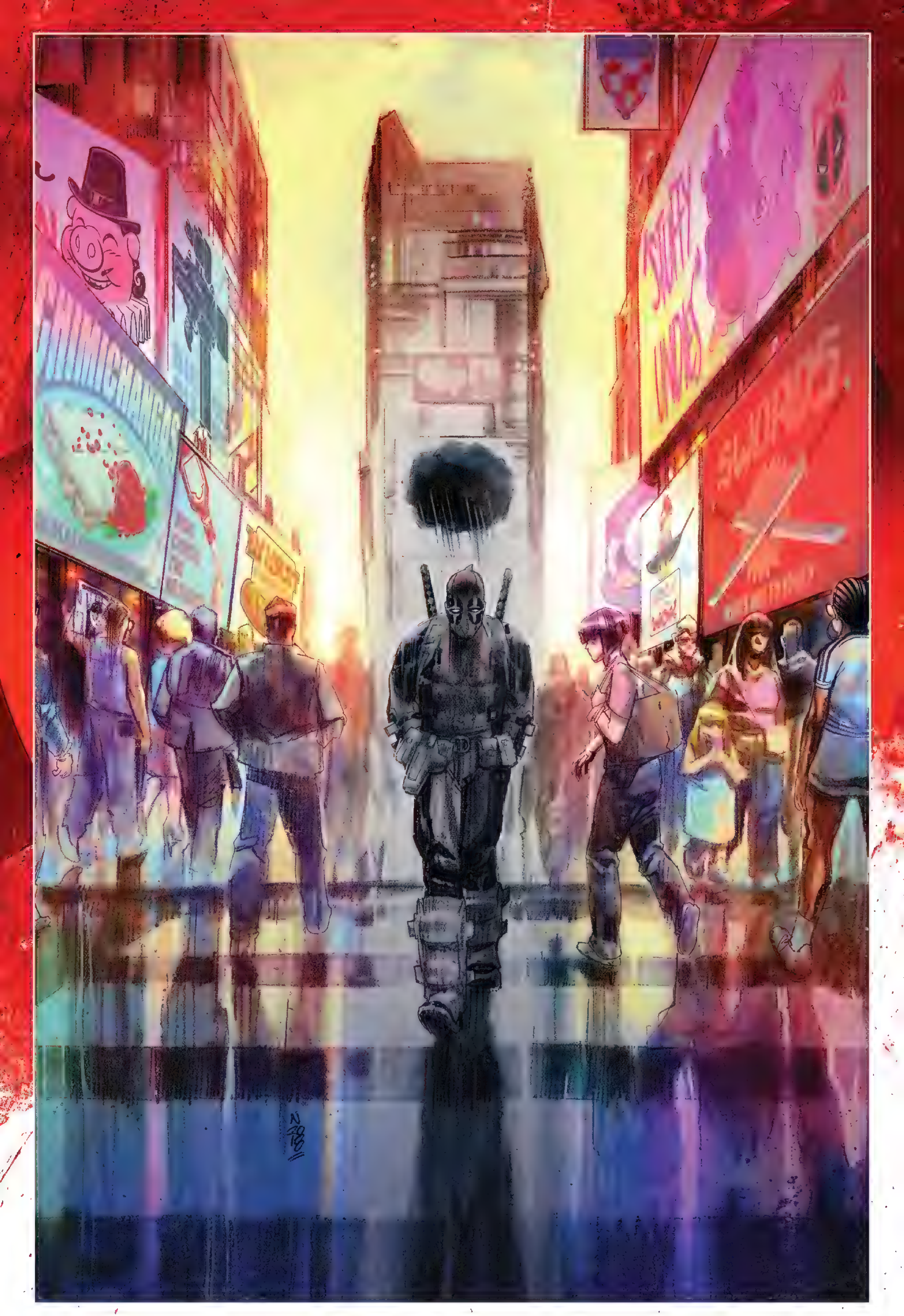
DEADPOOL #1 REMASTERED VARIANT
BY ROB LIEFELD & JESUS ABURTOV



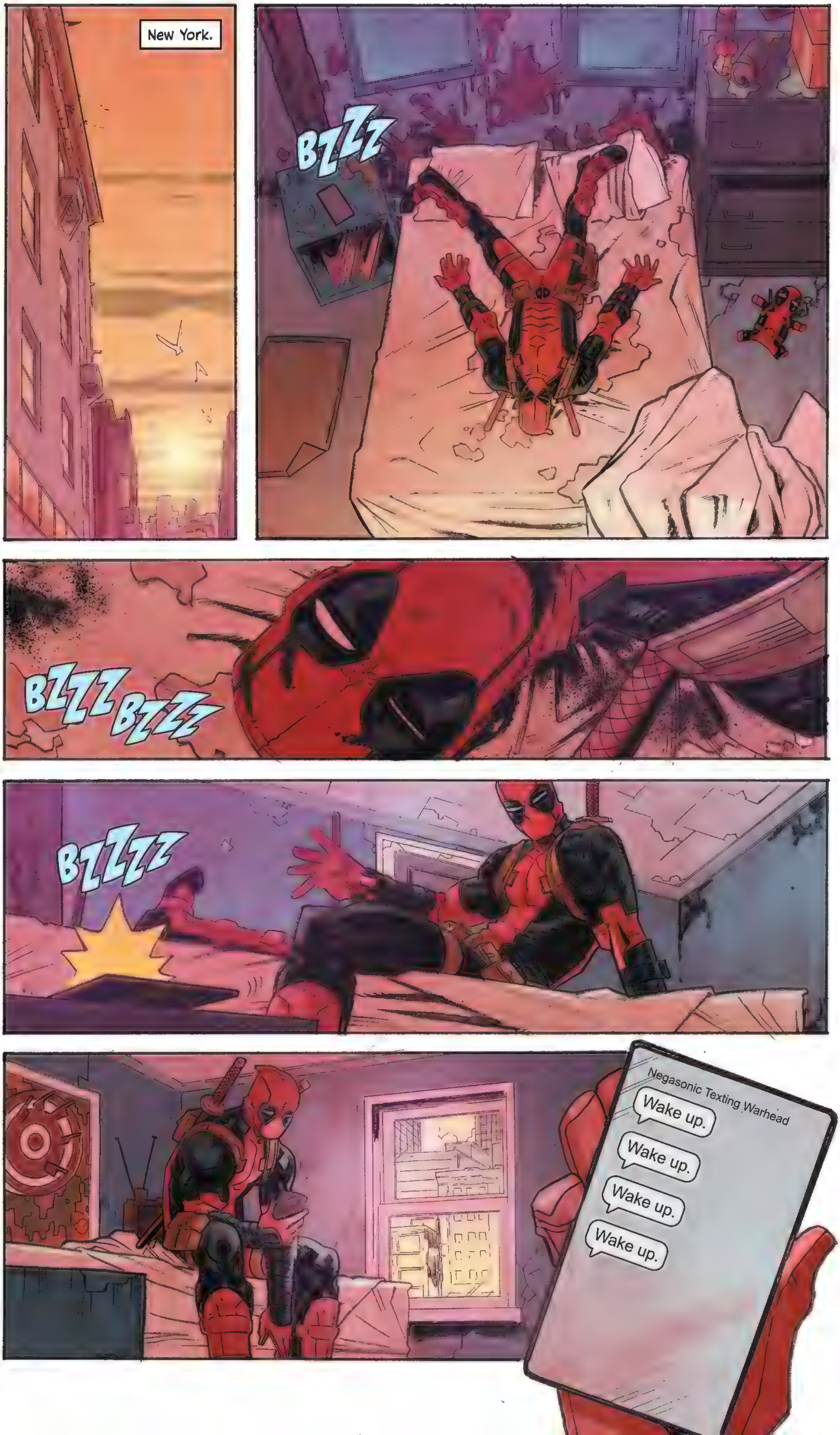
DEADPOOL #4 COSMIC GHOST RIDER VS. VARIANT
BY TODD NAUCK & RACHELLE ROSENBERG

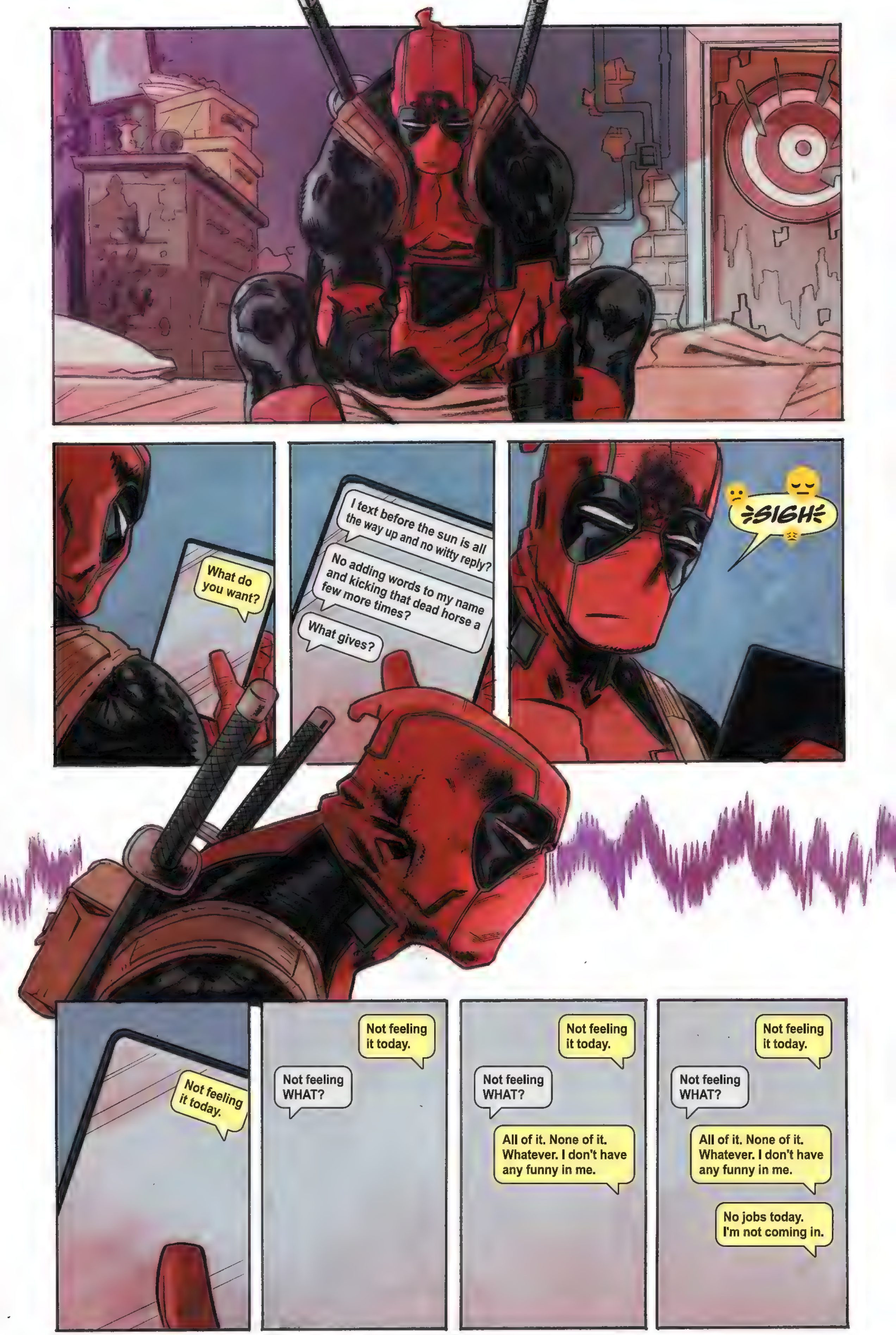

#5
DEADPOOL
THE BREAKFAST OF CHUMPIONS
VARIANT EDITION
GLUTEN FULL!
MAXIMUM MGH
NAUCK
FREE PRIZE INSIDE:
A LIVE GRENADE!
NET WT 1LB 4.25 OZ

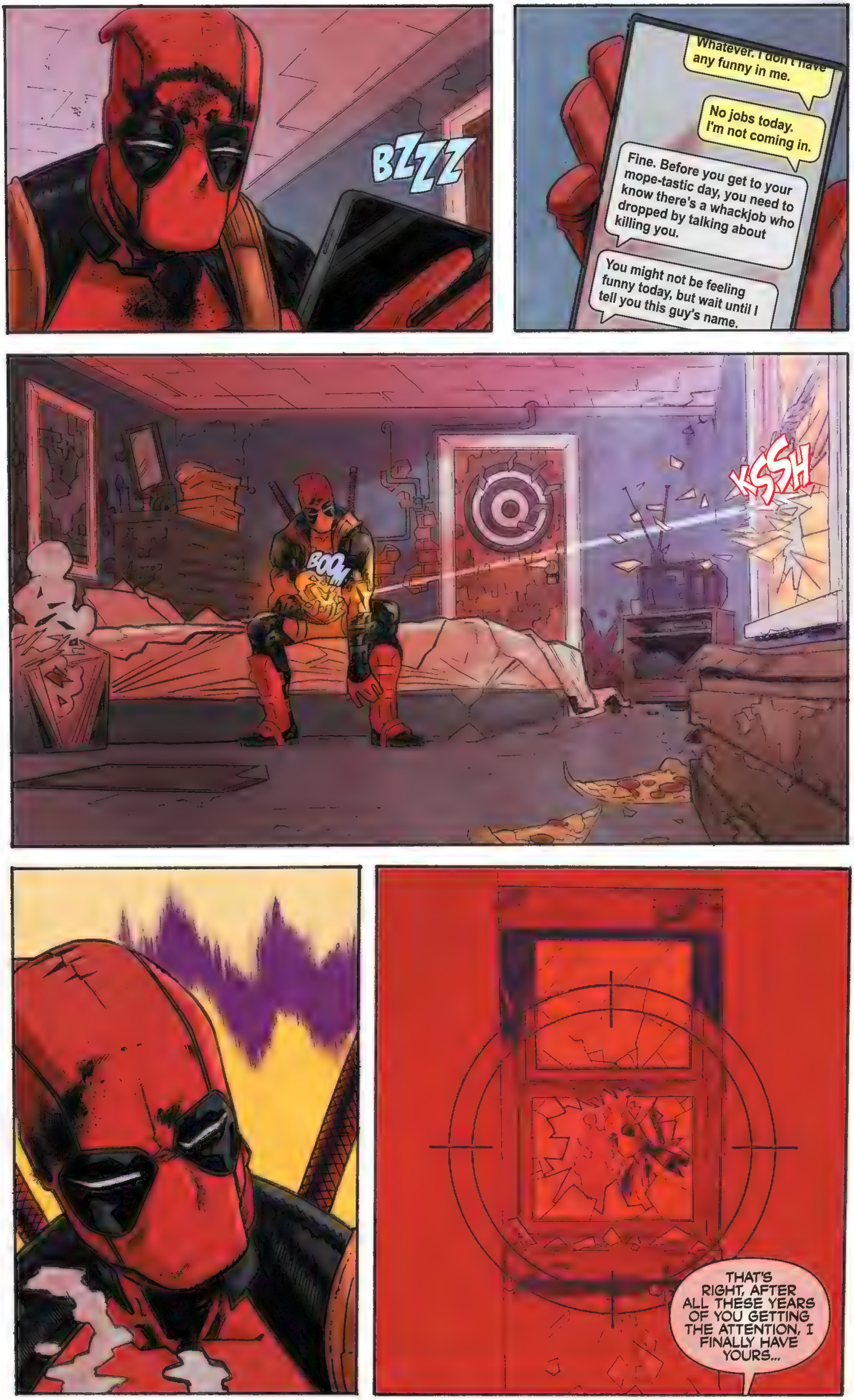
DEADPOOL #5 NYCC PANEL VARIANT
BY TODD NAUCK & RACHELLE ROSENBERG

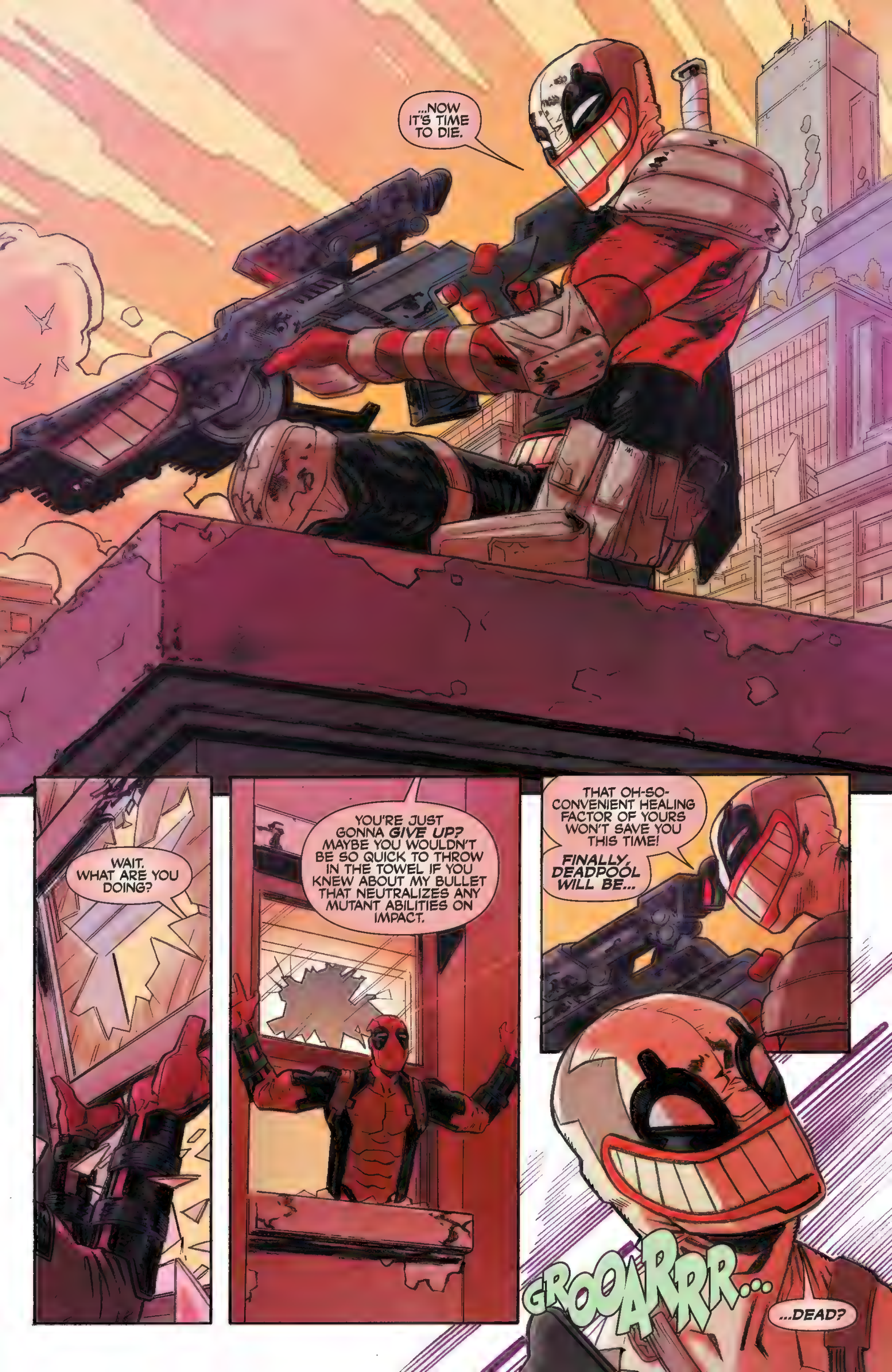

CHIMICHANGAS

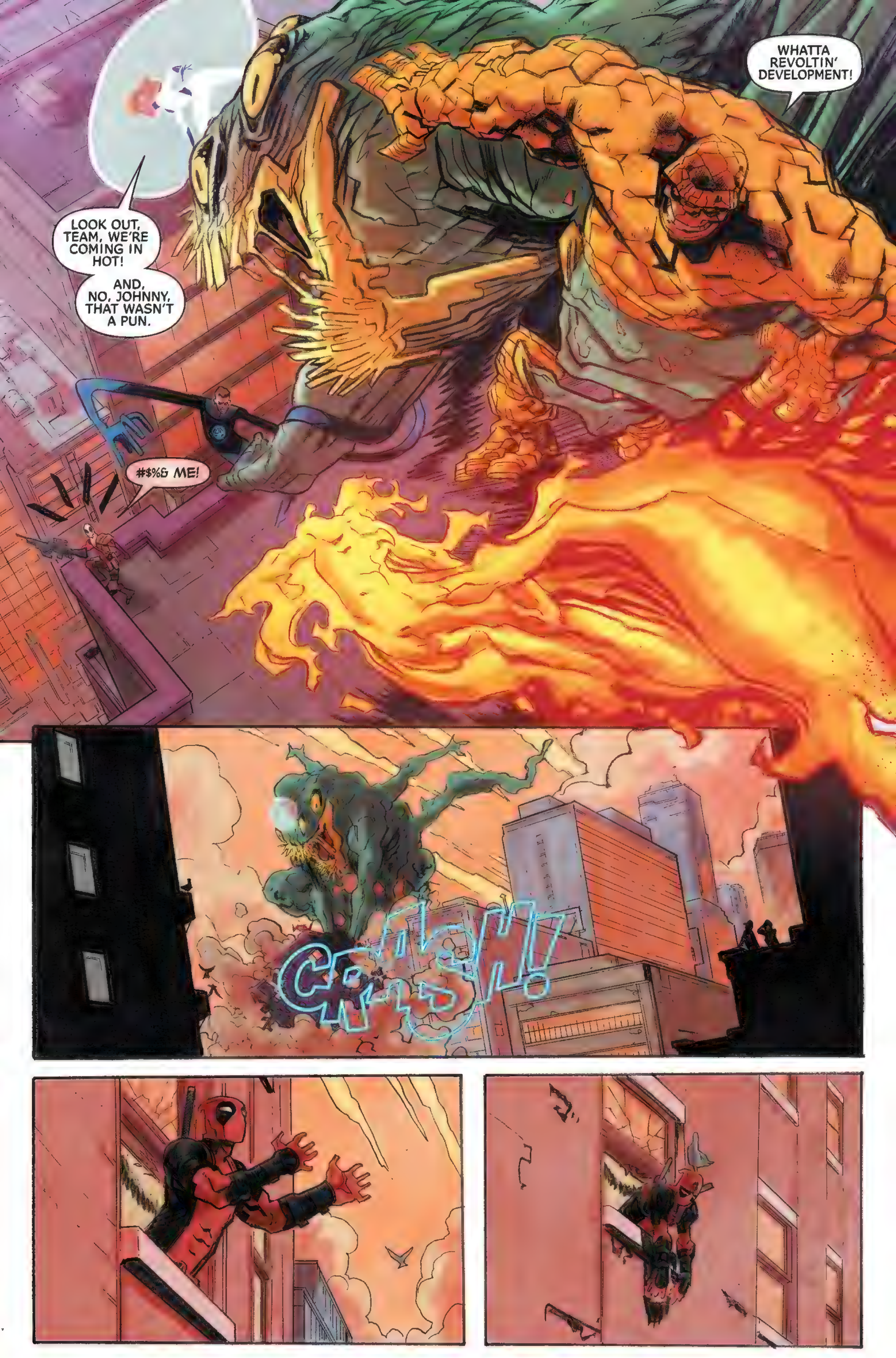
# #6

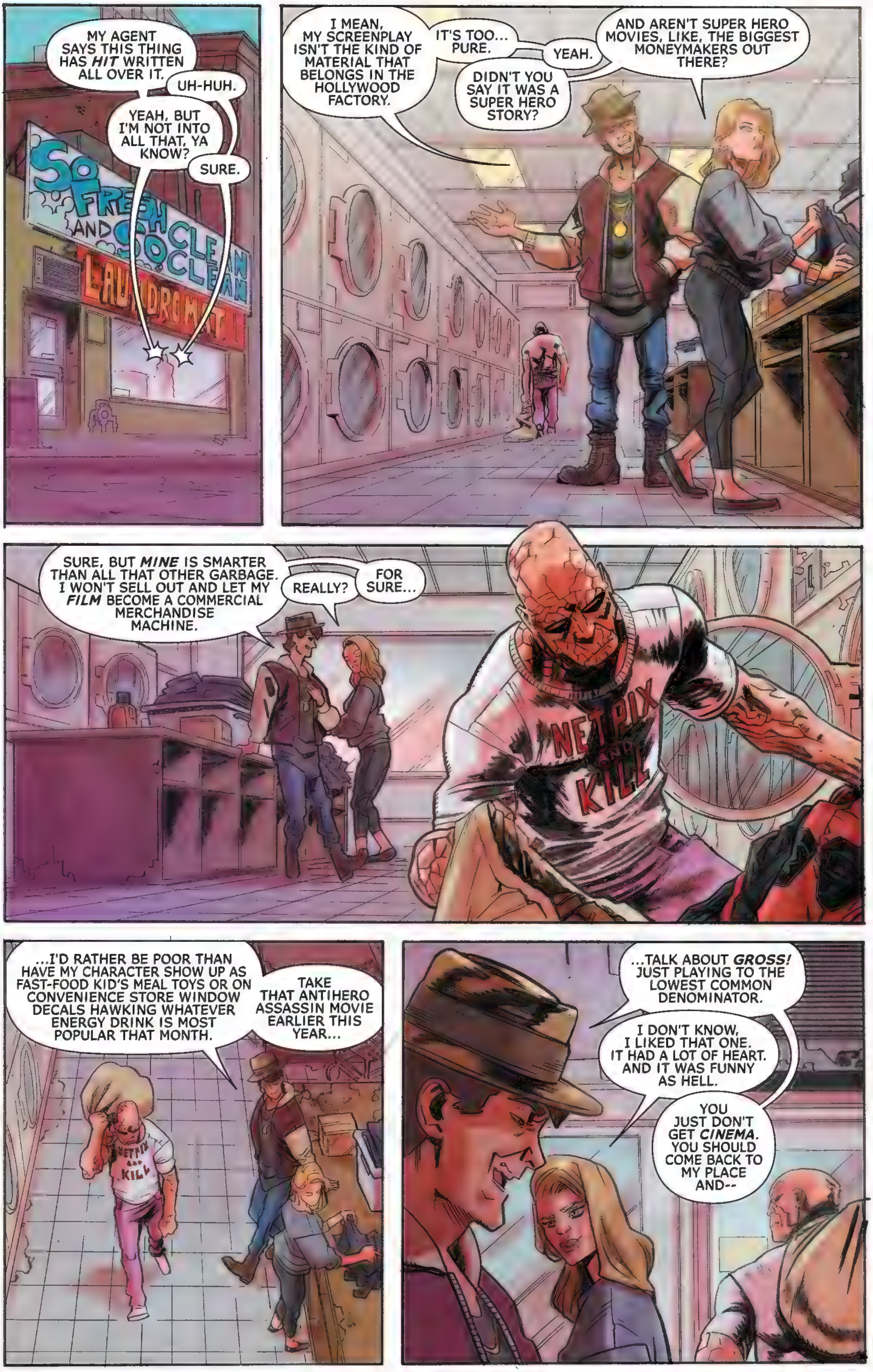

New York.
BZZZ
BZZZ BZZZ
BZZZZ
Negasonic Texting Warhead
Wake up.
Wake up.
Wake up.
Wake up.

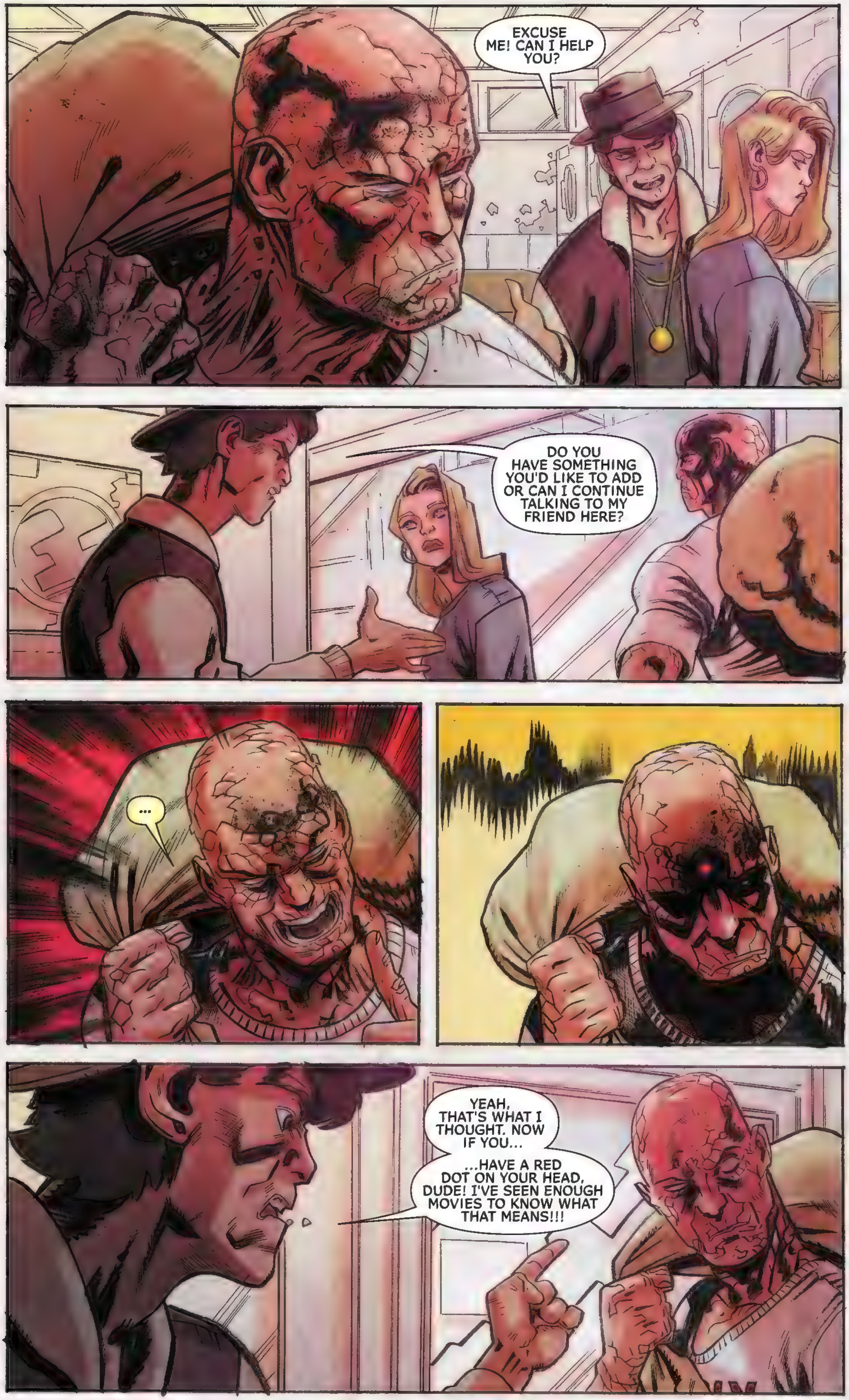

What do you want?
I text before the sun is all the way up and no witty reply?
No adding words to my name and kicking that dead horse a few more times?
What gives?
SIGH
Not feeling it today.
Not feeling it today.
Not feeling WHAT?
Not feeling it today.
Not feeling WHAT?
All of it. None of it. Whatever. I don't have any funny in me.
Not feeling it today.
Not feeling WHAT?
All of it. None of it. Whatever. I don't have any funny in me.
No jobs today. I'm not coming in.

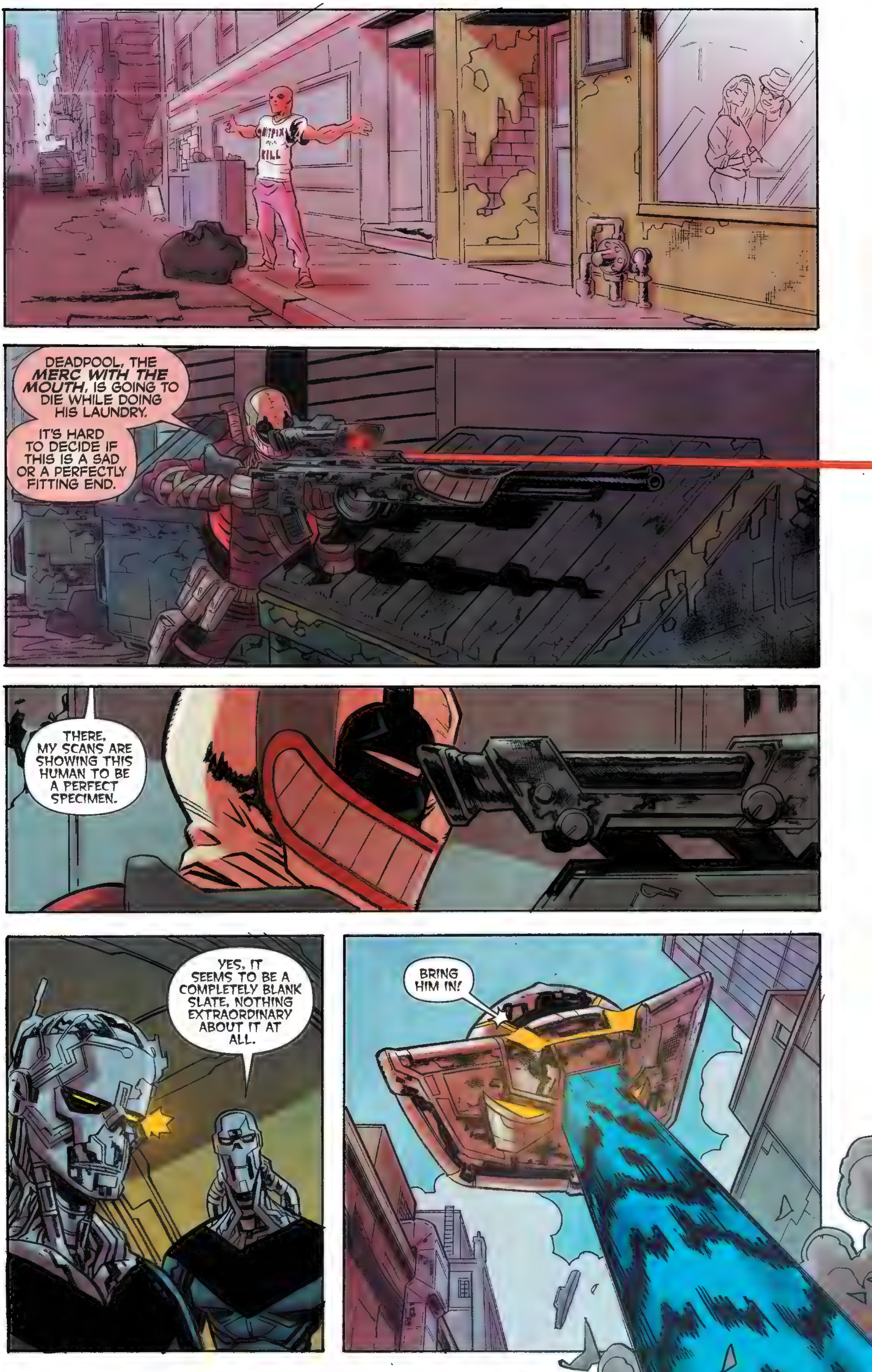

BZZZ
Whatever. I don't have any funny in me.
No jobs today. I'm not coming in.
Fine. Before you get to your mope-tastic day, you need to know there's a whackjob who dropped by talking about killing you.
You might not be feeling funny today, but wait until I tell you this guy's name.
BOOM
KSSH
THAT'S RIGHT, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF YOU GETTING THE ATTENTION, I FINALLY HAVE YOURS...

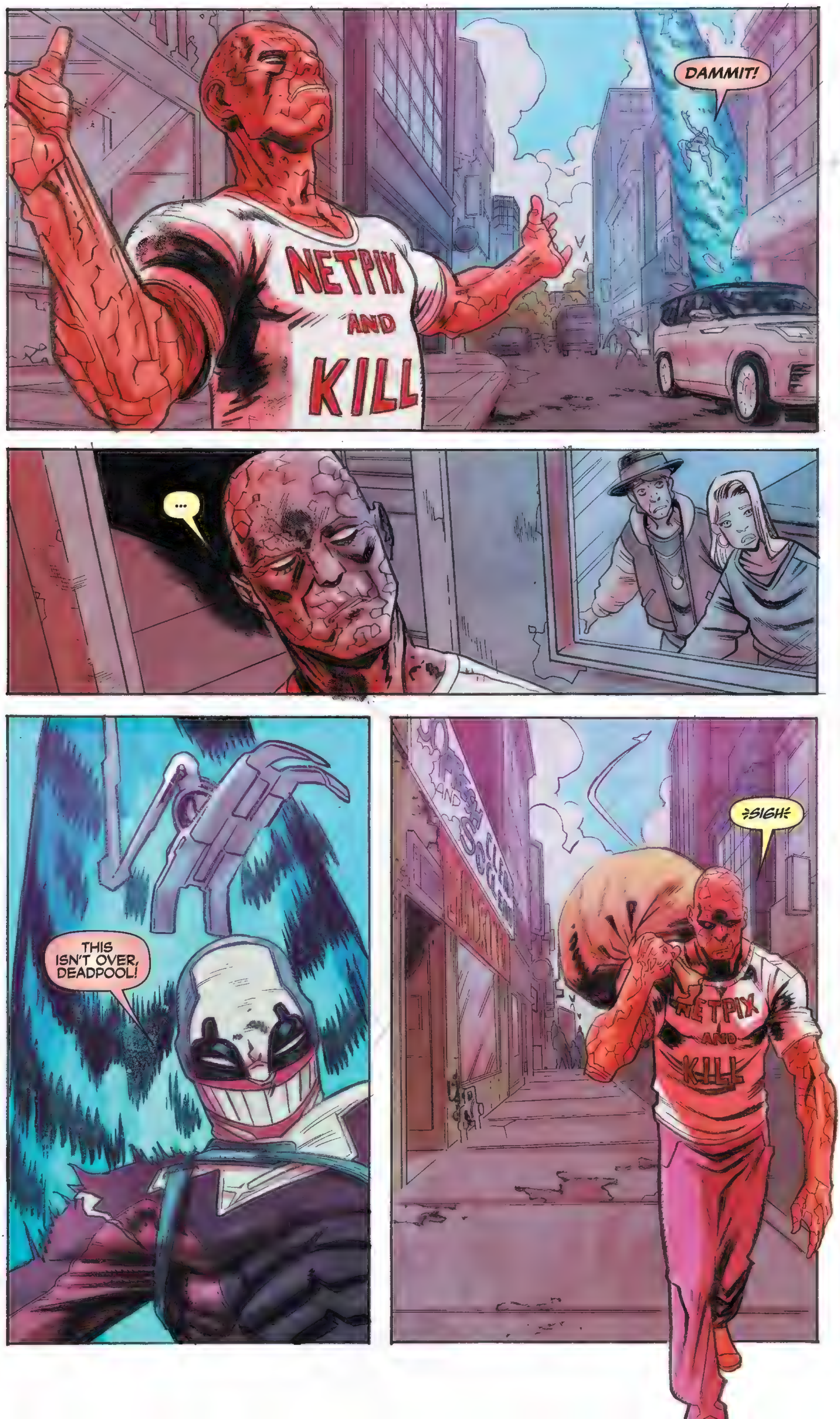

...NOW IT'S TIME TO DIE.
WAIT. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
YOU'RE JUST GONNA *GIVE UP?* MAYBE YOU WOULDN'T BE SO QUICK TO THROW IN THE TOWEL IF YOU KNEW ABOUT MY BULLET THAT NEUTRALIZES ANY MUTANT ABILITIES ON IMPACT.
THAT OH-SO-CONVENIENT HEALING FACTOR OF YOURS WON'T SAVE YOU THIS TIME!
*FINALLY, DEADPOOL WILL BE...*
GROOARRR...
*...DEAD?*

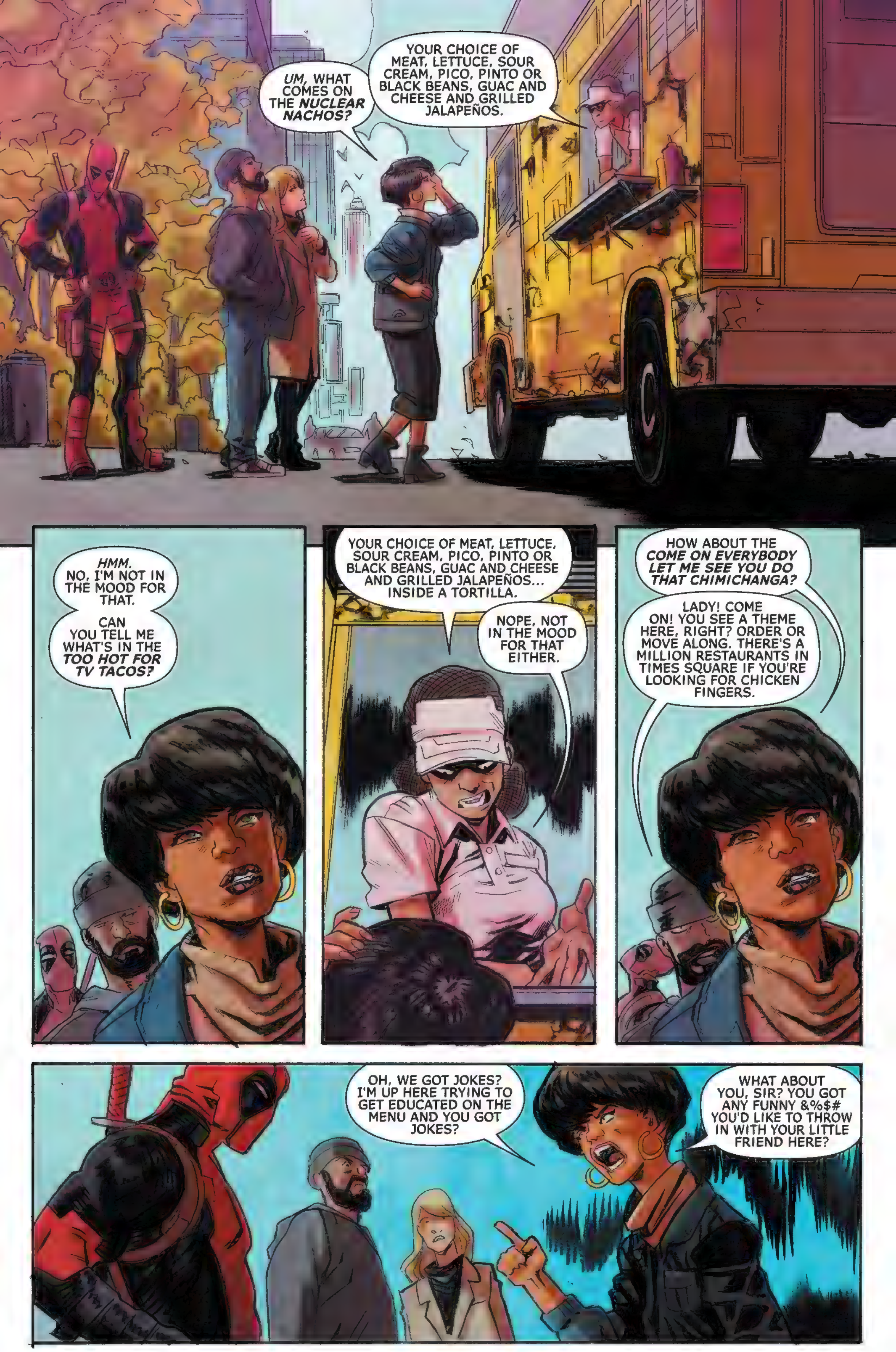

LOOK OUT, TEAM, WE'RE COMING IN HOT!
AND, NO, JOHNNY, THAT WASN'T A PUN.
WHATTA REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT!
#$%& ME!
CRASH!

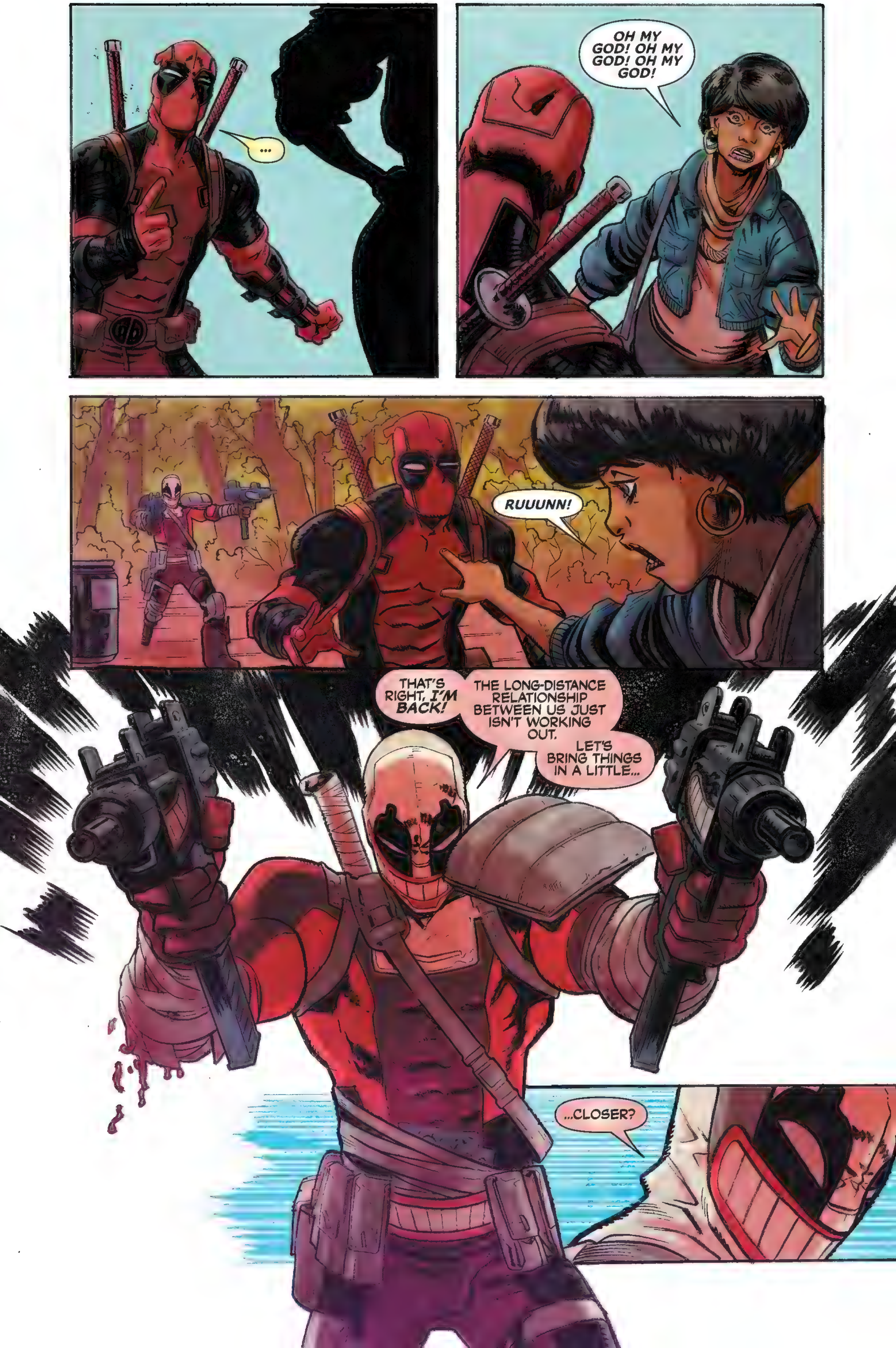

MY AGENT SAYS THIS THING HAS *HIT* WRITTEN ALL OVER IT.
UH-HUH.
YEAH, BUT I'M NOT INTO ALL THAT, YA KNOW?
SURE.
SO FRESH AND SO CLEAN SO CLEAN
LAUNDROMAT
I MEAN, MY SCREENPLAY ISN'T THE KIND OF MATERIAL THAT BELONGS IN THE HOLLYWOOD FACTORY.
IT'S TOO... PURE.
YEAH.
DIDN'T YOU SAY IT WAS A SUPER HERO STORY?
AND AREN'T SUPER HERO MOVIES, LIKE, THE BIGGEST MONEYMAKERS OUT THERE?
SURE, BUT *MINE* IS SMARTER THAN ALL THAT OTHER GARBAGE. I WON'T SELL OUT AND LET MY *FILM* BECOME A COMMERCIAL MERCHANDISE MACHINE.
REALLY?
FOR SURE...
NETPIX AND KILL
...I'D RATHER BE POOR THAN HAVE MY CHARACTER SHOW UP AS FAST-FOOD KID'S MEAL TOYS OR ON CONVENIENCE STORE WINDOW DECALS HAWKING WHATEVER ENERGY DRINK IS MOST POPULAR THAT MONTH.
TAKE THAT ANTIHERO ASSASSIN MOVIE EARLIER THIS YEAR...
NETPIX AND KILL
...TALK ABOUT *GROSS!* JUST PLAYING TO THE LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR.
I DON'T KNOW, I LIKED THAT ONE. IT HAD A LOT OF HEART. AND IT WAS FUNNY AS HELL.
YOU JUST DON'T GET *CINEMA*. YOU SHOULD COME BACK TO MY PLACE AND--

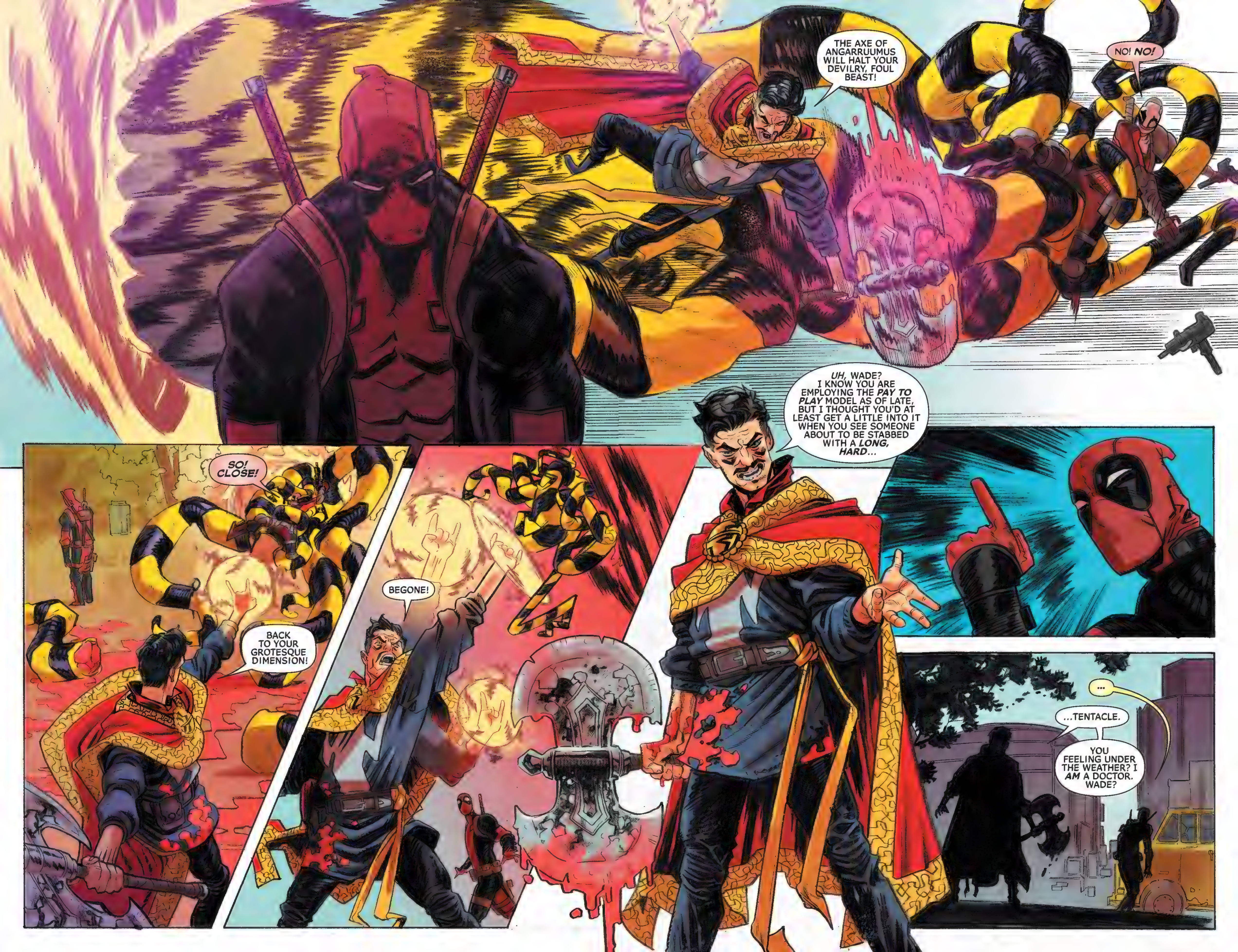

EXCUSE ME! CAN I HELP YOU?
DO YOU HAVE SOMETHING YOU'D LIKE TO ADD OR CAN I CONTINUE TALKING TO MY FRIEND HERE?
...
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT. NOW IF YOU...
...HAVE A RED DOT ON YOUR HEAD, DUDE! I'VE SEEN ENOUGH MOVIES TO KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!!!

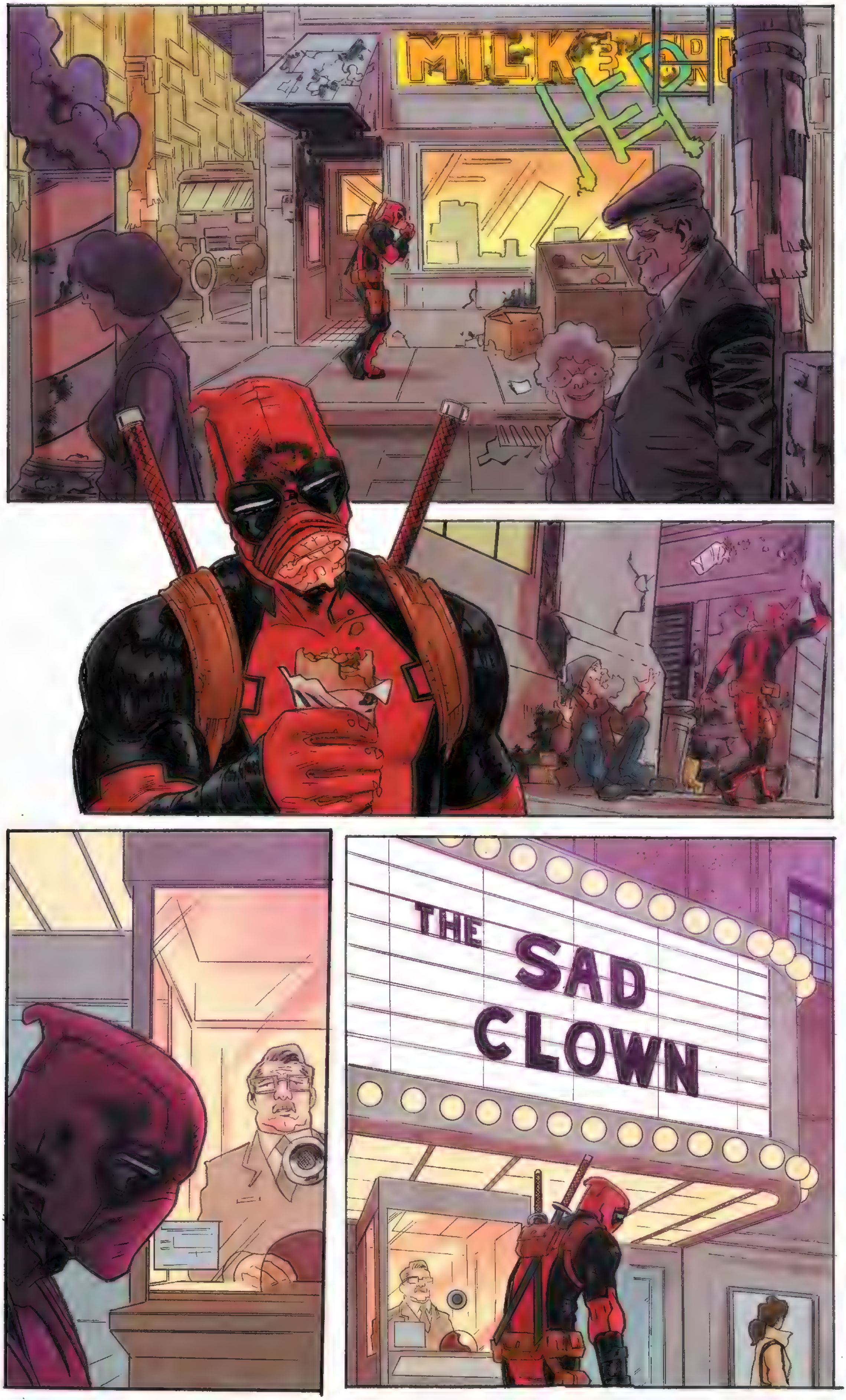

DEADPOOL, THE ***MERC WITH THE MOUTH***, IS GOING TO DIE WHILE DOING HIS LAUNDRY.
IT'S HARD TO DECIDE IF THIS IS A SAD OR A PERFECTLY FITTING END.
THERE. MY SCANS ARE SHOWING THIS HUMAN TO BE A PERFECT SPECIMEN.
YES, IT SEEMS TO BE A COMPLETELY BLANK SLATE. NOTHING EXTRAORDINARY ABOUT IT AT ALL.
BRING HIM IN!

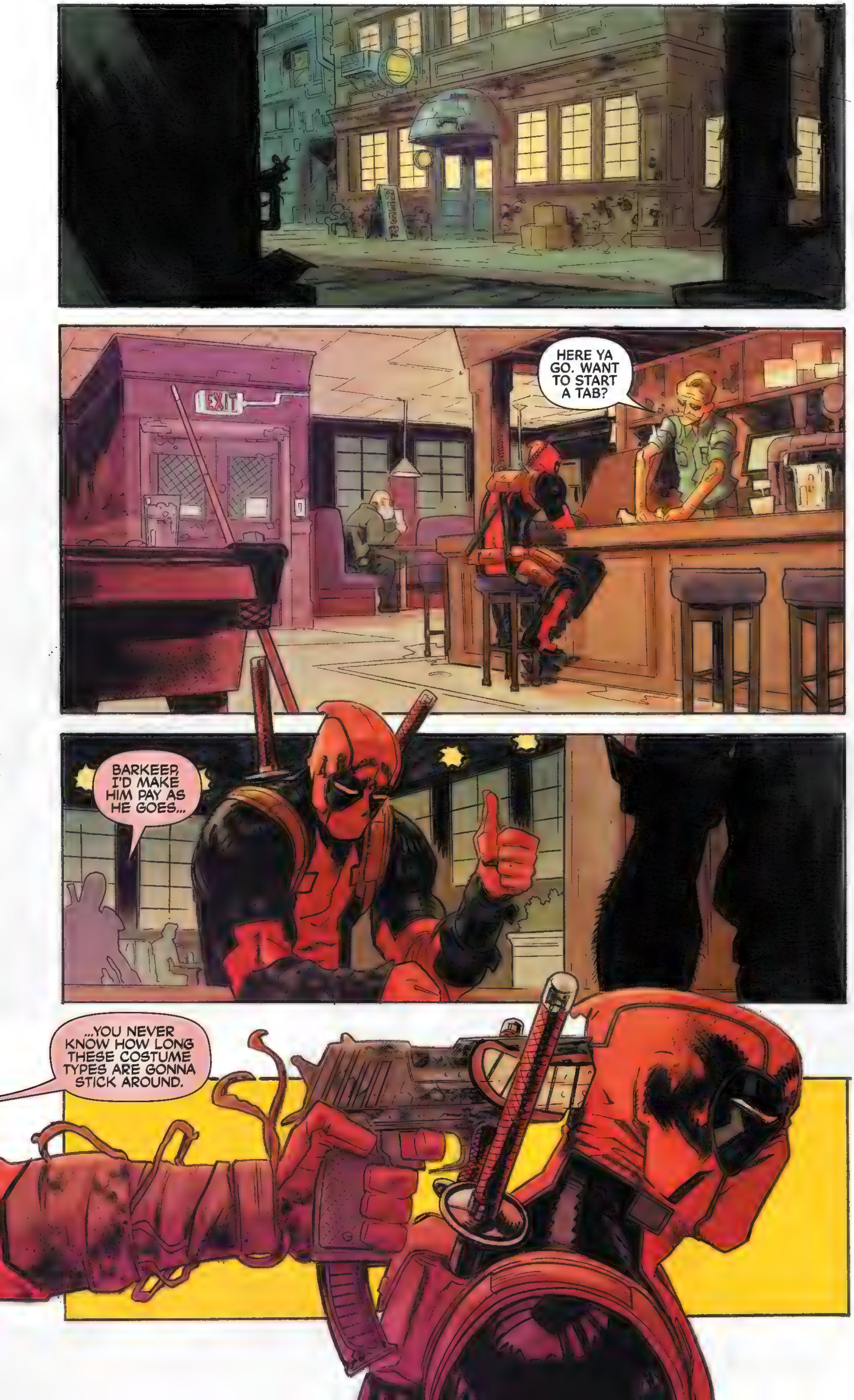

NETPIX AND KILL
DAMMIT!
...
THIS ISN'T OVER, DEADPOOL!
SIGH
NETPIX AND KILL

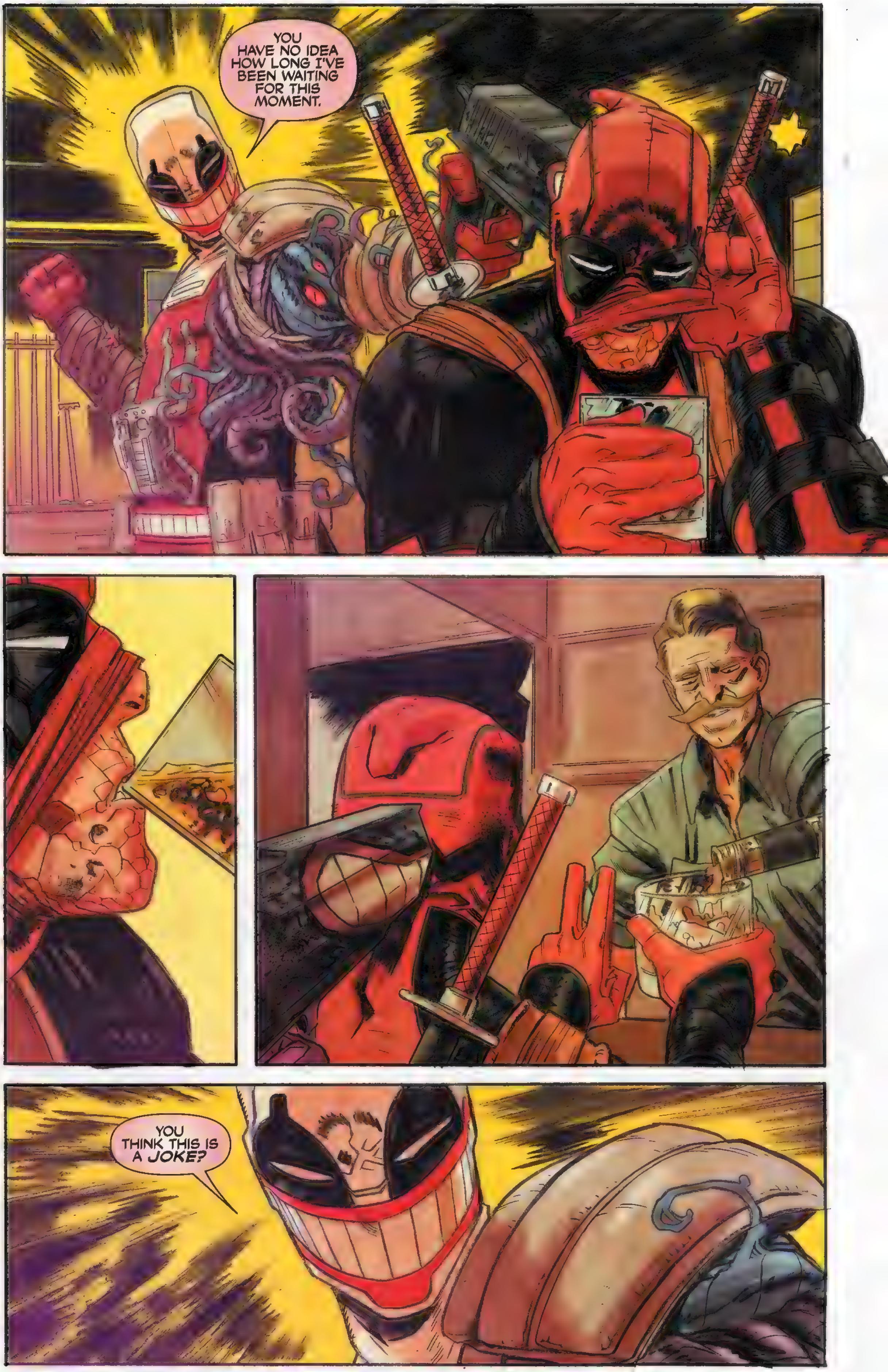

UM, WHAT COMES ON THE *NUCLEAR NACHOS?*
YOUR CHOICE OF MEAT, LETTUCE, SOUR CREAM, PICO, PINTO OR BLACK BEANS, GUAC AND CHEESE AND GRILLED JALAPEÑOS.
*HMM.* NO, I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR THAT.
CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT'S IN THE *TOO HOT FOR TV TACOS?*
YOUR CHOICE OF MEAT, LETTUCE, SOUR CREAM, PICO, PINTO OR BLACK BEANS, GUAC AND CHEESE AND GRILLED JALAPEÑOS... INSIDE A TORTILLA.
NOPE, NOT IN THE MOOD FOR THAT EITHER.
HOW ABOUT THE *COME ON EVERYBODY LET ME SEE YOU DO THAT CHIMICHANGA?*
LADY! COME ON! YOU SEE A THEME HERE, RIGHT? ORDER OR MOVE ALONG. THERE'S A MILLION RESTAURANTS IN TIMES SQUARE IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR CHICKEN FINGERS.
OH, WE GOT JOKES? I'M UP HERE TRYING TO GET EDUCATED ON THE MENU AND YOU GOT JOKES?
WHAT ABOUT YOU, SIR? YOU GOT ANY FUNNY &%$# YOU'D LIKE TO THROW IN WITH YOUR LITTLE FRIEND HERE?

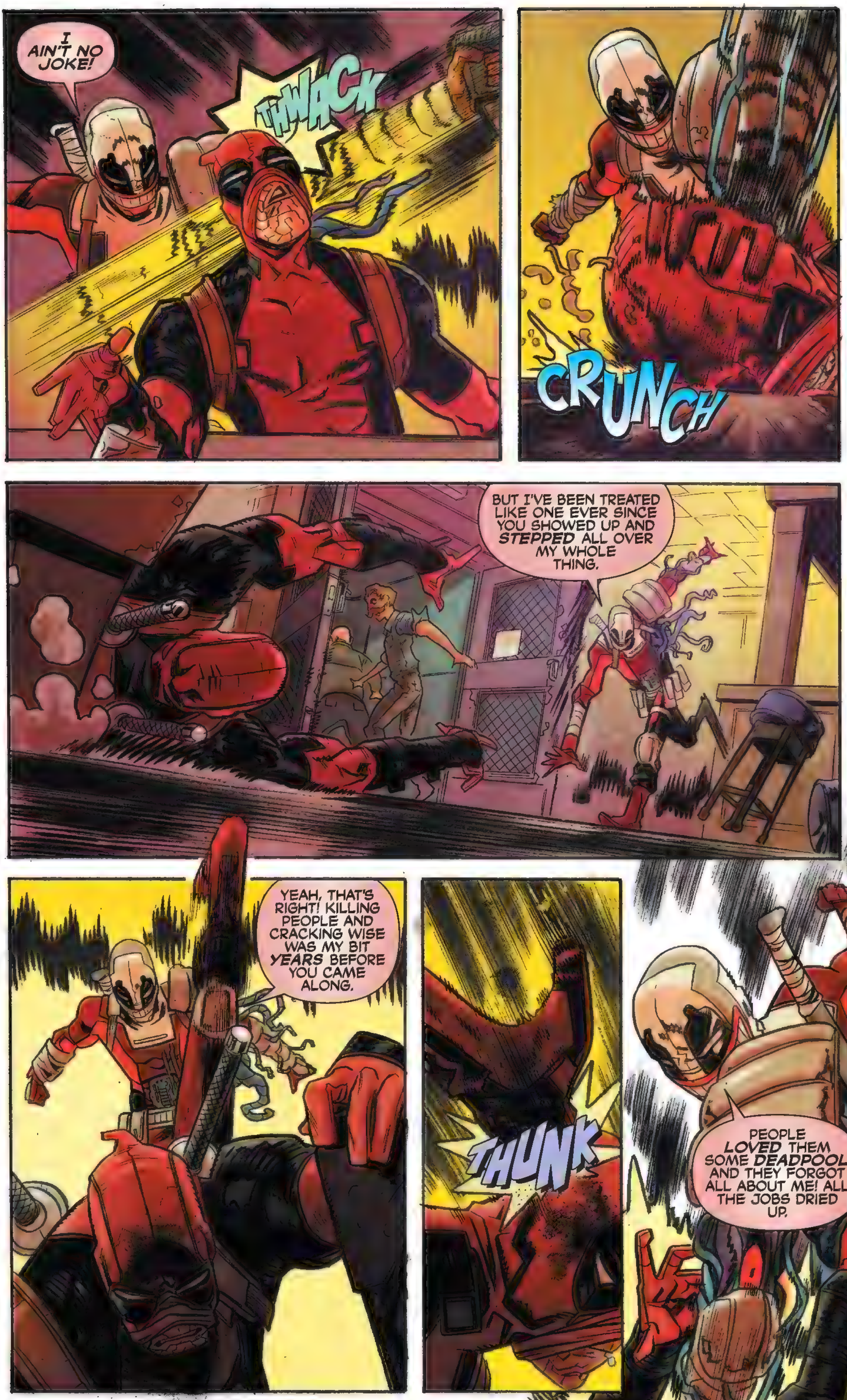

...
OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!
RUUUNN!
THAT'S RIGHT, *I'M BACK!*
THE LONG-DISTANCE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN US JUST ISN'T WORKING OUT.
LET'S BRING THINGS IN A LITTLE...
...CLOSER?

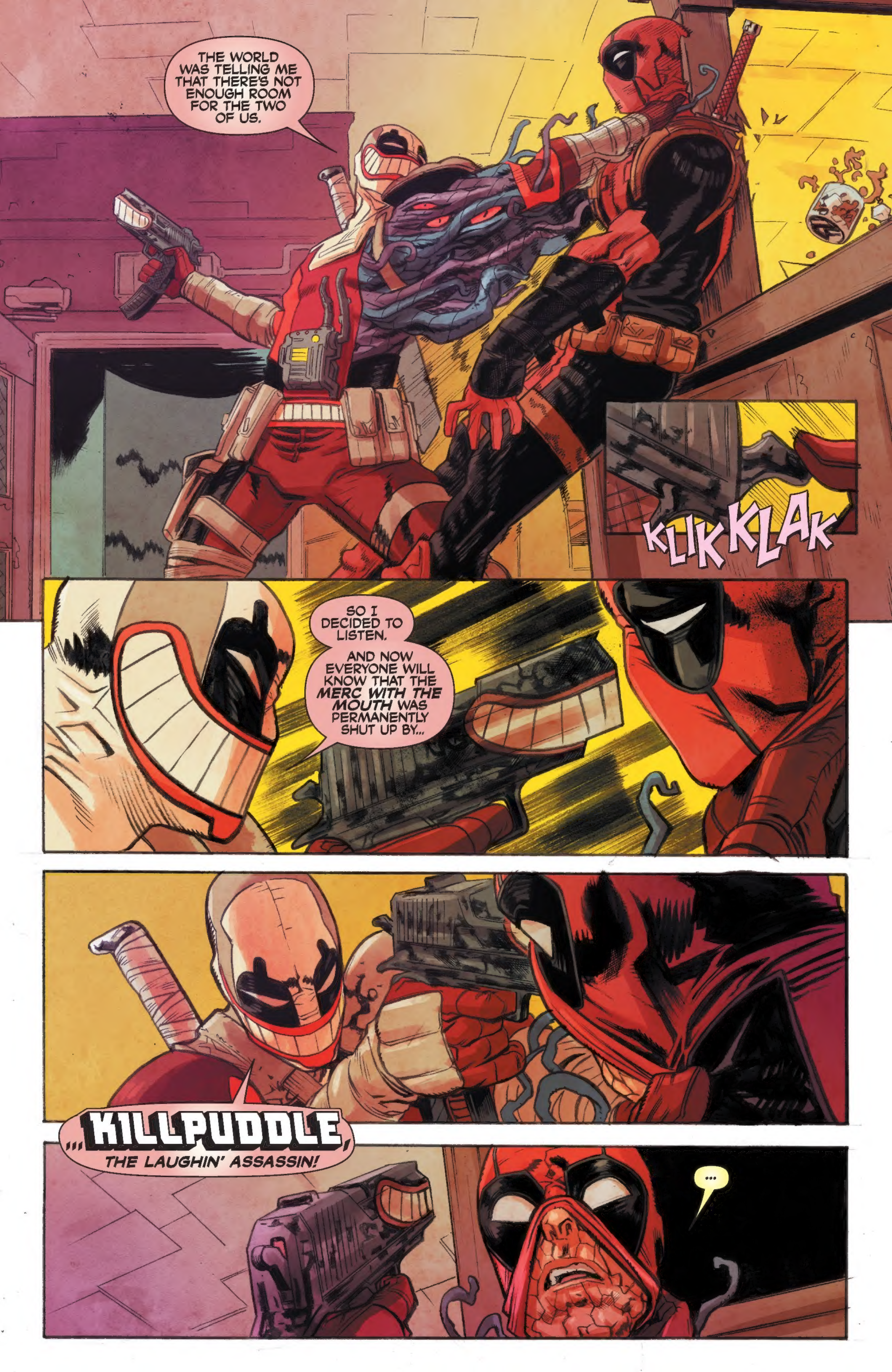

THE AXE OF ANGARRUUMUS WILL HALT YOUR DEVILRY, FOUL BEAST!
NO! *NO!*
SO! CLOSE!
BACK TO YOUR GROTESQUE DIMENSION!
BEGONE!
*UH,* WADE? I KNOW YOU ARE EMPLOYING THE *PAY TO PLAY* MODEL AS OF LATE, BUT I THOUGHT YOU'D AT LEAST GET A LITTLE INTO IT WHEN YOU SEE SOMEONE ABOUT TO BE STABBED WITH A *LONG, HARD...*
...
...TENTACLE.
YOU FEELING UNDER THE WEATHER? I *AM* A DOCTOR. WADE?

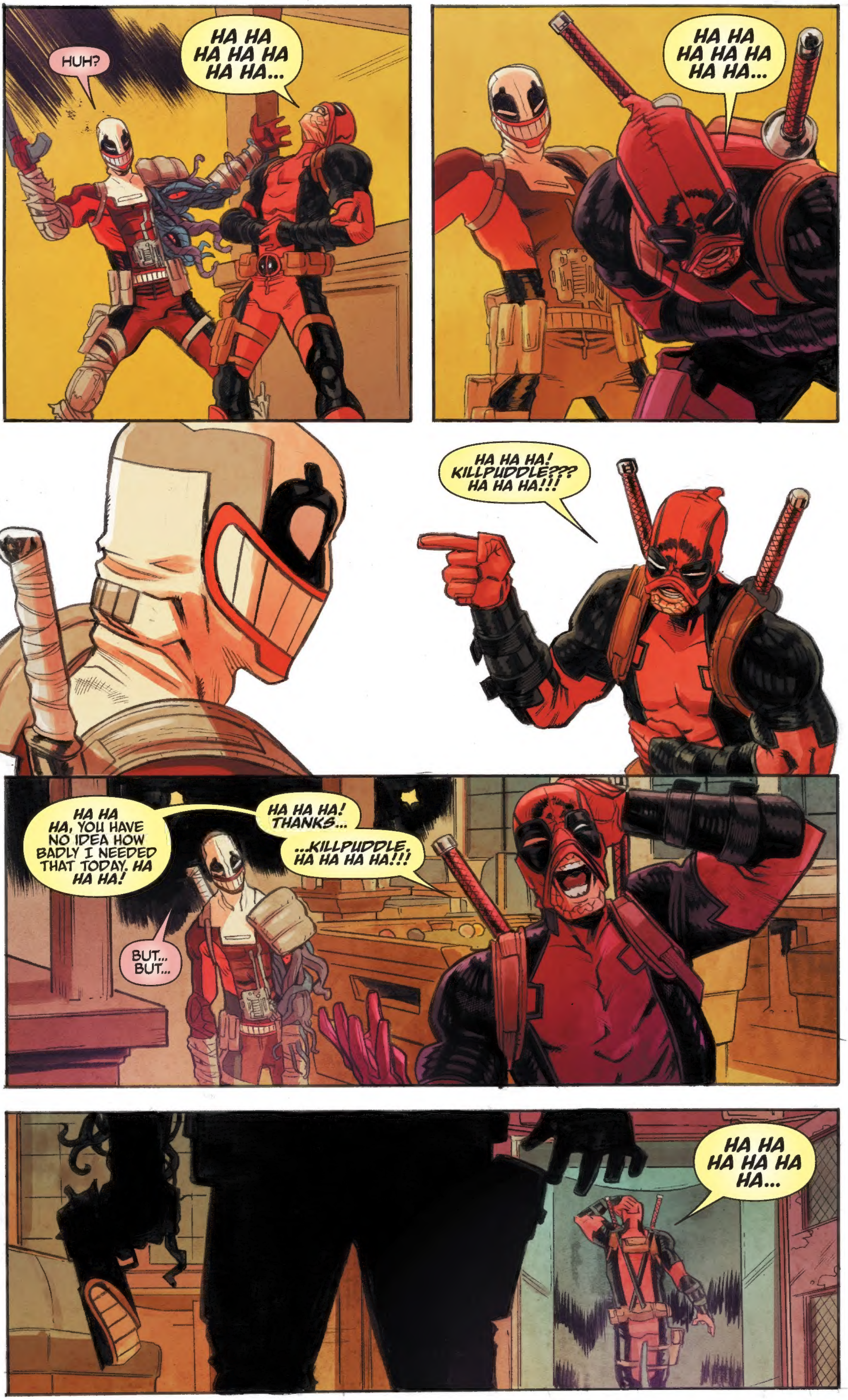

MILK
HEY
THE SAD CLOWN

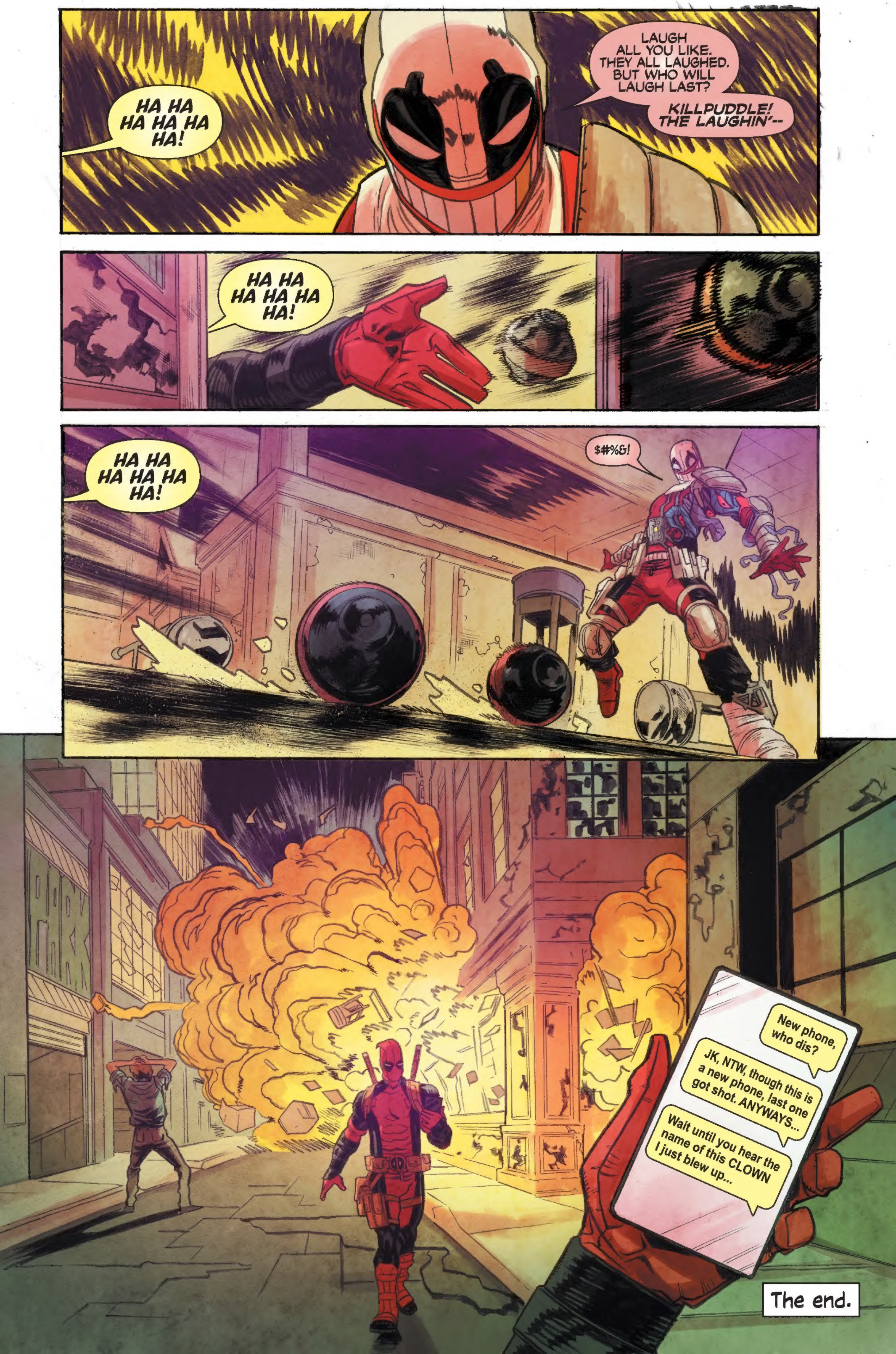

EXIT
HERE YA GO. WANT TO START A TAB?
BARKEEP, I'D MAKE HIM PAY AS HE GOES...
...YOU NEVER KNOW HOW LONG THESE COSTUME TYPES ARE GONNA STICK AROUND.


YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW LONG I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT.
YOU THINK THIS IS A *JOKE?*


I AIN'T NO JOKE!
THWACK
CRUNCH
BUT I'VE BEEN TREATED LIKE ONE EVER SINCE YOU SHOWED UP AND *STEPPED* ALL OVER MY WHOLE THING.
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT! KILLING PEOPLE AND CRACKING WISE WAS MY BIT *YEARS* BEFORE YOU CAME ALONG.
THUNK
PEOPLE *LOVED* THEM SOME *DEADPOOL* AND THEY FORGOT ALL ABOUT ME! ALL THE JOBS DRIED UP.


THE WORLD WAS TELLING ME THAT THERE'S NOT ENOUGH ROOM FOR THE TWO OF US.
KLIK KLAK
SO I DECIDED TO LISTEN.
AND NOW EVERYONE WILL KNOW THAT THE *MERC WITH THE MOUTH* WAS PERMANENTLY SHUT UP BY...
...KILLPUDDLE, *THE LAUGHIN' ASSASSIN!*
...


HUH?
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA...
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA...
HA HA HA! KILLPUDDLE??? HA HA HA!!!
HA HA HA, YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW BADLY I NEEDED THAT TODAY. HA HA HA!
HA HA HA! THANKS...
...KILLPUDDLE. HA HA HA HA!!!
BUT... BUT...
HA HA HA HA HA HA...


HA HA HA HA HA HA!
LAUGH ALL YOU LIKE. THEY ALL LAUGHED. BUT WHO WILL LAUGH LAST? *KILLPUDDLE! THE LAUGHIN'--*
HA HA HA HA HA HA!
HA HA HA HA HA HA!
$#%&!
New phone, who dis?
JK, NTW, though this is a new phone, last one got shot. ANYWAYS...
Wait until you hear the name of this CLOWN I just blew up...
The end.

***"Action-packed, beautifully violent, exposed, witty and just about anything that you would associate with Deadpool in general."*** – Geeked Out Nation

# DEADPOOL IS BACK TO *MERCIN' FOR A LIVING!*

**IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE WADE WILSON HAS STRUGGLED TO MAKE ENDS MEET**, but things are tough all over. While Deadpool tries to get his humble business back off the ground, a catastrophic threat so unfathomably huge – so mind-breakingly cataclysmic that it defies description – is heading toward Earth, and only one person can stop it! Oh no, wait – it's not Deadpool, is it? Oh %$@#. It's Deadpool. Good thing he has a plan. But what happens when things take a turn for the weird – Weirdworld, that is! Find out as Wade ventures into a realm of monsters, sorceresses, Man-Things...and romance? Plus: Halloween hijinks – and a very, very bad day! Hop back on board the Deadpool train as Skottie Young, Nic Klein and Scott Hepburn reinvent the Merc With a Mouth!

CHIMICHANGAS
MMMMMMMMMHH...!
HERE. COMES. THE. HOTSAUCE
WURST
HOT LOVIN DATING APP
SWORDS
WHATS NOT TO LOVE?
COCK OF THE WOK

PARENTAL ADVISORY

COLLECTING ***DEADPOOL (2018) #1-6*** – BY SKOTTIE YOUNG,
NIC KLEIN, SCOTT HEPBURN AND IAN HERRING.